



The
LUCKY BAG



THE YEAR BOOK OF THE
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

ISSUED BY THE
GRADUATING CLASS
1910

THE LUCKY BAG

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1910



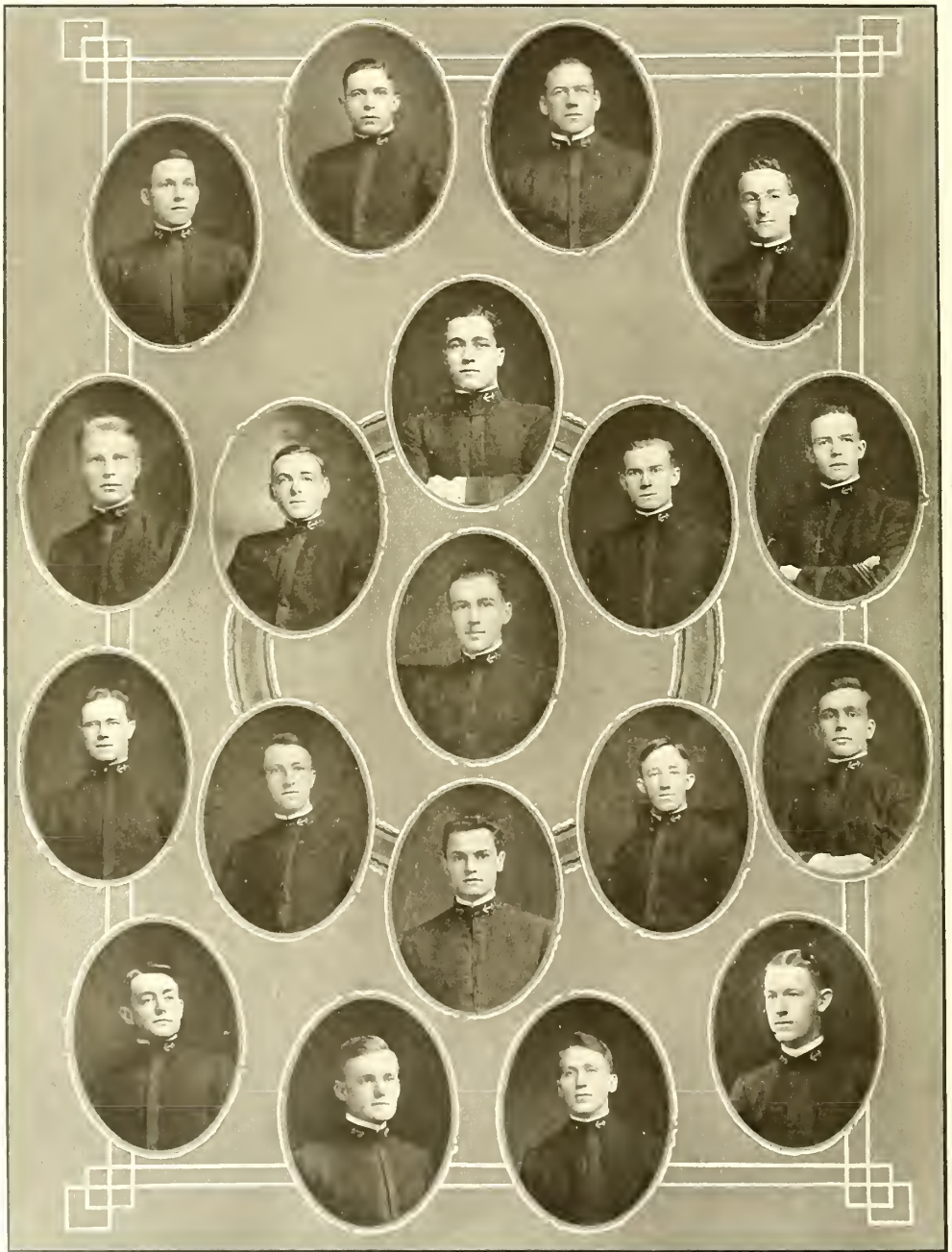
Phillips
1909

Foreword

ON board ship, before the days of steam, all the odds and ends left lying about the decks were seized by the Master-at-Arms and stored in a huge sack called the Lucky Bag. At the end of the cruise the contents were distributed among the crew by lot, some drawing blanks, while others obtained articles of real value.

And so, in this, our Lucky Bag, we have accumulated the odds and ends of four of the happiest years of our lives; years whose memories will remain with us always and whose fruits we alone can realize. If through this poor medium you, dear Reader, can but faintly discern the good fellowship, the deep feeling and the sincere regard that has everywhere animated our Class we feel that it will be to you in every sense of the word

THE LUCKY BAG



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Dedication

As a slight mark of their appreciation of his
courtesy, kindness, and never-failing
patience the

Class of Nineteen-Ten

respectfully dedicate
this volume to

Lieutenant-Commander John Fore Vines
United States Navy



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER JOHN FORE HINES
UNITED STATES NAVY

The years that pass
Have seen our class
In sunshine and in rain.
Each year has brought
Its battles fought
And laurels fresh to gain.

And now at last,
All trouble past,
Before we say adieu
We pause a space
In hopes to trace
Some final thoughts for you.

This book we leave
And through it we weave
Our history now and then,
And may it keep
In memory deep
The Class of Nineteen-Ten.



CAPTAIN J. M. BOWYER

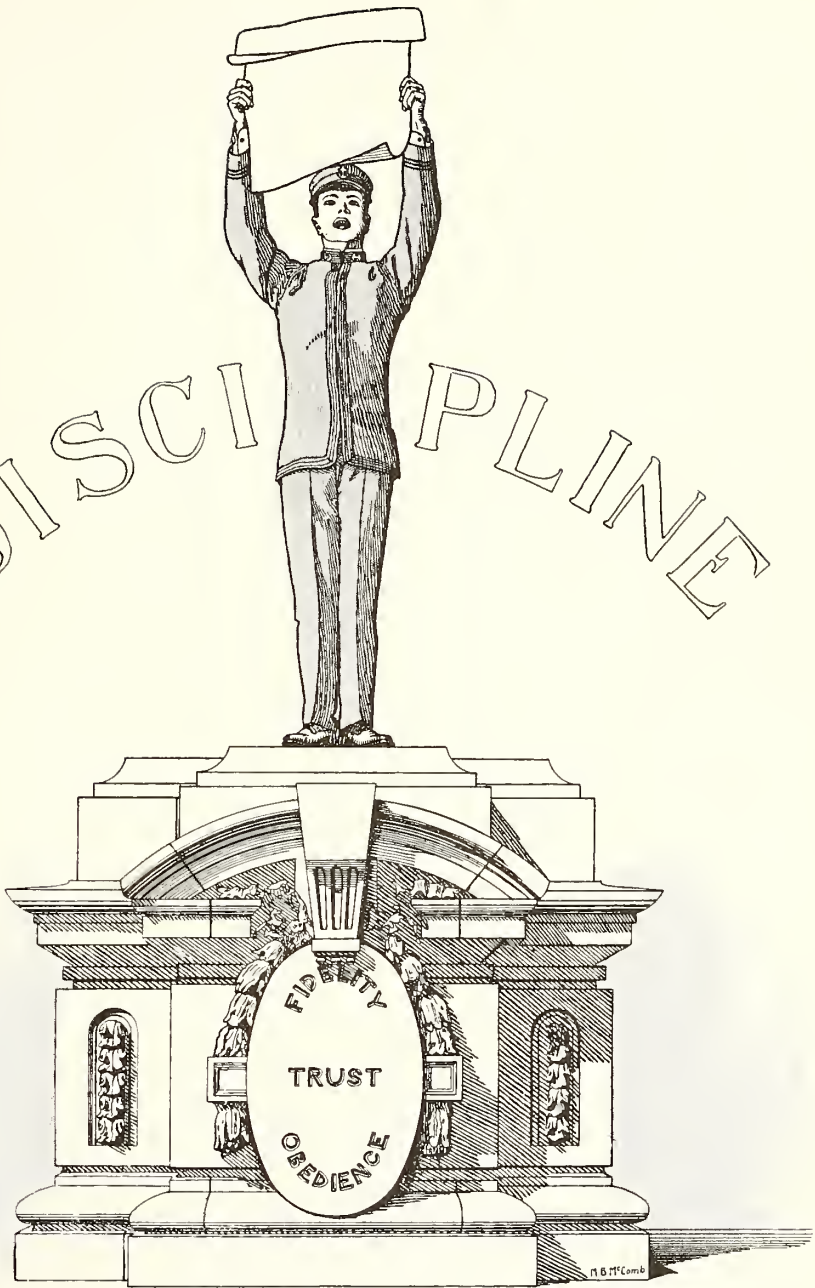


• ACADEMIC •
DEPARTMENTS

Note to Departments

A MIDSHIPMAN'S four-year course is divided among the eleven Departments whose Heads compose, under the Superintendent, the Academic Board. At the head of the first of these, Discipline, is the Commandant of Midshipmen, and he has for his assistants the Officers-in-Charge. This Department exercises continual supervision, through a system of subdivision of authority, over the intimate life of each midshipman, and lately has had charge of the military drills. The other Departments each teach some main subject and its closely related branches and are ranked according to their professional value. Seamanship, Ordnance, Navigation, Marine Engineering and Naval Construction are, of course, essentials of a naval career, while Mathematics and Mechanics form the groundwork of them all. English and the art of writing are much needed, and too often lacked necessities, and one of the Modern Languages is an absolute requirement for a naval officer. Finally, the Department of Naval Hygiene and Physiology endeavors to build up that healthy and well balanced body which will alone make possible the full realization of the ideal naval officer.

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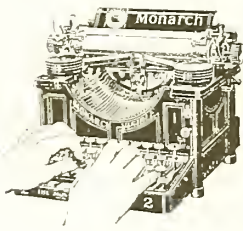


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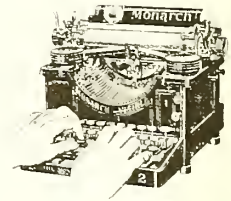


Now.

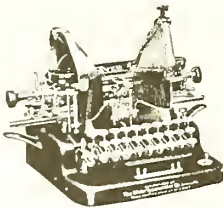
O. D. (telephoning to Santee)—“Will you please send some one up to let the canoes out?”



ELMER (reading orders in mess-hall)—“Those interested in golf of all classes report to Recreation Hall after supper.”



SPENCER, E. W.—Using telephone during study hours.



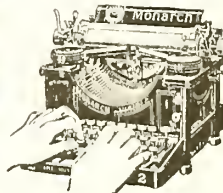
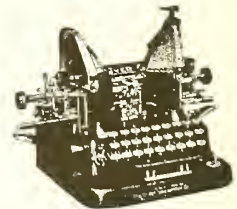
SEED, W. D.—Same.

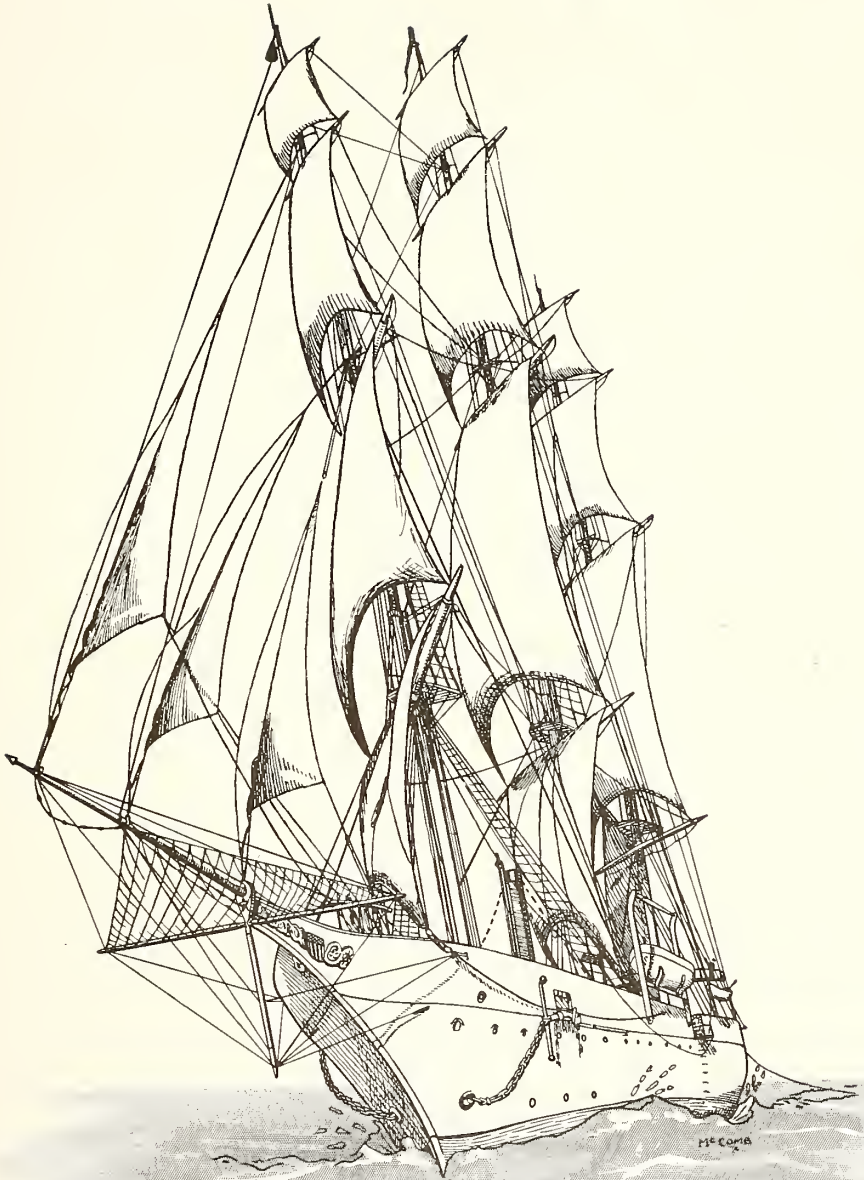
COOK, G. M.—Same.

HEIN, H. R.—Same.

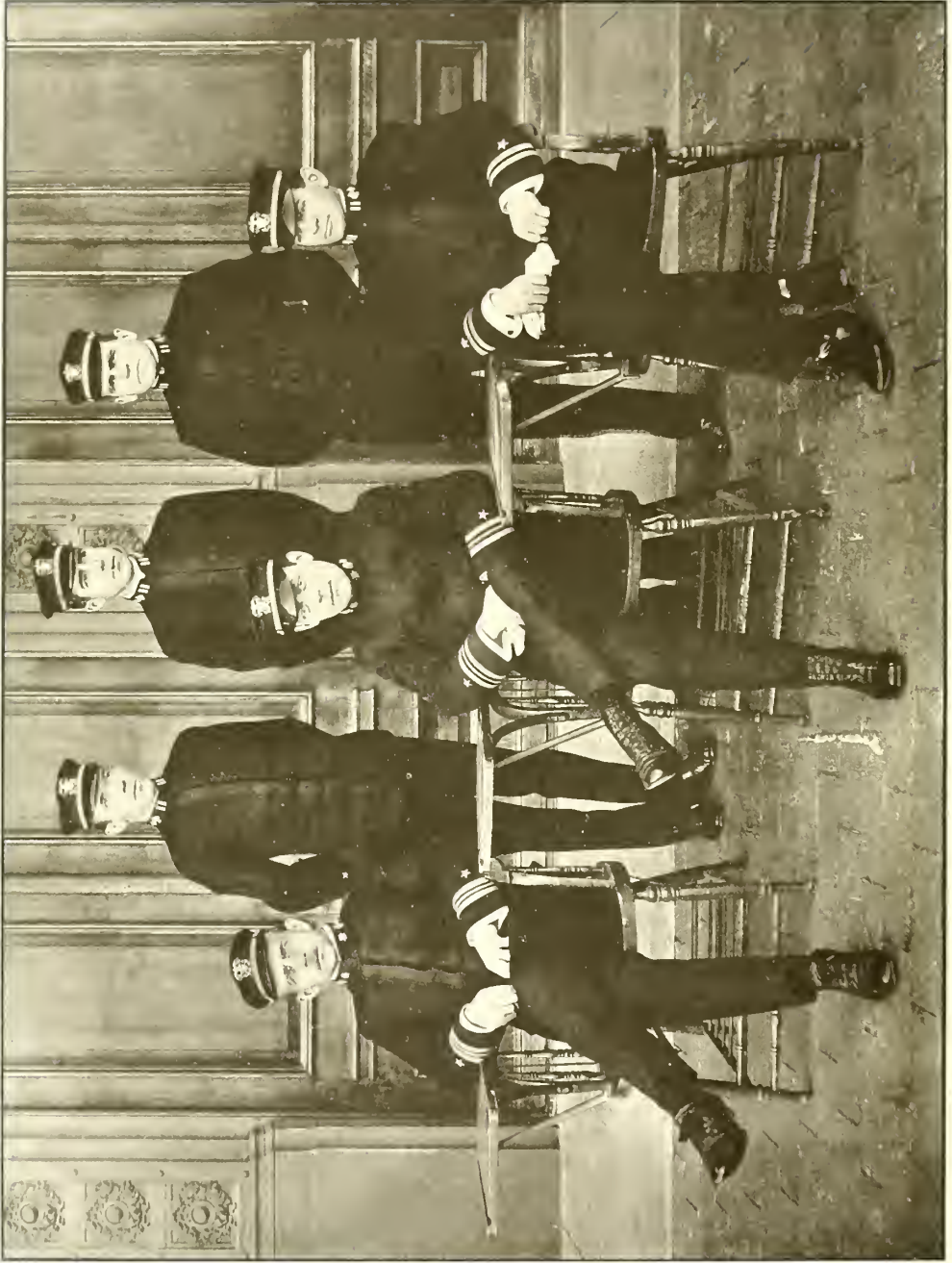
MEADE, B. V.—Same.

(Don't know, but guess, all right, all right.)





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QUEER



PULE—"Mr. Brown, you have a six point ship on the starboard tack headed N⁴E sailing three points free. How is your wind?"

SPIKE (*after deep thought*)—"SE¹W, sir."

INSTRUCTOR—"Mr. Edwards, if you were the officer of the deck, would you change course if the navigator ordered you to?"

ATLEE—"Yes, sir (*then noticing that the instructor is slowly shaking his head*)—that is,—I mean—well, if he knew there was a rock ahead—and—er—told me so—why I would change."



THE PRIDE OF OUR NAVY (*Subject: Regulations*)—"The Mess shall elect a Mess-Attendant, who shall purchase supplies and preside over the Mess."

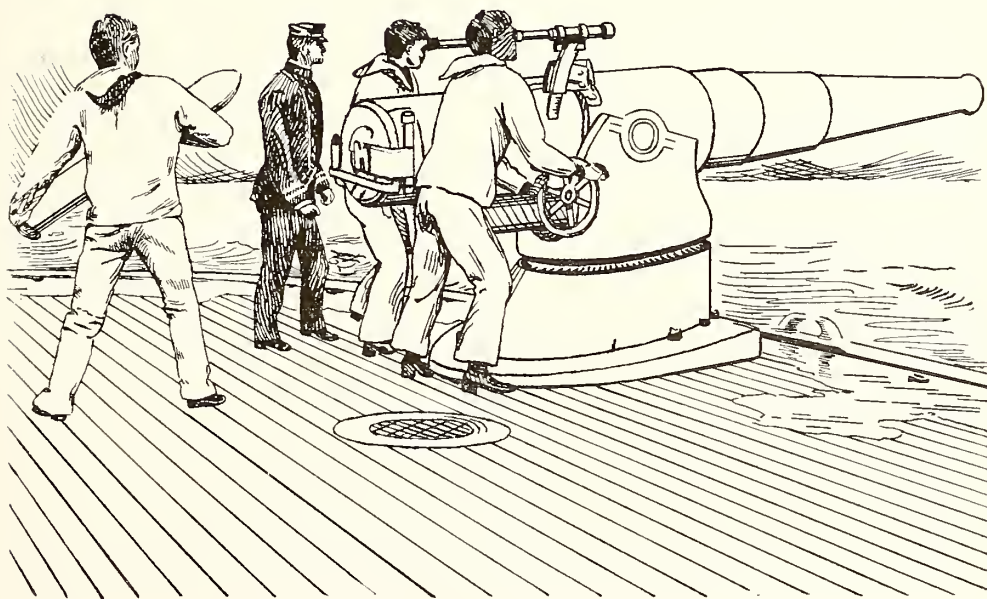
INSTRUCTOR—"What is the lower boom topping lift?"

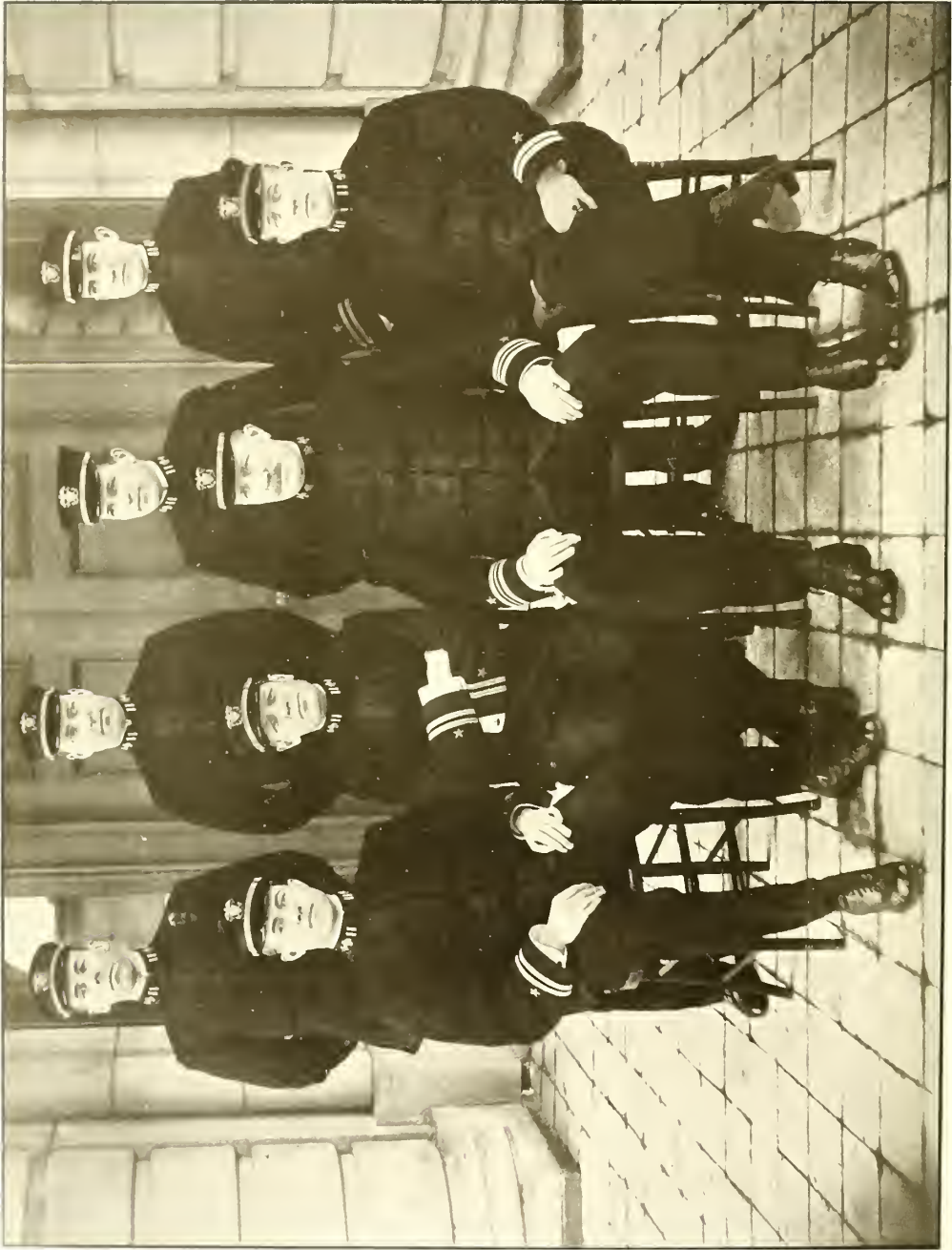
BULLY—"The lower boom topping lift is the topping lift of the lower boom."

CAP—"A red lantern is used at night instead of the meal pennant."



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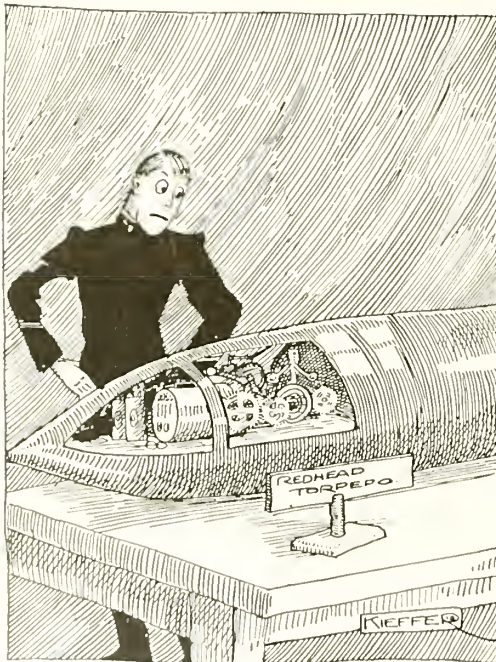
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BOOZER—"How much of the officer's equipment do you think you would carry if you were going on a twenty-mile hike, Mr. Ellis?"

SPUDS (*cogitating*)—"I think I would carry the whistle, sir."



ME AND FARRAGUT TOO

SHORTY—"As soon as the water is emptied out of him pull out his tongue and wrap it around his chin."

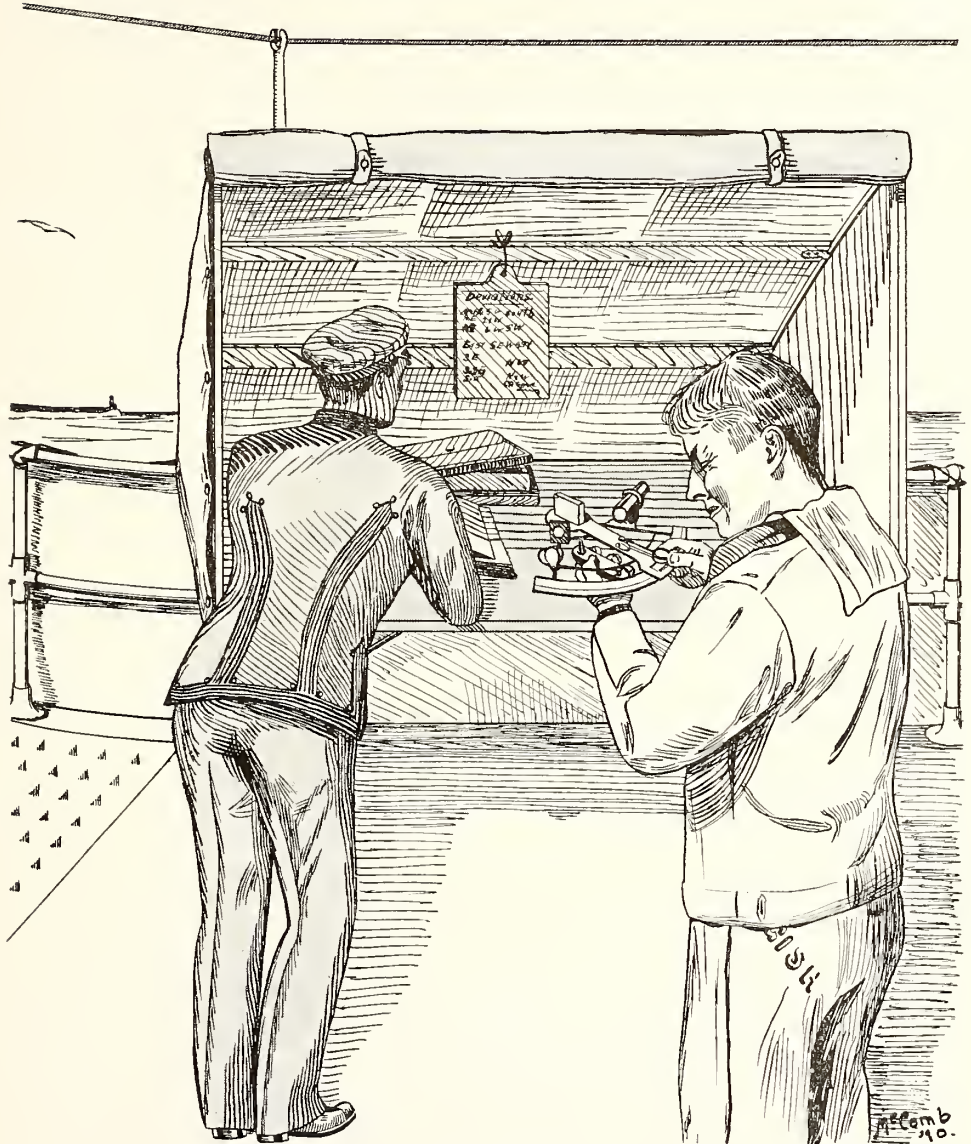
LUCKEL (*explaining sketch of sinking valve*)—"This is the bulkhead and the valve is just behind it and can't be seen from this side, sir."

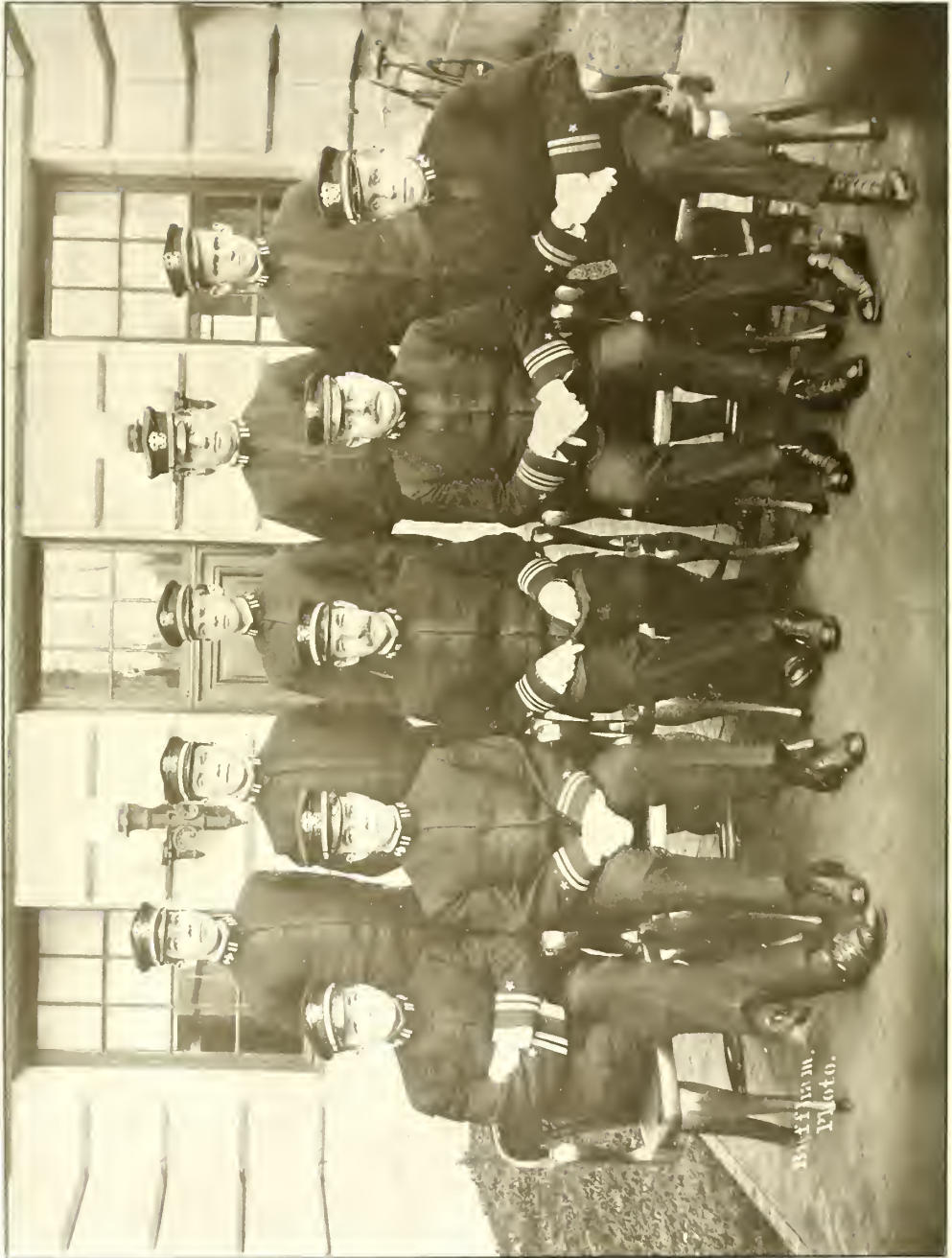
BOLIVAR (*bore sighting*)—"Train right. Whoa. Train left a little. Whoa. Little more. Who-o-oo."

OFFICER—"That's all right, Mr. Meade, you left the mules at home."

GENE—"When the same image is seen side by side it is duplicity."

NAVIGATION





W. J. W. M.
Photo.

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PARKER—"Wasn't it lucky that the prime meridian happened to pass exactly through Greenwich!"

INSTRUCTOR—"How would you fix the position of the ship off-shore?"

CAM—"Let go both anchors, sir."

BILLY B. (*after the semi-anns.*)—"Sir, may I have permission to ask you if I am unsatisfactory in Navigation?"

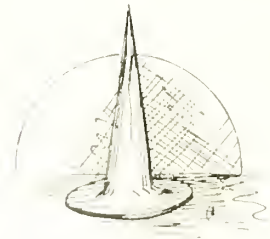
HEAD OF DEPARTMENT—"You may have permission. But I won't tell you."

LANGWORTHY—"Kepler proved that a planet traveled in one of the forms of conic sections, that is, a circle, parabola, hyperbola, or asymptote."



DOUG—"This is called semi-circular deviation because it varies in each quadrant."

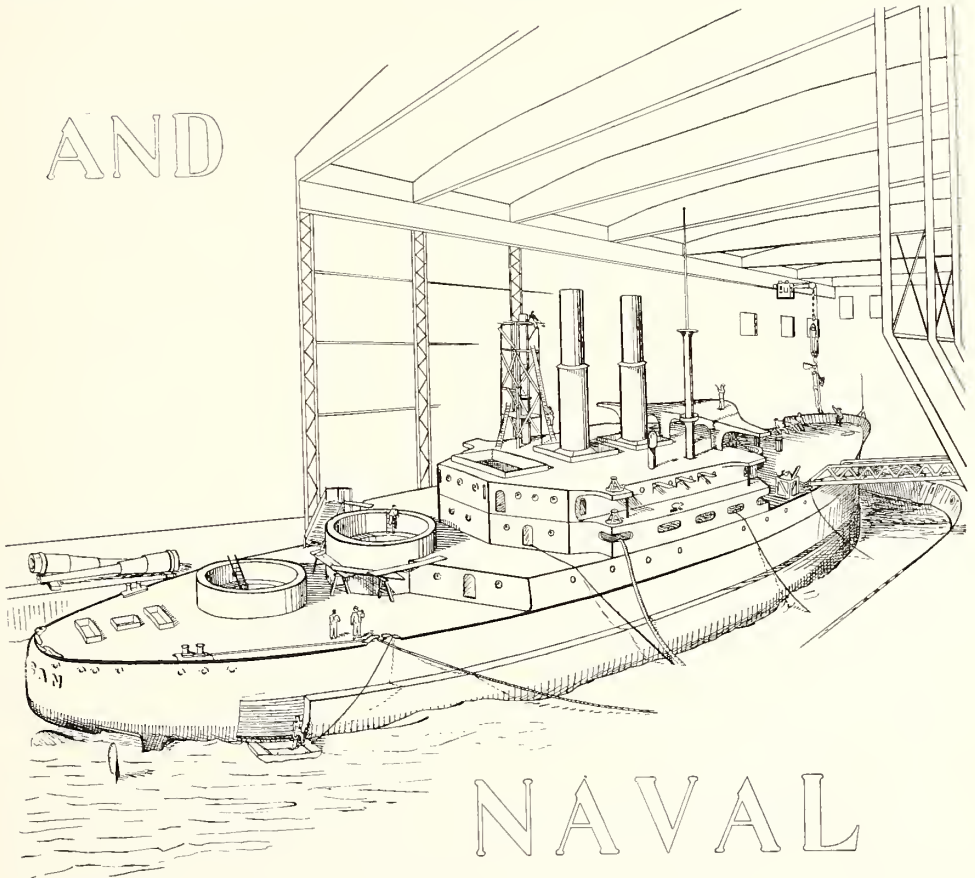
MARSH—"Concentric with the plate of the polaris is the adelaide."



DANGER ANGLE

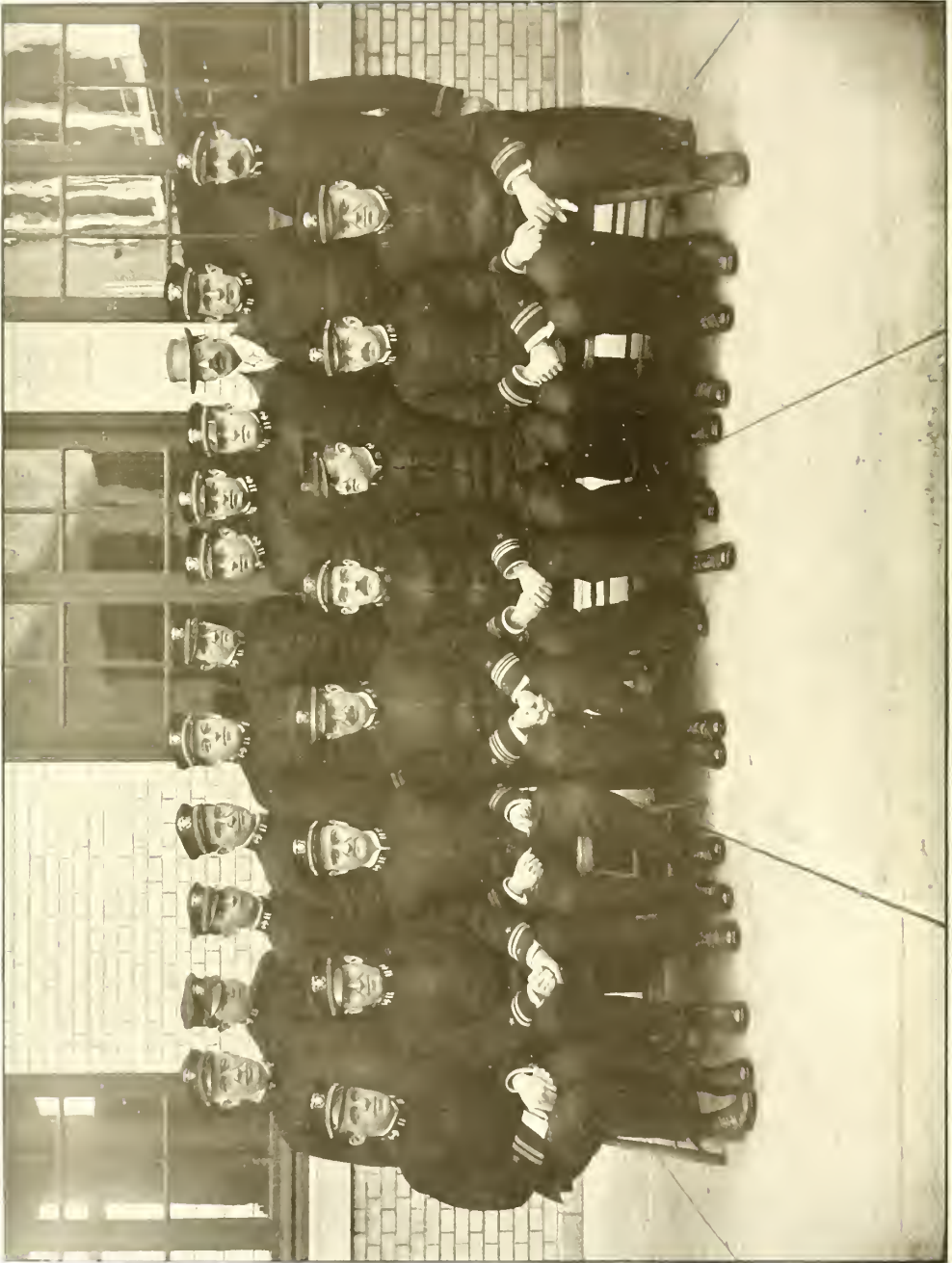
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AND



McComb

NAVAL CONSTRUCTION



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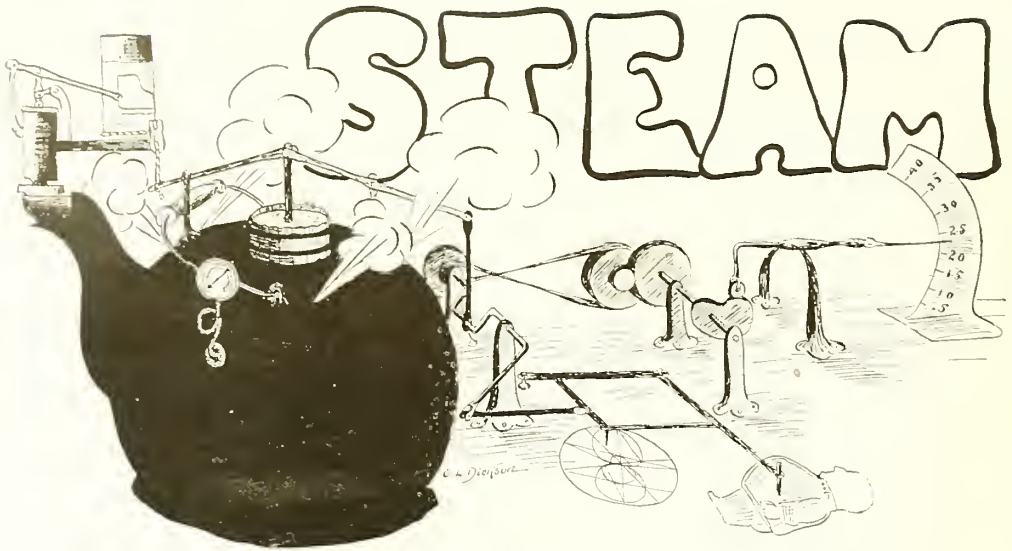
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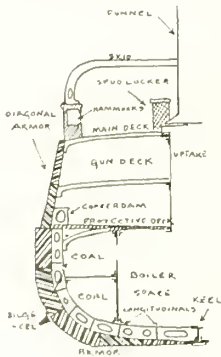


PUDGE—"Mr. Peirce, your boiler would never work. It is nothing but a box."
 FRIFF—"Yes, sir, but I have the principle all right, haven't I?"

SIX-CYLINDER BILL—"What is that on your board, Mr. Merrill?"
 SKIPPER—"That is a shaper, sir."

SIX-CYLINDER BILL—"Huh, I thought it was a grasshopper busy robbing a mail box."

SWEDE—"A spring bearing is a bearing on a strong spiral spring."



PEDRO'S BATTLESHIP

BILL—"A deck wench is a horizontal injine for hoisting boats."

CORRY (writing on board)—
 "Problem 34, John Gow."

PROF—"How do you know it is John Gow?"

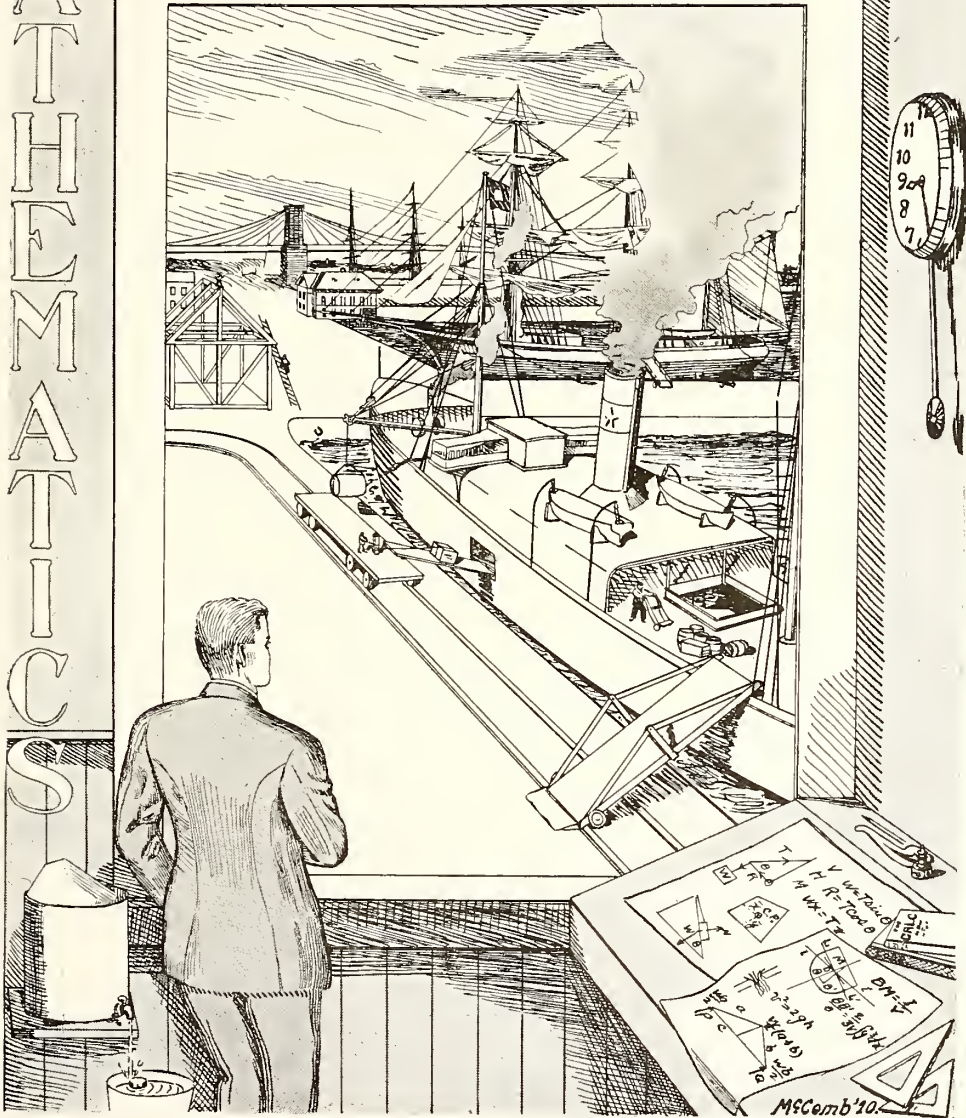
BILL—"Oh, I meant John L. Gow. I left out the 'L.'"



APPARENT SLIP

M AND MECHANICS

A T H E M A T I C S



McComb '10



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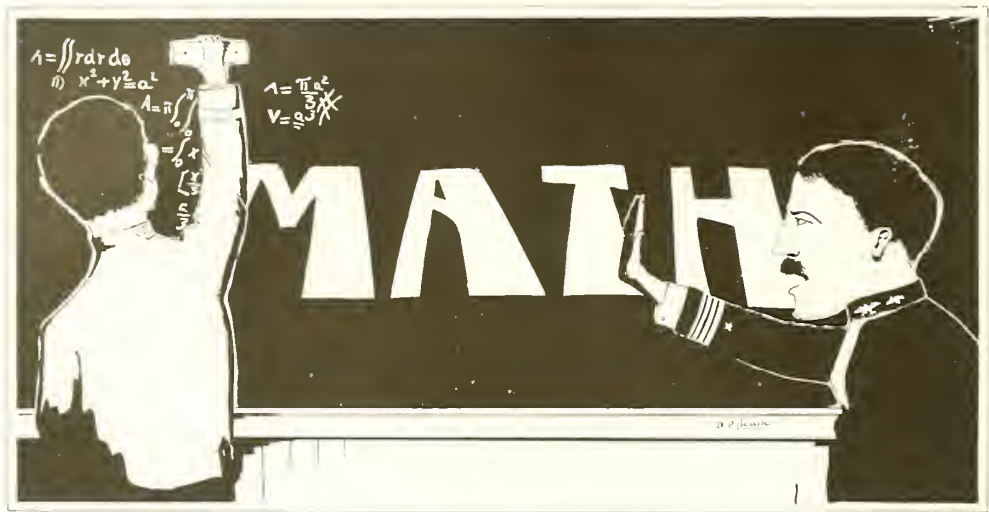


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FACTOR OF SAFETY—2.495.

MIDDY (in *Hydro-Mechanics*)—"Sir, will you please tell me if this is the answer to this dam problem?"

KILDUFF—"Yes, sir. It seems to me that that should be obliterated."

JINGLE—"Why, just remember that everything going up is equal to everything coming down. If it wasn't it would fly 'round and hit you in the coco."

HENRY—"The generated surface is that of a truncoid of revelation."

PROB. 17. PAGE 18—If rain drops 0.71 in diameter are each formed by the coalescence of one thousand billion smaller drops, how many foot-pounds of energy would be set free if 100 cubic feet of water were formed into drops?

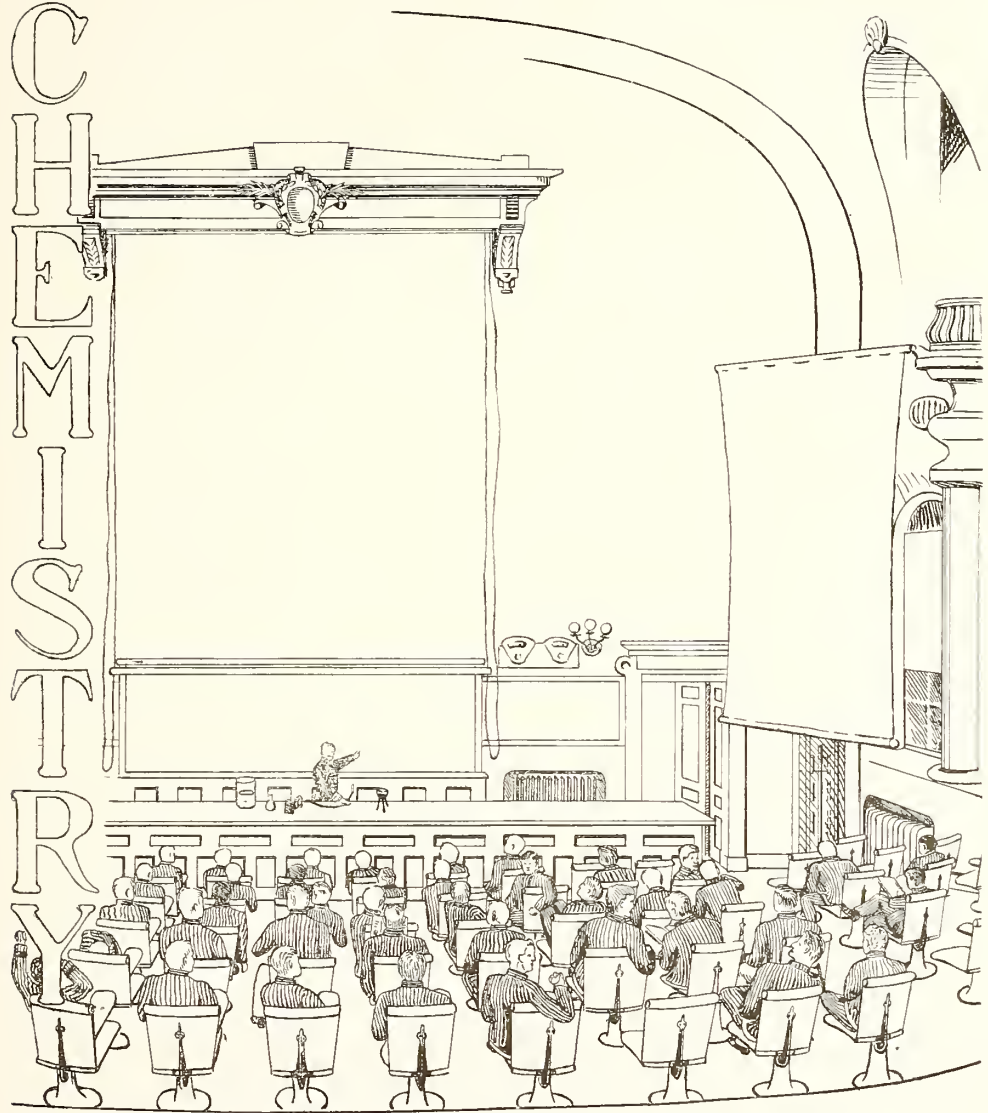
POP—"Oh, rub it out! Rub it out! It's all wrong! Rub it out! Oh, my heavens, Mr. Steinwachs, *when* will you learn that you must integrate that by 'udy'?"

PROF—"What! Can't solve that expression? Very simple; cancel your d's and it comes right out."

Result of work: $\frac{dy}{dx} = \frac{1-x}{1-x^2} \cdot \frac{x}{1+x}$

PHYSICS AND

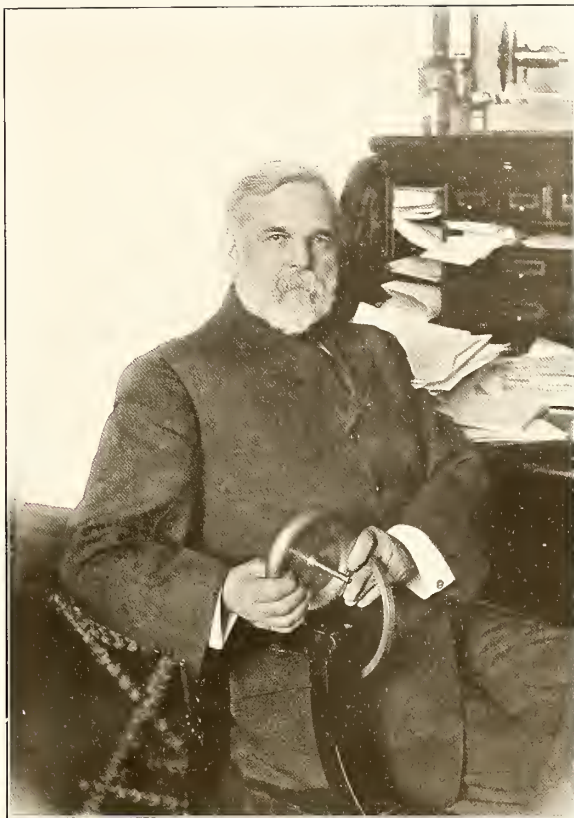
CHEMISTRY





Back of an
Photo.

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NICHOLAS—"I wonder why they always put 'N. A.' instead of 'N.' on the baseball scoreboard?"

DOC—"O, that's just to show that they can make salts of us."

INSTRUCTOR—"All black things absorb, hold, and attract the heat from the sun much better than other objects."

PAPA MIKE—"Suh, is that why the white mules never get sun-struck down home?"



NORFLEET—"Marsh's test for arsenic consists of having the dead man breathe on a piece of porcelain, when, if a dark spot shows, it is conclusive evidence that he died of arsenic poisoning."

FROSTY—"A unit magnetic pole acts upon another with a force of one—er—er—one—ah—one centimetre per second."



LIGHT

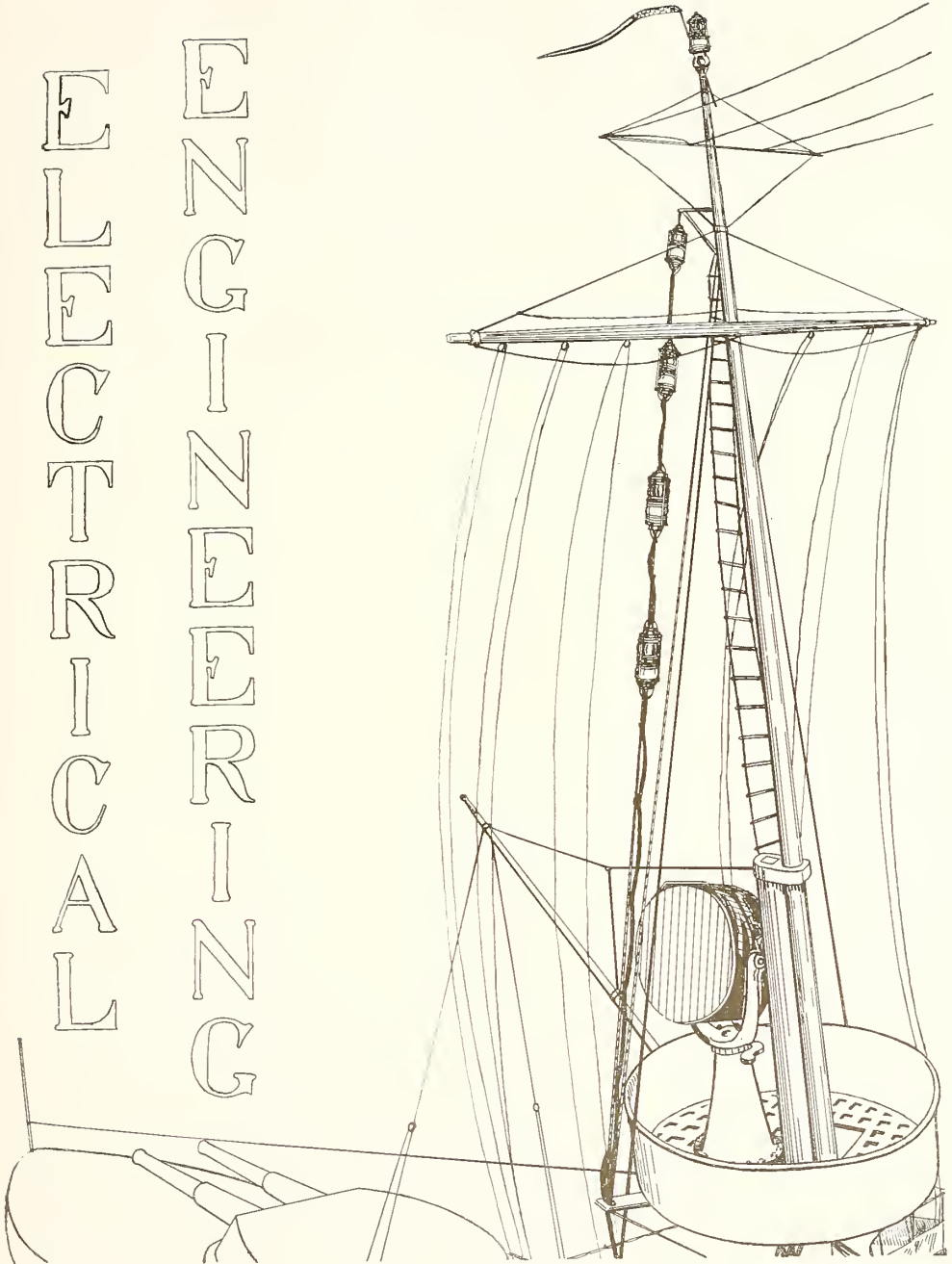


HEAT



SOUND

ELECTRICAL
ENGINEERING





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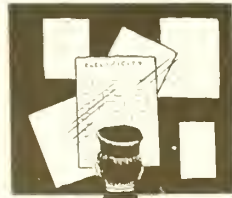
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SHOCKS



EDWARDS (on exam paper) "Work Force \times Space. Space = 15 minutes. Force = 10 lbs. $15 \times 60 = 900$ sec. Work $10 \times 900 = 9,000$ ft.lbs. of work. That should be right, too."

BULLY—"Resistance is measured on ship-board either by a Queen Testing set, or by an Ommimetre."

PROF.—"If you wanted to go through a water-tight door and saw it close in front of you what would you do?"

SUNNY—"I would grab the controller and turn it."

PROF.—"All right. You open the controller, then what happens?"

SUNNY—"Why, then I'd go through."

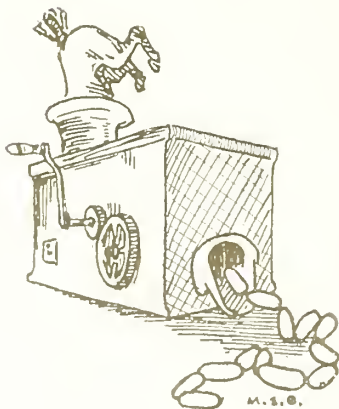
KELLEY—"Eddy currents are prevented by the laminations of the armature."

PROF.—"Mr. Nicholson, give me a description of the compass."

NIC—"The compass, sir, is a loadstone floating in alcohol."

ROEBECK! ROEBECK! What's the matter here, Roebek, I can't start this machine?

See it! See it! See it move! Now watch it. See it! Did you all see it?



ROTARY CONVERTER

ENGLISH





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PROF. (*after the environment and atmosphere of McClay*)—"Stand by!—Man the boards!"

INSTRUCTOR (*getting sea-going and salty*)—"Gentlemen, nearly every one had his theme wrong yesterday. You said that that enemy dropped astern and raked fore and aft. Now if you will stop to think you will see that a ship can only rake in one direction, usually aft."

(*Motto: The regulations shall be enforced in section rooms.*)

PROF.—"Section will have work at the board to-day. Take slips at the desk.—Pass! Attention! To your seats, —Pass!"

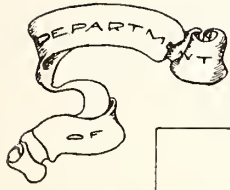
(*Extract from Genung*)—"Mechanical means of synchronizing are often employed to supplement the literary, but whether so or not they should be in the student's underlying plan as a nucleus of treatment; never forgetting that the intrinsic order of the narrative should be the chronological."

Little words from Abbott,

Little rules from Hill,

Make a middy's term marks

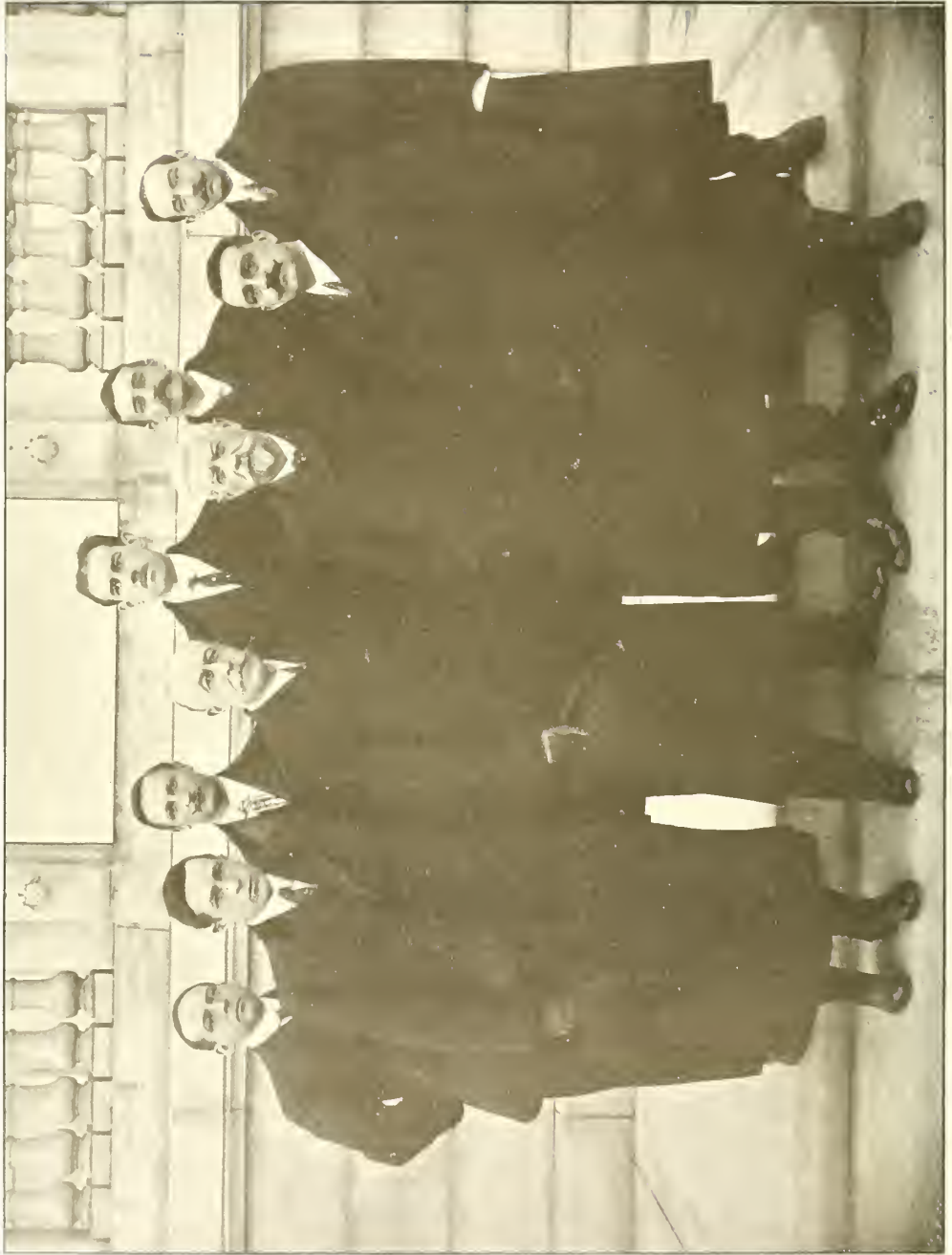
Total up to nil!



MODERN

LANGUAGES





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MODERN LANGUAGES

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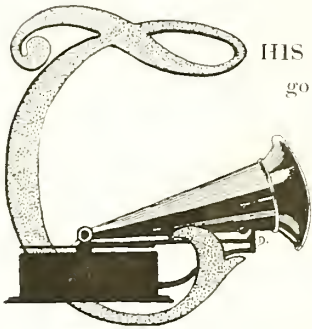
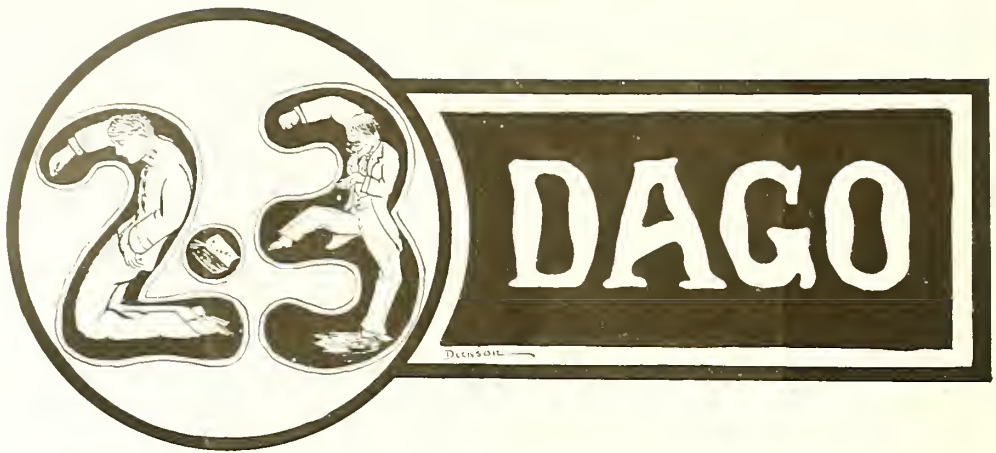
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THIS is a hard-hearted place, gentlemen: we don't care whether you go or whether you stay. It makes no difference to us if the work is too hard for you."

"I speak twenty-seven languages and I learned Greek in one day. I have three titles—Professor Clark, Doctor Clark, and Mr. Clark, but I care not for such honors. My name is Mr. Clark. Class say it! Mr. Clark, Mr. Clark, Mr. Clark. Again! Again! That will do. Once more and it will be a breach of discipline."

"Tres bien, asseyez-vous, M'sieu Rossell, M'sieu Rossell, H. E. M'sieu Corry, que savez-vous? Hein? Dites-moi, dites-moi, M'sieu Corry, M'sieu Corry, Wil-li-am, M., Jun-i-or. Eh, M'sieu Corry, asseyez-vous, M'sieu Corry, M'sieu Corry, M'sieu Cor-ry, W. M. Junior."

"You study your lecon, I gif you a four. You no study, I gif you a two, one, zero, anything I please."

"When you-a were third-a classmen you give me good-a salute. Now you don't see me when you-a go by. I no see why for you-a laugh, Señor Kilduff."

Mac—"I don't see why these Dago classes are all the time scrapping with each other."

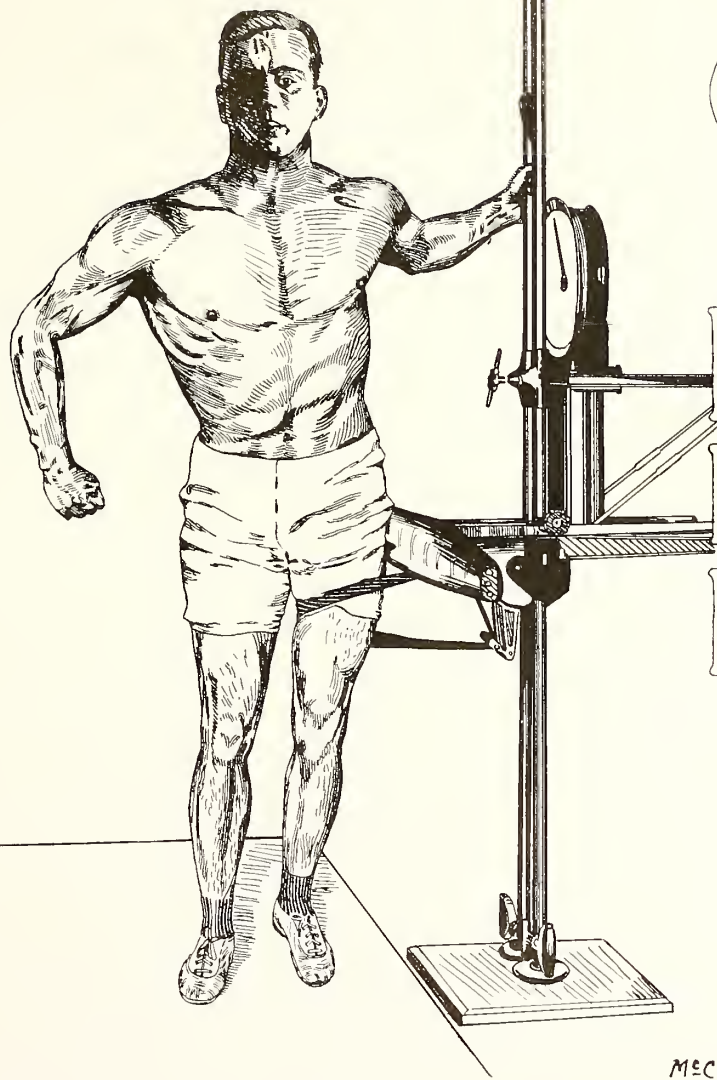
BILL—"O, when people begin to study languages they are bound to come to hard words sooner or later."



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McComb '10.



Head
Dr. Wentworth

Assistant
Dr. McDonnell



The Christmas Card

Christmas maid of 1910—
Souvenir of youngster art—
Having seen thee who can wonder
Why thou'rt always in our heart?

Later years may have brought others,
Still we turn to thee again,
Thou, our first love and our dearest,
Fairest maid of 1910.

Dainty hands so sweetly folded
O'er our eagle and our wheel,
Jaunty cap on hair of chestnut,
Do you doubt the love we feel?

May thy glory lead us always,
Ever through the world's long strife;
May the sweetness of thy presence
Grace our Class through all its life.

Though the sea will toss us hither,
Thither through the world as men,
Still we'll hold thee nearest, dearest,
Christmas girl of 1910.



Walden Lee Ainsworth

Minneapolis, Minnesota

“Wad,” “Pug”

*Once Pug in a run up the deck,
Hit some one a blow on the neck—
‘Course Wad didn’t see,
But the skipper (’twas he)
Put on Wad’s future speed quite a check.*

Crew (3, 2, 1). Captain (1). Red N. Class
Football (4, 3, 2, 1). Yellow 1910. Class
Supper Committee. German Committee.
Buzzard (a, b)

WAD is much affected with Minneapolitis,—says he thinks that Boston, Chicago, and New York would do fairly well for suburbs of the great Gopher Metropolis. He is the original hot-air artist, which, backed up with a good supply of common sense, has proved an effective bluff in the section room, and it is much better, as he will tell you, to get a mark by bluffing than from knowledge.

Never feels comfortable until he is running for six months on one D, and is always extricating himself from difficulties with an extraordinary ingenuity: as the time, when he heard the Officer-in-Charge coming in to rag him in a card game, he coolly put his cards under him on the chair, then stood at attention.

His frivolous manner with an air of apparent insincerity is misleading to many and has hidden the sterling qualities of a fine fellow from some of those who do not know him better. In spite of underweight and apparently poor chances, he worked hard on the crew, and no man has been more justly rewarded by being elected captain. Is a strong advocate of the Ensign Bill and the popular choice for the class banner.

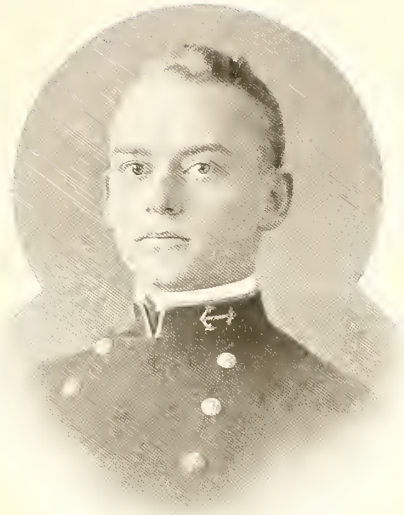
James Thomas Alexander

Girard, Kansas

“Alec”

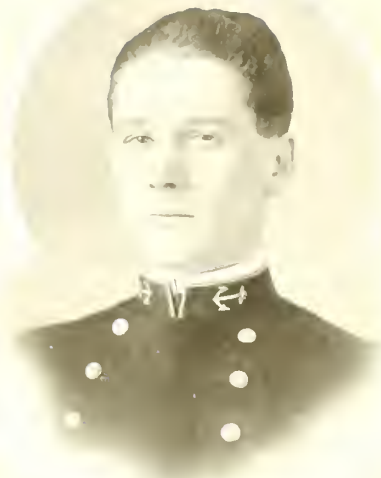
*This man may be chubby and small,
And in fact he is not very tall,
But the quality's here,
And with lots of good cheer,
He's the friend of the class, one and all.*

Lacrosse (3, 2). LNT. Manager Lacrosse Team
(1). Class Pipe Committee. Northfield De-
legate. Sharpshooter. Buzzard (a, b)



A HAPPY little bull-headed chap, who came into official prominence Second Class year in trying to get a grease with Lazy Lou, and thereby losing his chance for stripes. He is a great crony of the few, and has some wild tales of how they came back from leave together and arrived just in time for supper. He went out for lacrosse, and proved that size isn't everything—got his LNT and a manager's job, too. He is a constant reader of the Girard “Appeal to Reason,” and has heated arguments with the Alligator, trying to convert him to rabidly socialistic views.

As fond of a joke as the next man, he fixed up one on Earl Winfield which kept that gentleman quiet for some time. He might have been a heavy fusser, but his class ring has been mortgaged for so long that he never has had a real chance to show his abilities. In addition to the honors at the top of the page, Alec was charter member of the old Smoking Squid, and was also on the Special Sleep Squad first class year. Though his inches may not be so many as those of some, yet every one is an inch of fine, true-hearted man and of all-around good fellow.



Lorain Anderson

At large

“Andy”

*There is a young midddy named Andy,
At fussing the femmes he's a dandy.
He'll dance like a top
Till the end of the hop,
Then sit up all night to make candy.*

Fencing (4, 3, 2, 1). Gray 1910. Captain
Class Fencing Team. Buzzard (a, b)

ANDY is one of the heaviest and most consistent fussers in the class. Claims that it bores him, and that he doesn't, strictly speaking, fuss; yet goes out to dinner every Saturday and Sunday. Has never missed a hop, and drags to most of them. As a Plebe very meek; Youngster year one of the “chefs” of the old Ninth Company H₂OC₆ (witness the limerick). Can at times make a rarebit that will make you think you're in heaven—at other times they use them for cordage. Began attempting to be hard Second Class year, and persisted till “Rudolph” ragged his touge cap after the 1910 New Year's show. A prime favorite at Ocean Beach for three cruises. Worked hard on the fencing squad for three years—always tries to be “hard” but—“what? does Mr. Anderson think he's hard? Why he's the softest thing in 1910.”

Has the inestimable gift of keeping his mouth shut and has never been known to “blab” anything. Taken all in all, you'll never find a truer friend or a better fellow than “Handy Andy.”

Homer Adolph Bagg

West Turin, New York

“Sack”

*A crew of might was old Sack,
But alas, too much weight d'ed he lack.
He worries so much,
O'er the Navy and such,
That his avoirdupoise won't come back.*

Crew (4, 3). Red N-oar. Buzzard (a, b)



THE Navy will lose a good man if Sack goes into the Coast Artillery Corps, as he swears he will. Hardly a “savoir,” he is not wooden, and has held his place in the class by hard conscientious work. He is a heavy fusser of the constant variety, and daily may be seen trying to beat Tubby Meyer to the Main Gate, or to the little place behind the boat-house. He wants to settle down, and would rather go into the Army than wait two years.

As an athlete he made the crew that rowed at Poughkeepsie Youngster year, lost out on weight the next year, and now confines himself to Thursday afternoon tennis. Quite famous as a rhino and one of the Muttoneers on the “Chi” First Class cruise, he was continually under suspicion of trying to sink the ship on the first opportunity. He shaves regularly after each recitation, and breaks forth into joyous harmony (?) each day at noon, much to Chub’s disgust. Aside from that, as Dutch would say, he is a thoroughly good-natured man, a hard worker, and a firm friend.



William Nathan Barrett, Jr.

Hillsboro, Oregon

“Venus,” “Bill,” “Bale”

*Our handsome aristocrat Bill
Of engagements and love has his fill,
So sweetly romantic
He sets maidens frantic:
“Will he ask me?” “Oh, joy! If he will!”*

Choir (1). Buzzard (a, b)

THE dean of all the fussers. Spends hours in front of his mirror improving his already beautiful countenance, but seems to get results, as no girl he ever proposed to has turned him down yet, and he never fails to have at least one or more partners for every hop—formal or informal. Is never happy unless in love, and falls in and out as easily as he falls out and in again. Has been engaged to four different girls during his four years at Annapolis, and lost his class ring before he got it. Is chairman of the Rocking Chair Brigade in Bancroft Hall, and is always ready to tell you the latest scandal in Annapolis society, giving more particulars than there really are. Because of his sylph-like shape, was nicknamed Venus early in his naval career. Distinguished himself on First Class cruise by setting up the drinks for some of the officers, thereby earning their eternal gratitude. Tries to learn his lessons by writing letters, and is always surprised and indignant when his name decorates the tree. A good fellow who is willing to tell anybody everything about anything, whether studies or otherwise.

“Why, goodness gracious!”

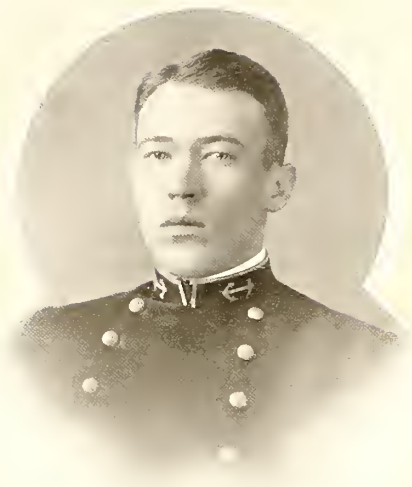
Charlton Eugene Battle, Jr.

Columbus, Georgia

“Gene,” “Bull”

*Gene is built like a young Jersey bull—
Was quarter, but never was full—
He wears a star, yes,
But not on his dress,
His kind is the dyed-in-the-wool.*

Football (4, 3, 1). Yellow N 2d. Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1). Team (4, 3, 2, 1). White N*. Executive Committee. Buzzard (a, b)



A HOT-HEADED youngster from Georgia, who will drill all day to the tune of “Dixie,” and who stoutly declares that Lee was the greatest man the country ever produced. Has shone as a baseball player on the “varsity” for four years, and is a hard, consistent player at all times. Subbed as a quarter for three years, and then made good as a First Classman, only to have his chance snatched away by the cancellation of the Army-Navy game. He takes his reverses quietly, however, and settles down to unselfish work as long as it helps out the team. Though never a “savoir,” he gave up the greater part of his time for the Academy and athletics, and only by the hardest kind of digging did he and “Square-head” navigate some of the dangerous passages of Ponce. Gene is always cheerful, however, and has been the member of many, very many parties—which he wished might never end. Was one of the combine First Class year, and watched the red squares glisten for many profitable hours. Is ever anxious to help out his friends—and he has many of them; is always courteous, and is, above all, a man.

“That’s Bo. and that’s his monkey!”



Donald Bradford Beary

Helena, Montana

“Red”

*The brilliant avora that Peary
Observed in the polar wastes dreary
May have seemed pretty bright,
But it really was quite
Sombre-hued when compared with our Beary.*

Rifle Squad (3, 2). Sharpshooter (2). Two
Stripes (a). Three Stripes (b)

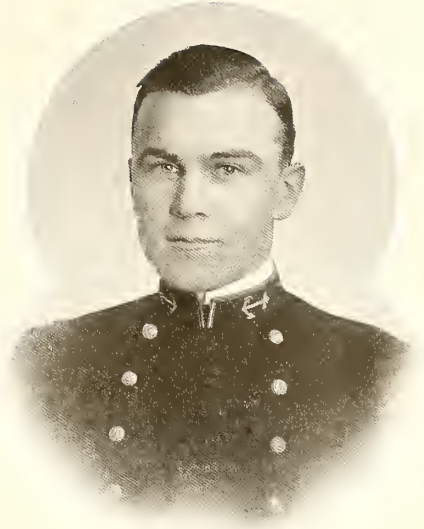
THE most brilliant man in the class—that is as far as hair goes! A tall Adonis who takes great pride in his personal appearance, and who makes the Twelfth Company appear to take great pride in theirs. Makes all the file closers get to formation on time and just raises Cain generally. Whatever he goes into he goes into hard, and filled with a determination to win out. Witness his stripes, his class standing and the absence of his ring! Is rather rhino on the underclassmen, and holds them strictly to task. Swears by the Reg. Book and tries to make the First Class, Second Battalion, as reg. as he is. Has the authority, and isn't as chary about using it as some of us might be. Has very decided opinions on almost everything, and to argue with him is worse than arguing with a woman. Fusses on occasions and usually gets along pretty well, though he isn't what one would call a hot air artist. Nevertheless, when he returned from First Class leave he left his ring behind him in Montana. Achieved rather ill repute Youngster cruise through a certain corner in paper that he effected. Through everything Red believes in himself, and while he may never be a leader, he will be able to get results by driving, and he will undoubtedly make a name for himself in the service.

Robert Ellis Bell

Abbeville, South Carolina

“Baldy,” “The Foso Kid”

*Poor Bell is the baldest of men,
Lost most of his hair aetat ten,
But when he tried Foso
It made his hair grow so
He almost could see it again.*



Class Football (2, 1). Yellow 1910. Wrestling
(1). Buzzard (a, b)

BALDY has but one worry in all the world, and Foso seems a hopeful remedy for that. But like the gallant Southerner that he is, the Foso Kid doesn't mind the absence of hair if the girls do not. For truly he shines on the ballroom floor, and seems to have a natural talent for fussing. When *she* is there and he is here, he hunts Pete or Si or Eddy, and proceeds about Annapolis and her suburbs, hitting only the high places, and those but lightly.

On the cruise the recounting of tales aboard the last boat was not complete without an account (by Baldy) of Baldy's big liberty.

Due to his great skill in timekeeping, he held down a seat on the wrestling table throughout the entire season, but he more than earned his keep by withstanding the verbal and physical assaults of the handsome Mr. Kilgore. Occasionally even Baldy's patience would be stretched, and at such times he would emit a dismal groan that would make a whistling buoy ashamed of itself. But no matter how you may begin by running Baldy, you will end up by seeing the man in him and liking him through and through.



Mervyn Bennion

Vernon, Utah

“Mary”

*Mary Bennion, so bright and so witty,
Is a lad that I'm sure you will pity
When you learn that in truth
There await for this youth
Sixteen wires out in far Salt Lake City.*

Star (4, 3, 2, 1). Lucky Bag Staff. Track (4, 3, 2, 1). Green 1910. Sharpshooter (2, 1). Expert (2, 1). Class Football (4, 3, 2, 1). Yellow 1910. Battalion Adjutant (a, b)

THE human calipers, Mary has to wear a tightly tied necktie to keep himself from becoming twins. A tall youth from the far West who seems to be in a state of perpetual blush and embarrassment, particularly when addressed by one of the fair sex. With a big, clear brain, backed up by thorough and systematic boning, Mary held down first place for Youngster year and never was very far from it at any other time.

He roomed with Dutch for three years in the old fifth, and very naturally developed a tendency to rhino, but never let that interfere with his going to any amount of trouble for his friends. As he is of a decidedly bashful temperament and shuns hops, he was one of the easy marks when it came to standing hop night duties for other people. He usually gets the class jobs which require much labor and return little glory, but Mary goes into everything he does with the same heartiness of purpose, and invariably performs a little more than he has to.

However, if from this description you gather that you can bluff Mary into doing anything, you are sadly wrong. Like most quiet, good-natured men, he has his limits, and they are absolutely inflexible. Come as a friend and he will do all in his power for you, but try to force him and you'll find that you have been monkeying with the buzz-saw.

“Yes, I'm afraid Mervyn has rather lost interest in his studies.”

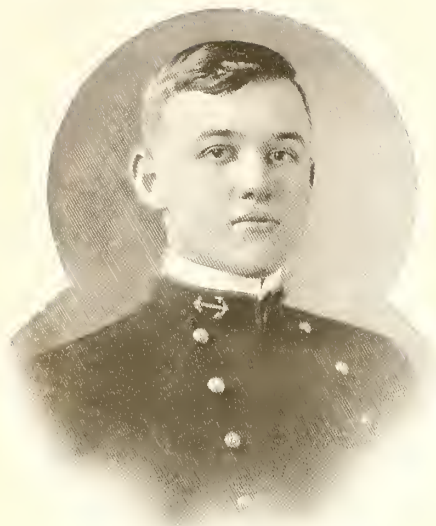
Howard Burton Berry

Helena, Montana

“Sing Sing Sid,” “Sid”

*Good children, put Sinbad away;
Munchausen's completely passe;
Jules Verne isn't in it
With Sid for a minute
In the wonderful things he will say.*

Rifle Squad (2). Class Football (1). Yellow
1910. Buzzard (a, b)



BEHOLD him! the man from Montana; “Sing Sing Sid” of Missoula. He’s the only true Wild Westerner in the outfit. Swears by Montana,—first, last and always. Firmly believes they can produce more gold, copper, and bad men to the square foot in his native state than anywhere else in the world. To look at the cherubic countenance herewith displayed you would think him the quietest, most law-abiding citizen extant, but—well, hardly! Has an opinion on every subject under the sun and is not at all backward about expressing it. Will argue by the hour on anything from woman’s suffrage to hookworm. Is heavyweight champion story-teller. Certainly they’re all true,—mere everyday occurrences in Montana.

Sid achieved undying fame Youngster cruise by getting his head shaved. Then, to show his consistency, he repeated the operation each succeeding cruise. Incidentally that is how he gathered unto himself the malodorous name he now bears,—Sing Sing Sid.

Admits that he likes to fuss, and makes a hit with the ladies, but doesn’t fall a victim to their wiles. Is never more in his element than when he foregathers with the boys, cocks his feet up on the radiator, and burns a good old Bull skag.



Valentine Nicholas Bieg

Alexandria, Virginia

“Bugs,” “Val,” “Bloody Jimmie,”
“Goulali”

*Young Val is a typical Hun
Who always is up to some fun.
He imports a new chance
Every time there's a dance,
And loses his head to each one.*

Class Football (1). Yellow 1910. Class Baseball (2). White 1910. Buzzard (a, b)

YOU just can't help loving Val. A regular little hard guy, he is always ready for a rough-house, and takes great delight in relating his adventures at Atlantic City with Happy Hein. He wouldn't make a liberty at "Botham," because they couldn't savvy that peculiar style of monkey dialect he uses in conversation. "Speaking tube" man of the Chicago's "Bloody Muttoners." In hospital seven months in two years. Nevertheless, with his usual ease Bugs fooled 'em all. He is a good deal of a fusser in a quiet way, but occasionally grows enthusiastic over some fair one and spends all his two-bit pieces telephoning Washington or Baltimore to get her down for the next hop. As he is a Crabtownite, he knows every one in the delightful burg, and when on the grade is the recipient of many boxes of fudge and other eats. He loves to join the bunch in a rhino session, and when he gets excited his eyes open so wide that only good luck keeps them from falling out. Insists that his beard has been worrying him for three years, but is, notwithstanding, immensely elated if anyone notices it. Between shaves he uses his razor to sharpen pencils with.

A fine, manly little fellow, with lots of grit and nerve, he is a true friend and a pleasant companion.

"Pleath, kind thir, I wath doing nothing."

"Thay, Puthy Fath, dot a Thatnrday Poth?"

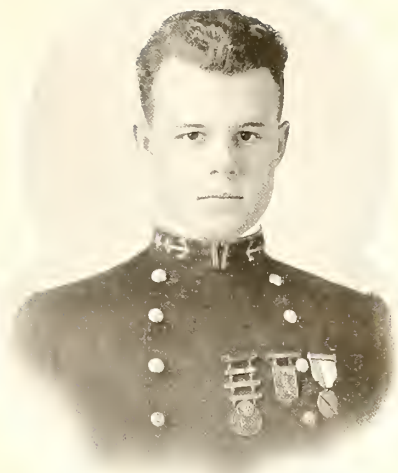
Follett Bradley

At Large

“Follett”

*Follett always shoots the high score,
In full dress wears medals galore,
Bronze, silver and gold,
As you may behold,
And each year adds five or six more.*

Star (3, 2). Rifle Team (4, 3, 2, 1). Brown N.
Sharpshooter. Expert. Gold Medal, Target
Practice. Buzzard (a, b)



HERE we have the term fusser defined, for Follett is in love with a different girl every two weeks; convinced each time that she is the one true affinity, he marvels at his escapes in the past, but is unable to arm himself against the inevitable dangers of the future. Was temporarily elected class president, Plebe cruise, but soon lost the job through youthful indiscreetness; since then, however, he has found out that there are many good men and true in the Navy, among whom he has an ever-widening circle of friends and cohorts. Having their good opinion and support, he is satisfied, his independence of spirit and action proving uncomformable to the sundry criticisms of others. Loves to do for them in every way, especially as to boning up the wooden, and is always seeking and providing entertainment in the form of delectable social gatherings. Has a direct, outspoken manner and a loyalty that make it impossible for him to allow slander of his friends to go unchallenged. His occasional hard spells are of short duration, but he runs into more trouble per minute than an ordinary man does in a month. Possessing a high degree of efficiency, the fact that he was not selected up in the matter of stripes, was a source of much surprise to the class, and of candid chagrin on his own part.



Charles Lees Brand

Worcester, Massachusetts

“Tubby,” “Monty”

*On the field Monty's dark crimson hair
Marked a spot that made Princeton despair,
The amount of his knows
A great brain clearly shows,
And he's just as big 'round as he's square.*

Star (4,3, 2,1). Football (4, 3, 2, 1). Team
(2, 1). Yellow N. Rifle Squad (2). Brown
N 2d. Sharpshooter (2). Expert (2). Three
Stripes (a). Buzzard (b)

A FIERY-HEADED man from Mass.—as his bulk implies. Savvy enough to star regularly, in spite of a certain fondness for cards and light fiction, and a constant attendance at football practice for four years. Tubby figured out where he was going to play and spent all his time in unremitting labor to perfect himself for that position. As a result he played a center that made the Tigers think they were in the wrong place, and which went a long ways towards making the score what it was. When Meyer was laid up the duties of captain devolved on Monty and he carried them through with the same heady determination. At all times he is quick to express his opinions and to stand up for them at all odds. If he is wrong he will take the consequences, but the worst of it is that he is generally right.

“For Heaven's sake, turn that nose the other way!”

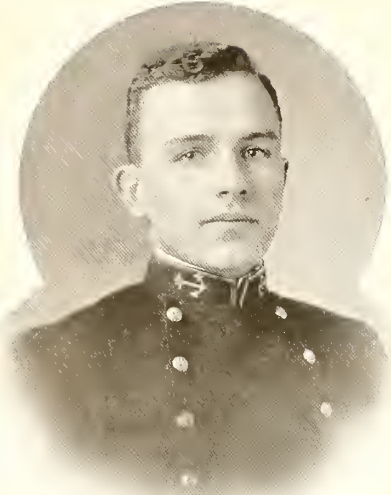
Hugh McCulloh Branham

Baltimore, Maryland

“Doc”

*When managing basketball Doc
Once gave the official a shock—
When told, “Take time out!”
Doc replied, “There’s no doubt
That it’s out—’cause I haven’t a clock!”*

Lacrosse (3, 2, 1). Captain (1). M.N.T. Manager
Basketball (1). Class Football (4, 3, 2).
Yellow 1910. Class Basketball (3, 2, 1).
Orange 1910. Buzzard (a, b)



CRINKLY brown hair, a mouth like the Open Door in China, a combined grasshopper engine and slitbar motion for a walk,—that’s Branham. Doc is one of the real characters of the class. Good natured almost to a fault, happy-go-lucky, irresponsible, he makes friends instantly and for all time. The moment you see that two by ten smile of his you straightway succumb like all the rest.

For three years, under the supervision of Bill Nicholas, Doc ran a free-for-all rough-house in the Fifth Company. Nick did his best to keep a few fragments of the household from destruction, but with a running mate like Doc the job was well-nigh hopeless. They were lucky if they ever had a whole shirt between them, and regularly as meal formation came around you could find them, ten seconds before the late blast, each trying to get into that shirt.—Doc in the meantime wondering where he had laid his blouse and collar the last time he used them.

Doc is a true savoir, and with a slight amount of boning could have starred easily. Knows as much chemistry as Remsen himself and can spout formulas by the yard. In the line of athletics, he was manager of the basketball team and captain of lacrosse, as well as captain of the victorious class basketball squad. The strangest thing about him is that he comes from Baltimore.



Clarkson Joel Bright

Columbia, Missouri

“Tookus”

*A terrible hard guy named Bright
Tried a small chew of 'baccy one night,
But a rude doctor chap
Stuck poor Took on the pap
When the proof of the deed came to light.*

Football (1). Two Stripes (a). Three Stripes (b)

A MAN carrying the expression about the mouth and eyes that instantly stamps him as a Missouri mule raiser. Characteristically, has to be shown,—usually several times. But further, observe the structural support of the distinguishing pennant, what grace and elegance of masculine perfection have we here. He had difficulty in getting a well-fitting dress uniform, as he proved almost too much for Reinhart's stretchable tape. Finding that the training table was a thing of joy, he went out for football First Class year, and all but made a star player. Tookus has the rhythmic glide and paddling trot of a turtle, and feathers his feet with equal ease. Is phlegmatic, if not exciting, and his unflinching interest in his studies always keeps him to windward of the necessary two and a half digits. A stolid philosopher, he discovered the vulnerable spots of the Discipline Department, and profiting by being Maggie's understudy, he got a company of his own for the second term. Took possesses an inimitable laugh, which is always ready to peal out at any joke or yarn—not on himself.

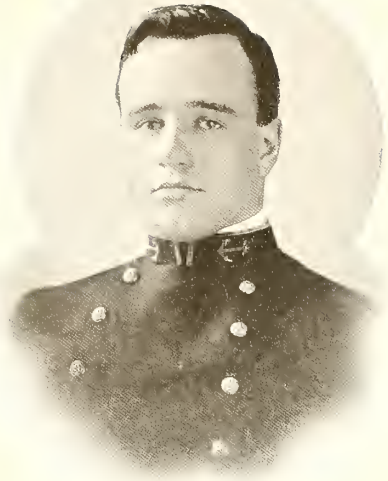
Clarence King Bronson

New York City, New York

“Buck”

*Old Buck never gets in a flurry,
He's the last man to act in a hurry,
But decision once made,
And his course firmly laid,
He'll get what he wants, don't you worry.*

Manager Baseball (1). Class Football (4, 3, 2, 1). Yellow 1910. Chairman Class Pipe Committee. Athletic Representative (3). Executive Committee (4). Buzzard (a). One Stripe (b)



METHODICAL BUCK! Everything with him is method—deeply thought out and laid up in cold storage. Shines his shoes every night at 9.30, so as to be on time to breakfast formation next day. Has been doing the same thing in the same way for years. Used to go out in town every Saturday for a comfortable nap on the club sofa. He is very deliberate in forming an opinion on anything, but once having formed it—right or wrong—nothing on earth can change him. His very courtly manners are the envy of all the would-be Chesterfields in the Academy. He is an out-and-out Red Mike, but no matter who she may be, no courtesy could exceed Buck's. At times, however, when there is an adverse wind, the vehement expression of Buck's indignation is the admiration of all his listeners.

Generous to a fault, anything he has is yours for the asking. His great popularity, with our appreciation of his extraordinarily fine and strong character, made him a very close second for the class presidency, and has given him many positions of honor and responsibility in the gift of the class. As assistant baseball manager, he was once ordered to sweep off the field before a game. Buck was sore; but he did it. As caterer on the “Chi” First Class cruise, he did very well till he lost his grease with “Puggy” by coming on the bridge too often and asking too many questions. “Keep off this bridge, Mr. Bronson.” “No, no, you can't go ashore. Keep off this bridge.”



Melville Stuart Brown

Chicago, Illinois

“Chub,” “Thug”

*Our Chub likes to shoot all the day;
Loves to draw, if he feels in the way.*

*He's round, fat, and tubby,
Like a cherub so chubby,
And couldn't get mad, so they say.*

Lucky Bag Staff. Rifle Team (1). Brown N. Class Football (4, 3, 2, 1). Yellow 1910. Class Baseball (4, 3, 2). White 1910. Class Basketball (3, 2). Orange 1910. Basketball (1). Christmas Card Committee. Buzzard (a, b)

MOST of us come in like a lamb—but not Chub! Never bluffed for a day, he was one of the hardest plebes in 1910. Youngster year and during his Second Class stage he continued to tear along the same wild course, despite the soothing influence of the gentle Winfield. The sole patentee and proprietor of the Golliwog cast of countenance, the Thug nevertheless makes a large hit when he does cut loose on the floor of the Gym. Short and stocky, he was one of the stars of the Rifle Team, and has won his numerals on almost every kind of class team there is. His “M.S.B.” on many of the best things between these covers show that his hand is artistic even though his temperament is not.

He usually kept pretty close to the head of the class with a negative amount of boning, and except when helping someone else out, could usually be found during study hours rapt in a bridge game with Cooke and Upty. But more than that, he is a hard, conscientious worker, gifted with infinite patience for the minutiae of detail which most of us are inclined to slur over, but which make for success in its fullest sense. Endowed with much horse sense and a huge fund of humor, Chub is a sure cure for the blues in any stage, and an excellent counsellor on any question.

“Drop m' somew'ere in de Sevent' Fleet.”

Walter Elliott Brown

Chicago, Illinois

“Squarehead”

*Four years, in fair weather or fine,
On the gridiron we've seen Squarehead shine.
But if asked any day
What position he'll play
He'll reply, "I'm an end — on the line."*

Star (4, 3, 2, 1). Lucky Bag Staff. Football (3, 2, 1). Yellow N 2d. Class Football (4). Yellow 1910. Crew (4, 3, 2). Red 1910. Swimming (2, 1). Northfield Delegate. Buz-zard (a). Two Stripes (b)



THE sweet singer of the Academy, whose ear-splitting tones can be heard from reveille until taps, anywhere within three decks of the scene of action. He is a supporter of all forms of athletics and has been a member of one athletic team or another for four years. Started out as a star center on the Plebe football team, worked hard on the hustlers for three years, and has pulled an oar on the crew squads for four. Freely admits that he loves to be conspicuous and have a chance to yell before a crowd, and herein may be found his reluctance to giving up his first petty officership for his well-deserved stripes. It was the unanimous desire and belief of the class that he should be a four-striper, but his good, quiet, efficient work on the cruise was too free from “grease” to attract the notice of the officers. He is a true savoir, as the well-deserved four-year star shows, and is never too busy or tired to help a “wooden” man through an exam. Fusses often, but is rather weak on distinguishing between “bricks” and “queens.” He is a boisterous, fun-loving child in many ways, but a fine, strong, strenuous man in all and bids fair to be an efficient naval officer who will some day make himself felt as a power in the service.

“Love me and the world is mine.”



William Peirce Brown

Brattleboro, Vermont

“Spike,” “Speak”

*When Spike in the spring shaved his head
(To look more like a convict, he said.)*

The lotions he got,

Herpicide and what not,

Would surely have turned his hair red!

Rifle Squad (4, 3). Sharpshooter. Expert. Crew (4). Assistant Caterer (2). Northfield Delegate (1). Choir (1). Farewell Ball Committee. Buzzard (a, b)

A LONG and lanky denizen from the Green Mountains, clean-cut, clear-eyed and good to look upon. A first glance assures you of his innate worth; a second makes you want him for a friend. For he is a friend who can be trusted; a friend who, when once won, will ever be a friend. Shakespeare had men of his calibre in mind when he wrote: “His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate.” His idle moments are not devoted to slanning absent members, nor does he win a place by walking on the necks of others. For three years he catered to the vagaries of the “Squirt,” and then he became a caterer literally, both on the Hartford and at the Academy. All grew fat during his régime, himself excepted. As a member of the old “Seventh,” he led in the rough-houses, practical jokes and extravagances of that celebrated band. Nothing ever worries Spike into loss of sleep. He takes things calmly, almost indifferently, with a wealth of humor that robs troubles of their trouble, and rebuffs of their sting. Refused to disturb the quiet of his life with exercise till he found himself on the weak squad, and then pride well nigh made him break the strength record. When he accepted a seat in the back row of the choir he spoiled his record for non-grafting. But if the Lord did not give him a beautiful voice, he certainly did give him a manner most attractive, and that gallant manner is brought into play whene’er a skirt leaves in sight. First and last, a man to be trusted, and always the gentleman.

John Aloysius Byrne

St. Louis, Missouri

“Tim”

*A quiet, soft-spoken man, Byrne
Finds the Navy has yet much to learn.
Tim has tried it four years,
And it clearly appears
That to farming our Tim will return.*

Class Baseball (4, 3, 2). White 1910. Executive Committee. Two Stripes (a). One Stripe (b)



TIM has been the Class Rhino for three years, disliking every phase of the service as viewed thru Academy glasses. He is extremely independent at all times, strong in his convictions, and inclined to be serious. He smiles rarely, Spuds being about the only man that can elicit one; but when he does, it is a pleasure to see how it illuminates his rather sombre expression. A firm pessimist, his faith in the supremacy and excellence of St. Louis is the enthusiastic exception to this gloomy philosophy, and to the claims of other cities his attitude is that of the proverbial Missourian.

But Tim thawed out First Class year, and enjoyed himself immensely, even going to the extent of fussing; and he allowed his latent cheerfulness expression, after having restrained it for years. At one time he thought to return to the “cit” life we dream about, but like many of us, when it came to the plunge, the outside looked drear and forbidding, and he decided he would stay with us, for which we are sincerely glad.

A chap whom we all instinctively like is Tim, quiet and reserved, undemonstrative, with an elusive smile and a steady, reliable temperament. He is a man of very high ideals of conduct, and he lives up to them. Altogether a person difficult to know, but most assuredly worthy of all our respect and friendship.

“Why, in St. Louis, we —— ——.”



Wadleigh Capehart

At Large

“Speck,” “Capricious Capy”
“Waddles”

*A face that's all covered with freckles
Soon gave him the nickname of Speckles.
This blasé young man
Drinks milk by the can,
He says it will take off his freckles.*

Buzzard a, b.

SPECK is a dapper, be-freckled little lad, who views the Academy as a means to an end, to be endured rather than enjoyed. He takes things very seriously, studying conscientiously, and fussing in the same spirit. A man of perfect aplomb, he retains his poise under all circumstances, and cannot be bluffed by any one. At first the possessor of some narrow ideas, Speck has broadened a great deal, and has come out of his original reserve. Always quiet, he is at his best when fulfilling the duties of host at one of the enjoyable chafing-dish “tea-fights” that he and Pete delight in giving. Then Speck expands, and shows the true hospitality and courtesy of his nature. In conversation he has all the charm of a well-read and cultured man, but he shows this side of him to only a few intimates.

With Pete, Speck forms another of those Damon and Pythias friendships of which this class has so many examples. Separated First Class year, these two tried every means to room together again, but without avail. At that they permit no dividing distance to interrupt their constant companionship.

A polished little gentleman is Speck, who goes his own gait without fear or favor, and keeps for his friends a warm heart and a pleasant kindness. To him the loud and boisterous joys have no attraction, and he views all such amusements with a superior scorn.

“There goes the Irish rabble again!”

“You bore me!”

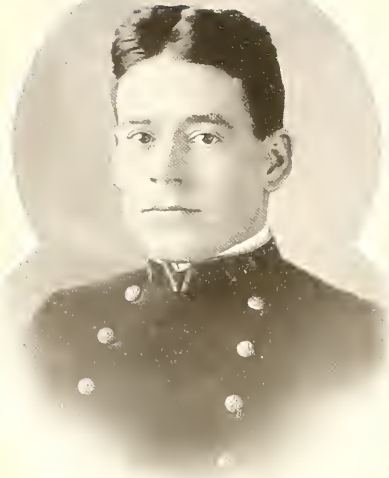
Henry Barton Cecil

Huntsville, Tennessee

“Cash,” “Costet,” “Uncle Ike”

*Harry Cecil, a Creole, by gar!
Crawled in while the gates were ajar.
He resembles Costet,
At least so they say,
And is thought to have once tended bar.*

Sharpshooter. One Stripe (a). Buzzard (b)



A GOOD-HEARTED, chubby little fellow from sunny Tennessee. Goes into life for all the pleasure the day may bring forth. His jolly laugh is welcomed by all but,—Oh you songster! Is ever ready to listen to your tale of woe and to give you one in return that will make you feel almost ashamed of ever thinking yourself ill used. Seldom goes on liberty (usually has the exact change to be on the grade). For three years he was always going to swear off smoking in a few days, and finally, First Class year, when he could smoke with impunity, he actually did knock off. After each hop says, “No more fussing for me.” but . . . Youngster cruise after each liberty at New London he used to make the gun deck lively with descriptions of the thrilling experiences Sis had been brought through safely by the genius of his legal adviser, H. Barton Cecil.



Godfrey De Courcelles Chevalier

Medford, Massachusetts

“Chevvy,” “Darb”

*Young Darb is a crack at the mile.
He'll always win out in fine style,
And on the same night
With joy and delight
On the girls at the hop he will smile.*

Lucky Bag Staff. Track (4, 3, 2, 1). Green
1910. Hop Committee (2, 1). Choir (1).
Buzzard (a). Four Buttons (a). Buzzard (b)

A CURIOUS mixture of New England Yankee and temperamental Gaul, both of which are eternally fighting for the mastery in his nature. Has all the warm likes and dislikes and the changeability of the Gaul, with the sterner qualities of the Yankee thrown in. Made a very efficient three-striper Plebe summer and was early marked for great things. The victim of the only “hazing” that 1910 suffered; and it is strange that the name then given him—Casey—didn’t stick to him. Is quite a track man, and runs the mile in fine shape. A famous fusser, in spite of many Red Mike tendencies. Shines at all the hops and is considered “just too cute.” Usually manages to get what he sets out after, and though frequently unsat., always knows when and how to bone, and is still with us in consequence. Has many friends in the yard, but never could be accused of greasing, and would take many D’s himself rather than get a classmate one. Is always liked, and readily adapts himself to whatever company he may be in. Will probably make an excellent officer, and you may be very certain that Darb will always make an excellent friend.

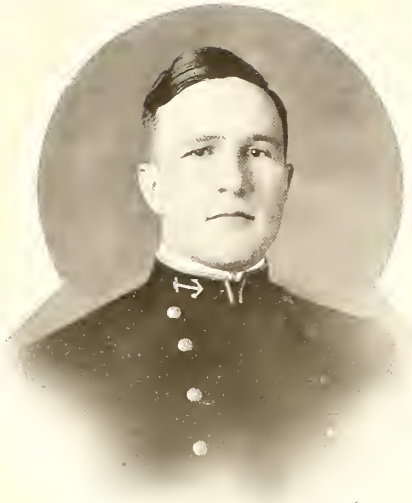
Robert Wilson Clark

Binghamton, New York

“Bobbie,” “Senator”

*Bob is quite the complete Harry Lehr,
Lacking whom a teafight would be queer.
He will sit up all night
To compose or to write,
And in drama he's simply too dear.*

Hop Committee (3, 2, 1). Chairman (1). Farewell
Ball Committee (1). Class Supper Committee.
Choir (4, 3, 2, 1). Leader (1). Assistant
Cheer Leader (1). Masqueraders (4, 3, 2, 1).
Stage Manager (1). Buzzard (a, b)



A POPULAR, versatile and clever man whose ever ready wit not only suffices to help him over the rough places, but is capable of winning for him friends, honors and success. If it is a jollification, whose song and dance make the time pass more merrily than does Bobbie's? If it is a business deal or a matter of grave concern, then his foresight, shrewdness and knowledge of human nature usually give him the winning hand. His debonair diplomacy promises well for a political career, and he is not unsuited as “The Senator.” A petticoat fluttering on the horizon will always catch his eye, but he has ever shown great discrimination. When he tries, however, he may truthfully be called “a de'il with the weemen.” His abilities and good looks are furthermore backed by a personality which is forceful and winning, making an impression assured and that impression invariably favorable.

“Ding! Dong! All aboard! Binghamton!”



Alfred Thomas Clay

Pleasant Hill, Missouri

“Henry”

*From Missouri our Henry Clay
To Annapolis wended his way,
He's as good as the next
At enlarging the text,
Which counts most in the U. S. N. A.*

Class Basketball (2, 1). Buzzard (a, b)

AROUND baby face, a round snub nose, and two round beady eyes—that's Henry! One of the old Ninth, he was rewarded for his long and faithful devotion to it by being given the job of first P. O. for his whole First Class year. Henry has never let anything worry him much during his course here; he has been a shining light in the savvy math. sections, the court of final adjudication in regard to the Chi's little Nav. P. Works, and the roommate of Dickson, the one and only ease of artistic temperament. On occasions Henry becomes really hard and usually gets all that is coming to him at such times; at other times he fusses madly for a week straight, but usually he is content to sit in his room and read, or, at most to play a couple of sets of temis. The Choir is really his proper sphere, for the wonderful range of his voice was unsuspected until the duties of his office began to bring it out—much to its owner's chagrin. Like most of our Missouri representatives Henry plays a good game of checkers, and on the cruise nothing would please him better than a stiff game with some other master. He's savvy and efficient enough, but the installation of a wireless set would improve his communications one hundred per cent.

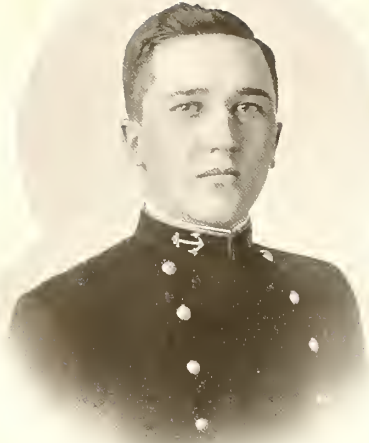
Grover Cleveland Clevenger

Excelsior, Missouri

“Grover”

*A regular “show-me” is Grover,
From Missouri, the State of sweet clover,
Full of Wanderlust he
Seems always to be
And he longs for the road and dog Rover.*

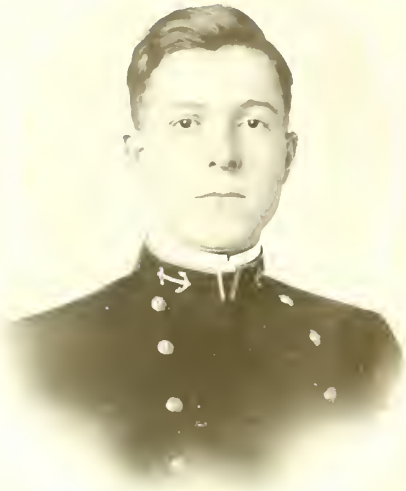
Buzzard (a)



HE hails from that “grand old State of Missouri,” which, according to “Grover,” is glory enough for one man. Not precisely a scholar, nor yet an athlete, he is a good comrade and a gentleman through and through. He served a long and arduous term as the late lamented “Stumpy’s” moral adviser. An advocate of the straight and narrow path—for “Mr. Murphy,” alas, that he was not for himself, he has left us, and none of us but mourns the loss.

Aboard ship when there was work going on on deck and a game below, it was an easy task to find Grover.

In fact the only time he ever voluntarily came upon deck was when the liberty party mustered aft. Ashore he thought the day but poorly spent unless he made the rounds of all the excitement—the Crocker House (the corner), the Beach, the Pequot, the Griswold, with a flying trip to Norwich. Sometimes he returned aboard as early as the last boat—to sleep until the next one shoved off. If it be true that we all have our days, on Grover’s there is a “big liberty.”



Byron Russell Coleman

Marionville, Missouri

“Cudge”

*This innocent youngster we see
Takes nothing much stronger than tea,
With this as his drink,
You scarcely would think
So blasé and roué he'd be.*

Buzzard (a, b)

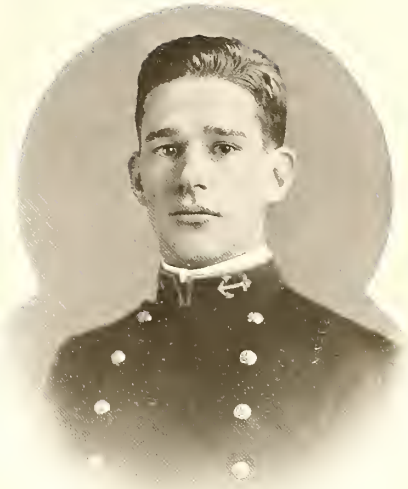
HE hails from Missouri, but he doesn't need to be shown—he's wise. His volubility in describing imaginary persecutors is alarming, and his ability to devise tortures for the aforementioned would put the Spanish Inquisition to shame. Every cold bust in recitations is followed by a volcanic and vituperative twenty minutes, which makes life exciting for his small wife, Chevvie. For three years Pede Cygon worried him and played practical jokes on him which would ruin the nervous system of an ordinary man, but Byron survived. His happy faculty for letting off high-pressure steam in picturesque phrases probably saved him from squidging, for he was never forced to that. A conical scout and a good scout, with a fund of original and happy expressions and a knack for telling yarns that convulses. The cruises ever afforded him great amusement, while he amused others by his pleasure-finding capabilities. When the squadron touched in Boston his tastes were shown to be distinctively epicurean. Pink tea abilities in him are conspicuous by their absence, but on occasions he put his better foot forward and took in a hop, where he showed to all a most mild exterior, but within he was chuckling over the A. B. C's of every little affair that was on foot; and beneath the jolly, happy-go-lucky exterior lies sincerity, independence and a keen appreciation of a man's duty in the big issues of life.

Walter Vincent Combs

Eugene, Oregon

“Sister”

*Our Sister is long and quite lean,
As model a youth as we've seen,
But he is so hard
That he walks 'round the yard
Arrayed in "civilians" bright green.*



Track (2). Buzzard (a, b)

“**T**HE only girl I write to is my sister,” was the origin of the sobriquet of the unsophisticated Sister. But as soon as the opportunity offered itself, Sis was right there, and ever since he has been always about to swear off fussing, being drawn back into the whirl each time by some new attraction. Sis always has a new experience to tell about, and he fully appreciates the joke, whether it is upon someone else or upon himself, as it usually is. His frank good nature has enabled him to hold down the job of first P. O. of a hard company for an entire year—no easy task in these parlous times.

A most absent-minded individual, he will ramble around in an abstracted manner and end up in almost any section room but his own, and never know the difference until reminded of it. Had memorable experiences in Philly with a stiff green one, when the cabby charged him eight and a half cents a block. Never known to grease, Sister usually lets some other man get the credit, and is prone to get flustered and lose out; but he has about as big a heart as there is in the class, and everyone knows it and likes him for it.



George Martin Cook

Post Mills, Vermont

“Seaman,” “Chorge”

*Seaman Cook is a sailor they say,
Well, perhaps, but I think it's this way:
A plough and a farm
For him lost their charm,
So he entered the U. S. N. A.*

Class Basketball (2). Orange 1910. Brigade
Staff P. O. (a). Buzzard (b)

CAME from Vermont just to show us what the Green Mountain boys could do when they tired of farming. A Nav. fiend who could prep. the woodenest for an exam.—*vide E. W. S.* for the semi-ans, etc. Many adventures on many cruises. Continually longing for Broadway and a taxicab. Very nearly missed the trains after three Army games. In fact it was once a question whether he got Andy there, or whether Andy got him there. Drew the Chief Grafters' job first term, but took a tumble as soon as the House Detective, Rudolph and the others got after him. Has troubled the Medical Department for some time, but has always managed to fool them in the end. Likes nothing better than a good “Bull skag.” Made a big hit as a fusser First Class year, and in spite of “Sam” and others, averages three letters a week. An all around good fellow, and the best sort of lad to have with you the first day of leave.

“Deduce it yourself, you son of a gun.”

Charles Maynard Cooke, Jr.

Fort Smith, Arkansas

“Savvy,” “Majah”

*Some people know words but can't spell 'em,
So here's something I'd just like to tell 'em:*

C—o—o—k—e

*Is accepted to be
The correct way to spell cerebellum.*



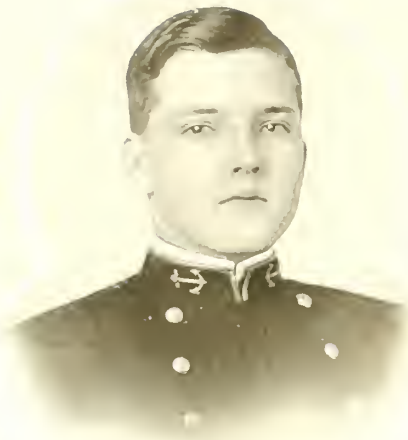
Star (4, 3, 2, 1). Lucky Bag Staff. Class Ring Committee. Secretary Midshipmen's Athletic Association (2). President Midshipmen's Athletic Association (1). Class Baseball (3, 2). White 1910. Three Stripes (a). Battalion Adjutant (b)

THE class has elected him to many offices—and justly. For he has always labored to our credit and been a leading spirit among us.

A sagacious man, a “howling savoir,” who has ever been willing to lend an able hand to those of us who have needed it. In fact he has worked harder toward the winning of other diplomas than for his own.

Charlie does not look very prepossessing and he comes from Arkansas—so his reputation for sagacity has been well earned. Look again at the face on this page, for even it is the class oracle. Verily a fountain of wisdom. Yet occasionally he unbends and deigns to smile upon things frivolous. At such times his distraction is fussing. Graceful and artful he is—with a preference for married women. He can, with a thoughtful, Woolsey-like look, plot the curve of the “Boston” even better than the “Moose.”

On the cruise some wise ones once “took Charlie on” to teach him bridge. “Savvy” made a big leave that September, for he is as quiet and efficient at a “sitting” as he is at his duty aboard ship. About any subject or in any fix, if you want to know what is right—ask Cooke.



William Merrill Corry, Jr.

Quincy, Florida

“ Bill ”

*A happy old hot sport is Bill,
Whose cheerfulness gets him his fill
Of the good things of life,
Sans trouble and strife,
Though his gab may perchance make you ill.*

Baseball (2, 1). White N 2d. Class Baseball
(4, 3). Masqueraders (1). Sharpshooter.
Three Stripes (a, b)

HERE we have a jolly companion and a boon friend whose friendship does not consist of words only. Those who look first on his jolly countenance and see his contagious smile think only of the fun loving youth; but we, who know him, know that he has a man's head coupled to a boy's heart and live enthusiasm. Drew three stripes on his personality and kept them on his ability. Likes to hand out high sounding bluffs to the profs.; but no man ever called him a greaser. Has a fondness for the French capital and wishes there were a European squadron. You can get a rise any time by asking him about the time he swam the bases and scored the winning run. This is Bill, one of the best of us and one of the best liked.

Chorus at hops when Ethel doesn't attend: "Oh! Where is my cherub to-night?"

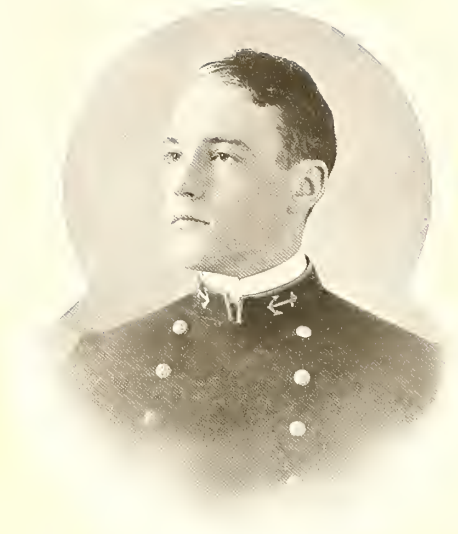
Joseph Franklin Crowell

Kearney, New Jersey

“Clip,” “Jersey”

*The sweetest young man in the town,
Clip has all the fussers done brown.
He is always unsat,
But doesn't mind that—
Just bats the exams that come round.*

Buzzard (a, b)



THE mercurial Clip, whose emotions range from darkest gloom to deepest joy with the rapidity of an electrical oscillation. Cast down into the slough of despond when he hits a tree, he is correspondingly elated when he receives a good mark, and his joy is unbounded when the blue envelope comes. Pessimistically, he thinks himself bilged on any occasion whatever, and it is the delight of his friends to lead him on with fearsome pictures of his immediate future. However, the Clip is armored against running by his cheery good-nature, and though you can get many a rise out of him, his goat always remains in seclusion. Added to this he has a large amount of dogged perseverance which has enabled him to overcome, in the pursuit of his sheepskin, obstacles that would have daunted many of us.

A lovable lad, unspoilt and full of fun, the Clip makes a faithful friend and an enjoyable companion for a liberty. He is oftenest merry, despite his occasional fits of the blues, and is quite an adept at the perpetration of practical jokes. It is worth while to see the Clip, as Douge is telling one of his famous yarns, anticipate that worthy and come down with his infectious laugh when the story is only half told.

“Well, and *how* do you do?”



Lyal Ament Davidson

Muscatine, Iowa

“Davy”

*This traveling salesman who's here
Will sell you some things mighty queer,
Class paper and pins—
Your trouble begins
If Davy you see drawing near.*

Crew (4, 3, 2). Red N 2d. Sharpshooter. Three
Stripes (a). Buzzard (b)

DAVY has always been one of those men who are a power in the class and make themselves felt without the usual amount of speechmaking and theorizing. He is conscientious, though not disagreeably so; possesses a strong military spirit and a sense of duty, with enough moral courage to stand up for what he thinks is right. Few three-strippers could combine efficiency, consideration and justice as did Davy during his days in the Fourth Company, and the unusual neatness of his Plebes was due largely to his personal work with the Flatiron.

He is the kind of fusser that girls, chaperones and men all like to meet. His own tastes in that line are of the best, but many a time has he carried a hod to oblige a friend, without a murmur. In fact, he always refuses to share any of his troubles with his friends, and doesn't believe in crying over spilt milk, though he is the first man to sympathize with those who do. After hard work on the crew squad he gained a seat on the second crew for the only race of the season Second Class year, but this year he preferred to woo the Goddess Nicotine.

For three years his hospitality, sense of humor, and room-mate, Sis Combs, made his room the headquarters for the Twelfth Company crowd.

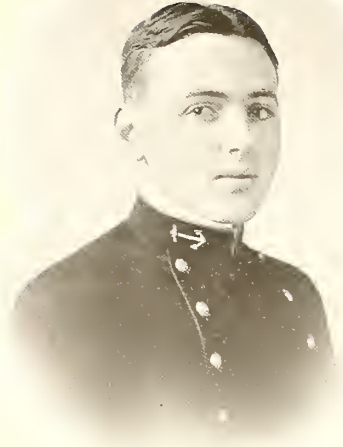
George Lewis Dickson

Mt. Vernon, Illinois

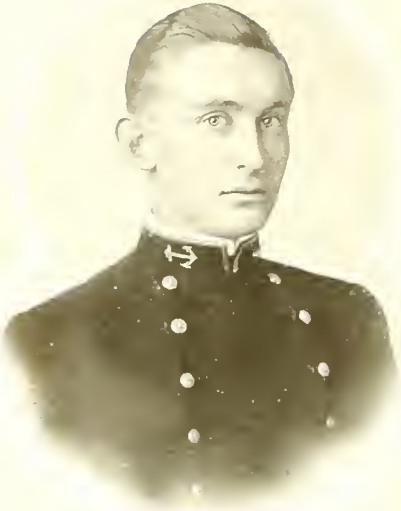
“ Dickey ”

*Our Dicky drew most of this book,
Made our first Christmas Card that so took,
And as for the rest—
Well, the ring and class crest
You'll find pretty good if you look.*

Art Editor Lucky Bag. Class Crest Committee.
Class Christmas Card Committee (3, 2, 1).
Chairman (1). Chairman Class Ring Com-
mittee. Masqueraders (1). Two Stripes (a).
Buzzard (b)



THE class artist. Not exactly the long-haired kind, but an artist just the same. Dicky's pencil has been well represented in four LUCKY BAGS, and most of the pictures in this one are his work, or his suggestion. He has been the chairman of three Christmas card committees, and you'll have to go some to beat his output! Was mainly responsible for our class ring, and an appreciative class voted him his as a token of their recognition of his good work. As a Plebe, George knew all the upper classmen worth knowing, and now as a First Class man, knows all the under classmen who "do things." He is a born greaser—with those he knows and likes. Just can't help using that little grain of flattery that most people swallow; which is one reason why he has so many friends among old and young. Always makes a hit when he fusses—which is frequently—but seems to prefer fussing chaperones to girls and consequently keeps himself well supplied with meal tickets. He has a very happy and amiable disposition, one that you naturally take to, and like, and you may consider yourself indeed lucky if you count Little George Dickson among your close friends.



John Findley Donelson

Pawnee, Oklahoma

“Donny”

*When Donny first went out for track
He smashed up the record, ker-whack!
And each match since then
He's rated an N
By pushing it up one more crack.*

Track (3, 2, 1). Captain (1). Green N. Class
Football (4, 3). Yellow 1910. Class Base-
ball (3) Captain. White 1910. Choir (1).
Buzzard (a, b)

“LET the world slide, let the world go. A fig for care and a fig for woe.” Here’s a man, every inch a man. A jolly shipmate, a true friend, and a thorough gentleman. If you are in fine spirits and going “large a bit” go see Don; he will help you to make life merry; if you are broke and feeling down and out, Don will lighten your heart and make you forget your troubles. The human grasshopper. He came out Youngster year to try for the track team, and in the first meet broke the Academy broad jump record in a pair of baseball shoes. He is captain now. Could make the baseball team but for his duty to the track. Always has dope sticks and whatever he has is yours. “Come! Knock off boning; in ten years from now you will have forgotten all that. Let’s have a little music.”

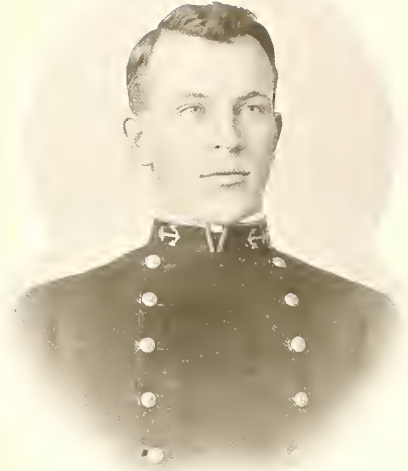
John Page Edgerly

Gilmanton, New Hampshire

“Stumps”

*Happy Stumps is our prize Teddy Bear
Whom we lured from his grim lonely lair,
Where at pinochle he
And Peter—Rustee—
Were off on a terrible tear.*

Fencing (4, 3, 2, 1). Gray N 2d. Sharp-
shooter. Expert. Buzzard (a, b)



AN omniscient little bruin whose greatest delight is to corner a listener and engage him in a long discussion. The subject may be scientific, or it may not; it may be familiar to him, or he may scarcely have heard of it. This last condition might prove a puzzler for the average man, but not for Stumps. No matter what the topic, he is always willing, nay eager, to give his opinion, backed up by profound reasoning. Along with a galaxy of other graces, he has spent most of his leisure on the fencing squad. Shortcomings as regards form prevented his reaching the top notch with foils, but he became a sabre expert deemed worthy to take part in exhibition bouts. He possesses unflinching good humor, it being on record that he has laughed even at some of Maggie's jokes. When asked to describe someone, he once said: "He is not so slight as I am, and is not quite so tall."



Walter Atlee Edwards

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

“At,” “Porky”

*A happy young midly is he,
From all care and troubles quite free,
Both classmates in need,
And lobsters for feed
Will find a staunch friend in Atlee.*

Track (4, 3, 2, 1). Green N. Farewell Ball
Committee. One Stripe (a, b)

THE man with the most original walk in the Naval Academy and the rival of Ellis and Pailthorp in respect to Grecian bends. Makes ardent and poetical love to a few favored maidens but prides himself upon the fact that he has never been an “Annapolis fusser.” He is one of our best bluffers, either when excusing some negligence of his to a girl, trying to make a two-five, or when vainly attempting to make the crowd believe one of his entertaining and impossible stories. He is a good friend, never ill-tempered, without the slightest trace of a snob, a good fellow in any crowd and in every way, and very dear to all those who know him well. Loves fun, an easy life, and the red-squared table, but has a fine, strong will, and can buckle down to steady, hard work. Was one of “He” Smith’s forty-seven pets, but managed to pull out sat the finish. Became a member of the noted “New York Party” First Class leave and At and his lobster are now renowned characters. He went out for track Plebe year and by good, consistent work succeeded during Youngster year in making his Green “N.”

“Now, this is true!”

Herbert Aloysius Ellis

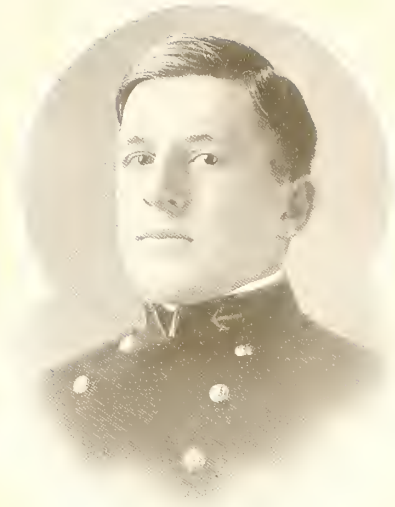
Boston, Massachusetts

“Spuds”

*Old Spuds is a real Boston Mick,
Endowed with a wit that is quick,
Too lazy to work,
All labor he'll shirk,
And when he is treed how he'll kick!*



Executive Committee. Class Pipe Committee.
Buzzard (a, b)



THE inimitable Spuds! A devil-may-care Irishman, fun-loving and cheery, and the most likable man in the class. When in the mood, he is the funniest chap imaginable, with the proverbially quick wit of the Irish, and an uncanny ability for facial contortions. The mere sight of him sends Clip into paroxysms of laughter, and even makes Tim smile. He is the soul of any gathering, amusing the crowd with his songs and his antics. To go on a liberty or a boat party with him is synonymous with having a big time.

A strapping youth, of a magnetic personality, keen eyes with the Kelt's own twinkle in them, and a humorous mouth, Spuds has latent talent for any field of endeavor, athletic, political or scholastic. But he has preferred to remain a dilettante, his metier being the pursuit of that will-o'-the-wisp, Pleasure, in the chase of which he has been the hero of many daring exploits and wild adventures, thinking nothing of an impulsive trip from Crabtown to the Hub when following that alluring sprite.

Besides being a most enjoyable person to know, Spuds is the best kind of friend to have, sharing his all with you or spending your all with equal nonchalance. A loyal, merry comrade, he is rarely serious, and views his many predicaments with a light-hearted indifference that carries him thru all obstacles.

“I know a man
Named Mister Brown

_____!”



Howard Adams Flanigan

New York City, New York

“Pat,” “The Garrulous Harp”

*Our Pat never will be quite matched,
The front door is always unlatched;
He's a Harp, we can see,
But we think there must be
A steam pianola attached.*

Lucky Bag Staff. Track (2). Manager (1).
Crew (4). Class Football (4, 1). Yellow
1910. Football (3, 2). Class Basketball (3).
Orange 1910. Basketball (1). Buzzard
(a, b).

TRULY the soul of “Auld Ireland” lurks in this cheerful “Harp.” For this loquacious one is never quiet and no one has ever found him when he was not ready for an argument. He has been known to hold forth for hours (chiefly with Wellbrock) that smoking is the truest use of the weed, how it is done at Columbia, or in defense of the land of the Shamrock. At times he is a very devil—as when at the Chamberlain he sang, with great *tendresse*, to the single light dimly burning in a darkened room, “Moonbeams shining soft above.” But that was Youngster cruise. Now he wavers between fussing one queen and abstaining from hops to bring about “Spuds’” salvation. He has been known to go sleigh riding; or rather he went out accompanied by a sleigh—the “riding” part was not continuous. For three cruises “Pat” was the star performer at the Griswold; automobiles and yachts clamored for him, while no hop was half complete without him.

He can give you the dope on any form of college athletics—or anything else for that matter. For he is, above all else, Irish—a “garrulous Harp,” who musters all the Jews, Russians and Polacks and sets the style on Saint Patrick’s Day, crying “Death to the Orangemen!” Like many another Hibernian, he has kissed the “blarney stone” and is graced with a rich native wit. Ever hear him sing “The Wearing of the Green”? Touching.

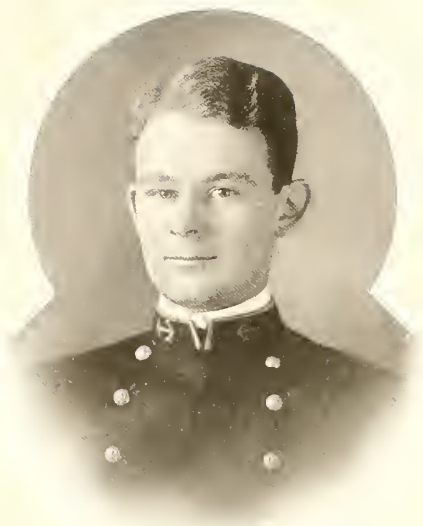
Sargent Force

Rochester, New York

“Sunny Jim,” “Sunny”

*A first-classman called Sunny Jim
Braces all of his plebes with such vim
That at Xmas parade
I'm greatly afraid
They all tried to use force on him.*

Tennis Squad (4, 3, 2, 1). Buzzard (a). Two
Stripes (b)



PEOPLE often wonder who and where is the original “Sunny Jim.” Step up, ladies and gentlemen, here we have him—the only one of his kind in captivity. Never did a nickname fit better than his. His smile, and he never wears anything else, will cure the worst case of blues. Always willing to give his last cigar to a friend. The terror of the Ninth Company plebes. Witness a certain Christmas issue of the “Bulletin.” Quite mild as a plebe, but changed considerably thereafter. Gets out of all the exams without boning. Always ready for a rough house, and the Twelfth Company early developed his abilities in this line. Fusses on occasions and always makes a hit. Went split at a hop, Second Class year, and has never recovered. A steady at the Crocker House on three cruises. Didn't go ashore during the latter part of First Class cruise. When he is feeling happy, will tell you marvelous tales of field and stream, of camps and canoes, and of hunting trips in Canadian woods.

“Jim! Jim! Sunny Jim!

Ten thousand girls are wise to him!”



Murphy John Foster

Franklin, Louisiana

“Mike”

*Murphy J. is a good, husky Mick.
His neck, arms and shoulders are thick.
(You'll note I don't say
His head is that way,
If I did he'd be after me quick!)*

Class Football (2, 1). Yellow 1910. Christmas
Card Committee (3, 2, 1). Santee Squad (6).
Class Executive Committee. Buzzard (a, b)

ONE of the finest, squarest men in the class, a true Southern gentleman in every respect, and of whom it can honestly be said that “those who paint him truest praise him most.” He is a good friend who will stand by you and for you under any circumstances and is always sure to see your good traits and never to speak of your bad. Is naturally strong and nery and these qualities have helped to make him one of the mainstays of the class football team through three years of championship games. Is always in a good humor, yet has that about him which would cause one to hesitate to make him fighting mad. Lived with “At” First Class year, and enjoyed it as much as a three-ring circus. Listens attentively to a story or joke, and if it strikes “Mike” as funny, he’ll laugh in a manner that’s really contagious. Fusses seldom and then always with the same girl and is known to the “crowd” as “The Ardent Lover.” Is one of the old timers who can tell tales of the real hazing days and proudly boasts that he’s the only remaining member of the Santee Squad.

“My wad!” “That’s the funniest thing I ever did see.”

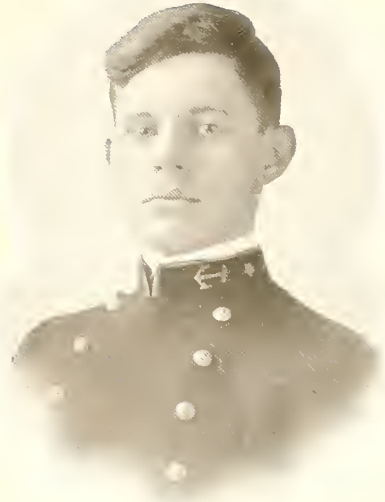
Holloway Halstead Frost

Brooklyn, New York

“Ostrich,” “Frast”

*A model of virtue named Frast
With a maiden essayed to dance fast
“Do you Boston, dear?”
She breathed in his ear.
(’Tis said he gets sore at this last.)*

Star (3, 2). Class Baseball (4, 3, 1). White
1910. One Stripe (a). Two Stripes (b)



EARLY in life Frost developed a fondness for standing with arms folded, head bent forward on chest as if deep in thought. While thus engaged his ears are always open for a whispered, “How like Napoleon he looks!” “Isn’t he splendid!” etc. In fact, the Ostrich (the unappreciative ones thus named him almost as soon as he started his naval career) has other things than the pose in common with the great warrior; many eccentricities, such as walking at parade rest, running up and down stairs sideways, and singing tuneless love songs of his own origin, add greatly to his already distinguished manner. Bonaparte II, as he is sometimes called, has such a high opinion of his famous predecessor that he has spent days in the writing of mysterious note-books dedicated to the great soldier. His classmates’ most earnest efforts to discover whether these are historical or autobiographical have been altogether fruitless. Most of us are of the opinion, however, that these gems will some day appear as memoirs.

First Class year our Ostrich fell in with rather rough company when he roomed with “Cootsie Coo” Will; but he still keeps his distinguished mien and Napoleonic pose.

Yet we have already said too much. It is not for man to judge of what great battles have been fought out or what stupendous thoughts run riot in that grave bowed head.

“Ross-e-e-ll, you shure are a mess.”



Robert Gatewood

Norfolk, Virginia

“Dashing Bob,” “Bob”

*Old Tecumpseh is out of a job:
He was worshipped by too great a mob,
Still we'll worry along,
For, unless I am wrong,
He was never quite in it with Bob.*

Buzzard (a, b)

THE first impression of “Dashing Bob” is that he has all the taciturnity and depth of concealed purpose of a Tecumpseh; five minutes later, however, you know that his beak has parrot propensities more than anything else, for he can talk more and say less than even his feathered prototype. If you attempt to argue with him about anything, you will not be able to get your say in until he has exhausted every effort of persuasion, and long after he has convinced himself by his own eloquence. Beginning to be blasé, he fusses a queen occasionally, and would rather be accused of anything else than dragging a brick. Always makes a big hit on leave, and was known as R. Gatewood, Lieutenant U. S. N., at the Atlantic City Hotel, which, with his dashing appearance, made him the target of many *billet-doux*. His course of physical training and gymnastics during Second Class year was discontinued when he returned from leave. His academic athletics have probably been much restricted, for he played wonderful baseball before entering—it is said. Not exceedingly savvy, he never bones unless he has to pull out of a hole, but could not avoid the last Christmas Tree, where he was posted for inefficiency. Very generous, free handed and full of life with his infectious laugh, he has all the qualities of a good companion and shipmate.

“Never again!”

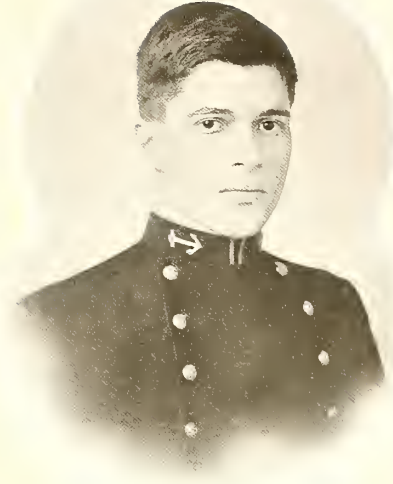
Edward Banks Gibson

New Haven, Connecticut

“ Mono,” “ Spig” “ Gibby the Monk”

*In order to get at the Spig
Through mantles of silence you dig,
But a letter each mail
As big as a whale,
Shows that somebody thinks him real big.*

Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2, 1). Team (1). Brown N.
Sharpshooter, Expert. Buzzard (a). Three
Stripes (b)



A SILENT son of the Nutmeg State. In spite of early connections with the Army, decided he'd like the Navy better, and shows no change of mind. Quite a dark horse he gave in the surprise of his and our lives by getting three stripes second term. And they were not gained by greasing, for the Spig could no more grease than he could fly. Never fusses, because of "someone" back at home. Gets a fat letter every other mail, and answers as often. Lost his class ring, too, and wears in its stead a small one on his little finger. Of late, tho, has been worried about one of these "city fellers" who is getting in heavy work. Suffers much running from Tommy Moran in consequence. Lived with the Swede Youngster year, and was the consequent butt of many rough-houses. Must have acquired a love for the sport, for he has never since been able to stop. Gets very embarrassed if questioned about the aftermath of the class supper—also if he hears "My Brudda Sylvest."

"You can't work that heavy silence game on us, Spig. When you don't talk, everyone around here knows it's because you have nothing to say."



Homer Benjamin Gilbert

Marshfield, Missouri

“Cy”

*Case-hardened, oil-tempered and ground,
Nickel steel, Krupp process, compound—
Any one you can get,
But I'm willing to bet
Nothing harder than Cy can be found.*

Wrestling Team (2, 1). Captain (1). Class
Baseball (4, 3, 2). White 1910. Buzzard
(a, b)

THE hardest man in the class! Always ready for anything—no matter how dangerous or risky,—never quits, doesn't seem to know what fear is, and revels in a fight or a rough house. His risqué midnight party and his Thanksgiving trip with the Wild Irishman were but incidents in a series of escapades by which “Cy” endeavored to break the monotony of Academy life. He is the captain of the wrestling team, and his aggressiveness, agility, and nerve helped to make him a star man on the mat. It is not only in this sport that he excels, however, for some of his swimming records made at New London prove that he is an adept in that art, also. He will bet his all on any fair proposition and is a devotee of the card table and the red-squared one, and at neither does his usual luck desert him. He does the minimum amount of study and has always managed to stand well. He hates a “greaser” and is the direct opposite of one himself. Is willing to do any favor for a friend and will not fail to win the admiration and friendship of officers and men.

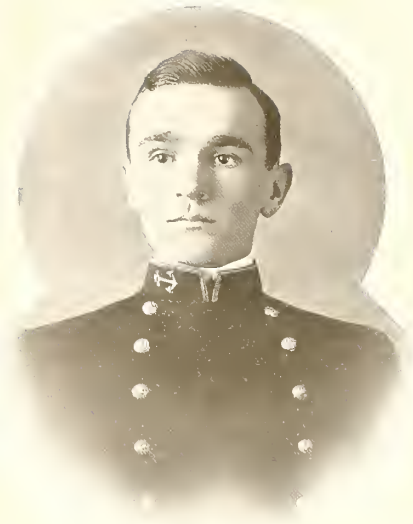
Edwin James Gillam

Greenville, Michigan

“Pop”

*A bundle of nerves playing stop,
A batter who makes fielders hop,
A player right through
The team captain too,
And a corking good fellow, that's Pop!*

Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1). Captain (1) White N*.
Treasurer, Midshipman's Athletic Association
(2). Northfield Delegate (1). One Stripe
(a, b)



AT first glance he appears a little, wizened, old man, who might be anywhere on the wrong side of forty. Appearances are deceptive, however, and Pop's snap and dash on the diamond would convince even the most skeptical that the time when he will become a subject of rheumatic attacks is still a long way off. Began his career way back in the dark ages among the bush leaguers of the Middle West as organizer of the "Little Giants." Because of his ability to get in the way of the ball, was made short-stop on the team Plebe year, and has held down the job ever since. Was elected captain First Class year, an honor which he certainly rated. Though baseball is his specialty, Pop does not confine himself to this one sport; his many goals in basketball did much towards making our class team win the championship. Though quiet and undemonstrative, Pop wears well and is one of the best-liked men in the class. This is helped by his extreme modesty and readiness to give to others credit that is really due to himself. His character is shown by a remark of Dave Fultz's: "Gillam is the only man I have ever found who, as captain, would put himself on the bench if he thought his team contained a better man."



Augustine Heard Gray

Boston, Massachusetts

“Gus”

*An athlete of note is our Gus;
So neat he abhors any muss;
He once took a chance,
And nine femmes to a dance,
The first time he went out to fuss.*

Lucky Bag Staff. Star (4, 3, 2, 1). Lacrosse (3, 2, 1). $\Sigma N \Sigma$ Class Football (4, 3). Yellow 1910. Class Baseball (4). Captain (4). White 1910. Class Basketball (3, 2, 1). Orange 1910. Vice-President Y. M. C. A. Northfield Delegate. Class Ring Committee. Executive Committee. Four Stripes (a). Three Stripes (b).

A REAL savoir of unlimited energy and appetite, from the only spot on earth that appears civilized to him. Earnest in everything he undertakes, and always successful. Refuses to waste time on idle fiction, and does nothing unless it is worth while. Never turns in until taps, and then only because there is nothing else to do. A man of rare judgment, he has served his class in many ways and on many committees. It is not in his nature to grease, and he held his four stripes, won on pure merit, with an enviable position in the hearts of his battalion. When the shake-up came he lost out by the merest margin, but nowadays such a thing causes joy rather than sorrow in the reduced.

Socially, his accomplishments are wonderful. Coming here disguised as a true Red Mike, he broke all Academy records by taking nine femmes to one informal. In the section room his masterful manipulation of the English language leaves all the instructors gasping for breath; in the game of wits his scathing stabs make him a man to beware of; in athletics he has made good in almost every variety of game which is played at the Academy. With all the admirable qualities of grit, nerve and dominant energy his success in any line is assured.

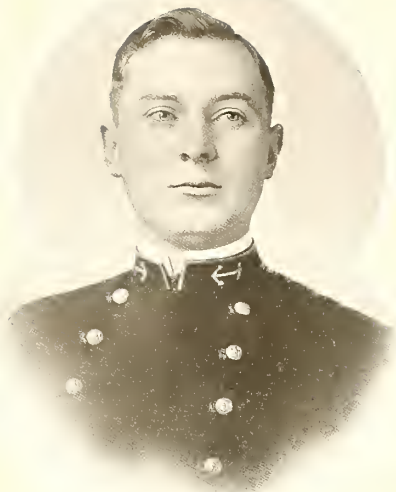
Ruskin Peirce Hall

Dayton, Ohio

“Rusty,” “Butch”

*In fencing R. P. has a way
Of taking a step that's quite gay.
Waves his foot in the air
And sets it down. There!
And it makes people laugh every day.*

Fencing (4, 3, 2, 1). Gray N*. Sharpshooter.
Expert. Chairman Bible Study Committee.
Five Stripes (a, b)



COMING from Dayton, O., the home of the cash register and the aeroplane, Rusty has attained a height in four short years that would make the Wright Brothers ashamed of themselves. Plebe year Rusty was just an ordinary, everyday, Fourth Class man, but First Class year he gave everyone the surprise of their life by drawing big casino on the first deal, and in spite of a few natural handicaps, making good without being obliged to devote overmuch of his time to social calls. When second term came with its shake-ups, Ruskin was still there with his melodious “Squads right and left.”

Though apparently anything but built for it, he managed by four years of hard and continuous labor to make the fencing team, and his peculiar style went a long way toward bringing the Trophy back to the Armory.

He is a hard fusser and never misses a dance, no matter whom he has to take to fill his card. Rumor picks him as a promising candidate for the Banner, and Rusty himself smiles knowingly when the subject is mentioned. His unlimited self-confidence has carried him through everything, and that same quality will probably insure his success on the only original All-Big-Gun ship, the U. S. S. Delaware.



Roman Burchart Hammes

Sheboygan, Wisconsin

“Dutch,” “Hams”

*Dutch Hammes, the sausage-faced man,
A sort of a young Handsome Dan.*

*He'll fuss any girl,
Get her heart in a whirl,
By using hot air as he can.*

Buzzard (a, b)

HAMMES can tell the most foolish things with a face so grave that the instructor is kept in constant doubt as to whether he is being run, or whether Dutch actually believes what he is saying. Was once moved to put his hand into a pail of water that was being used as a water resistance for a heavy electric current, his remarks at the time giving the impression that, although his experiment did not turn out very successfully, it would not be repeated. He has a tendency to neglect to read over his lessons when they look easy, with the result that when told to discuss some subject which he has never heard of, he will calmly fill his board with most remarkable statements. Delights to spend a study hour pasting up a scrap-book or doing photographic work, but still he has improved his time during his four years' course to the extent of having learned to speak almost intelligibly—at times. Is always to be seen at the hops, but is not a believer in the doctrine that “Variety is the spice of life.”

Lewis Hancock, Jr.

Austin, Texas

“John,” “Hunky”

*Our John has a powerful voice
Which lost him the wife of his choice,
'Cause it gained him one more
On his cuff. John was sore,
And the moral is: Not too much noise.*

Class Basketball (2, 1). One Stripe (a). Two Stripes (a, b)



ONE of our youngest, he combines with his childish naiveté a certain dignity which goes well with his two stripes, which he has held down well. He has an extremely gentle disposition, which makes him quite a favorite with the ladies. He fusses regularly, but we have never been able to make him admit that he ever does it for anything except a sense of duty. A good worker at his pleasures as well as his studies. For two years he rarely cut a class basketball practice, and never grumbled or quit when others were put in ahead of him, with the result that he got his numerals when the “sure shots” won the championship. On liberty days he is usually to be found with at least one of a little clique of four, or of the old Second Company. Possesses a strict sense of the difference between right and wrong, a characteristic which has stood him in good stead on more than one occasion.



Frank Moore Harris

Memphis, Tennessee

“Nuts”

*Though never arerse to a prank
Quite fond of his three stripes is Frank,
But Rouge and the Swede
And Luckel, indeed,
Just worry Nuts' life to a blank.*

Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1). White N 2d. Sharpshooter. Christmas Card Committee. Farewell Ball Committee. Three Stripes (a, b)

ACARELESS, happy-go-lucky chap, who never knows where any of his things are when he wants them. He is always willing to lend you anything, any time, any place, provided of course he can find it, which is usually problematical.

He possesses a quick wit, which generally enlivens any gathering of which he happens to be a member. He was never known to be on time for anything, and when he does arrive usually has to go back to borrow something which he has forgotten.

He has been a steady member of the baseball squad since his Plebe year, holding down the job of substitute pitcher.

On every occasion when there is any excuse, as Christmas or New Year's, he receives from home a large packing box, filled with turkeys, hams, pies, cakes, candies and everything else good to eat, which, while it lasts, delights the whole corridor on which he lives.

He is never rhino, because he forgets everything else as fast as it happens.

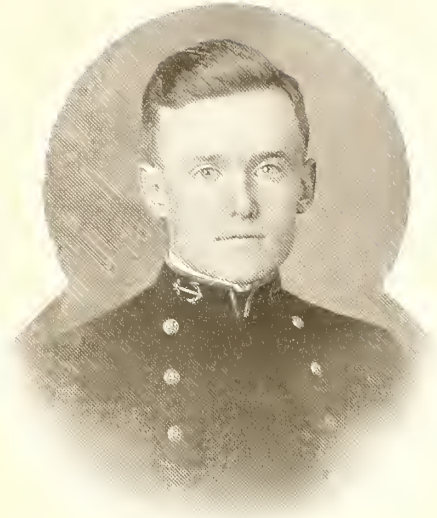
Delos Parker Heath

Grand Rapids, Michigan

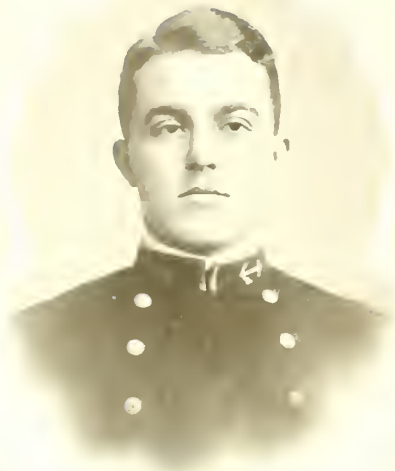
“ Dicky,” “ Prickly Heat”

*Our Delos, a fresh-water sailor,
By nature was built for a tailor,
His legs are convex
From long pacing of decks,
But no sea can make him turn paler.*

Lacrosse (2). Orange LNT 2d. Lucky 'Bag
Staff. Buzzard (a, b)



A FRESH water sailor who came East to try salt water for a while. Liked it, so decided to stay. Is the unfortunate possessor of a pair of bum lamps that have given both himself and the Medical Department much trouble. Made 36 inches on his eye exam first class year, and thought he was doing fine. Has had many hard arguments with Frenchy La Mont over the leadership of the Ninth Company Spig Squad. Never adverse to a rough house, and ably seconded the Spig in all his traps for Skipper or the Swede. Rigs up all sorts of ingenious contrivances for closing his windows at 5 A. M., for turning off and on his lights and for everything else under the sun. The reddest of Red Mikes. Accompanied the Spig on the excursion after the Class Supper and is just as touchy on the subject! Didn't see the use in shifting hammocks to sleep in one night, and found himself an 8th Po. in October! Stumpy is one of the best friends a man could have. He has the happiest of dispositions—and we'll wager that he'll make a big mark for himself some day.



Herbert Ross Hein

At Large

“Happy,” “Ray of Hope”

*An athlete of fame is Hap Hein,
At boxing or track he is fine,
But, greatest of all,
Was Happy last fall,
As our one “Ray of Hope” did he shine.*

Track (4, 3, 2, 1). Green N. Class Football (1).
Yellow 1910. Middleweight Boxing Cham-
pionship (1). Sharpshooter. Buzzard (a, b)

SAVE the pieces, here comes Hap Hein! A care-free, happy Dutchman, and the personification of rough-houses. For four years he shared all furniture-breaking records with Rouge, and used the practice so obtained in many hotly-contested boxing matches in the Gym. Besides winning the medal in that, he wears a green N, which his time over the hurdles easily secured for him.

Happy roomed with Dashing Bob for three years, and the wonder was that they didn't both bilge, but apparently each was a homeopathic cure for the other. One of the old Tenth Company bunch of “hard guys,” who used to make the regular Saturday round of Guicnot's, the Com's and Carvel, and by supper were ready for anything, the tale of half his doings would fill a page. At Atlantic City in September he was the most admired man on the Boardwalk, where it is generally understood that he went into the artificial hair business.

Incapable of crossing his bridges until he comes to them, and gifted with a positive antipathy for study, Happy has slid through on a minimum of work and a maximum of good times, both for himself and others; and, after all, the ability of looking on the bright side goes a long ways in a place like this.

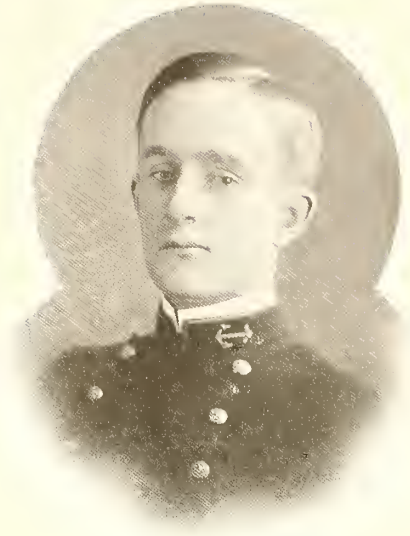
Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Jr.

Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

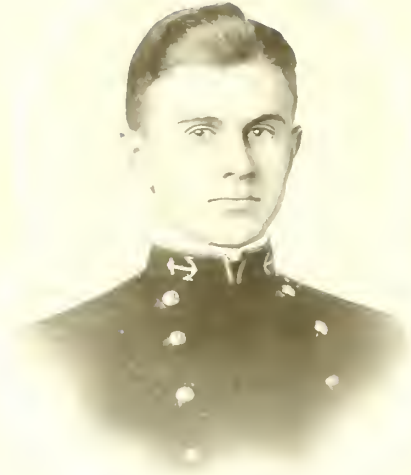
“Peter”

*Peter Hoffman, the only Jack Spratt,
Shouldn't be in the place that he's at,
With a build of his style
He could make a big pile
By selling some new anti-fat.*

Crew (4). Track (2). Sharpshooter. Buzzard
(a, b)



ATALL, and shall we say slight, youth who is always in demand during the inevitable waits before class meetings and entertainments, on account of his skill as a pianist. Willing, as well as able, when sufficiently urged, which he rarely fails to be, to help pass a pleasant hour with anything from Mendelssohn to ragtime. When not thus engaged he is an agreeable talker, whether the company be such as to elicit pretty speeches or merely a group of other fellows. Pete has a sanguine temperament and always expects that things will come out well, but he is inclined to take trifles somewhat too seriously. Never lukewarm, he is enthusiastic about anything he likes at all, and is always anxious to call his friends' attention to it in order to make them admire it too. Generous in his feelings, as well as in material things, he is ever ready to appreciate the good points in others. Works hard at everything he attempts, whether it be a duty or a pleasure, and does it to the best of his ability.



Harry Weaver Hosford

Danville, Illinois

“ Harry ”

*Though he seems an albino, 'tis true,
Harry Hosford is Scotch through and through.
He captained the merry
Old bunch at Camp Perry,
A job I'd have liked, wouldn't you?*

Captain Rifle Team (1). Sharpshooter. Expert.
Brown N 2d. Battalion C. P. O. (a). Buz-
zard (b)

A LIGHT-HAIRED, blue-eyed chap from the Middle West, with a disposition as sunny as his hair. Has a pair of big blue eyes which have made friends for life of many of the numerous girls he has dragged to the hop. He is naturally bright, stands well in his class, and could stand much better if he could be persuaded to work a little more seriously. He prefers, however, to have his head empty of book-lore while he reels off wit and epigram to the amusement and enjoyment of his friends.

As captain of the Naval Academy rifle team he made good in every way, working hard for his team and winning the respect and liking of every man in it. Roomed with Jersey for three years until ill luck separated them and put them in different battalions First Class year.

He underwent an operation for appendicitis his First Class cruise, and now boasts of the fact that he can eat grapes without regard to the seeds. Attempted to communicate with some fair one out in town, one night, by means of the wig-wag code and an electric light, but the message was intercepted by the officer-in-charge.

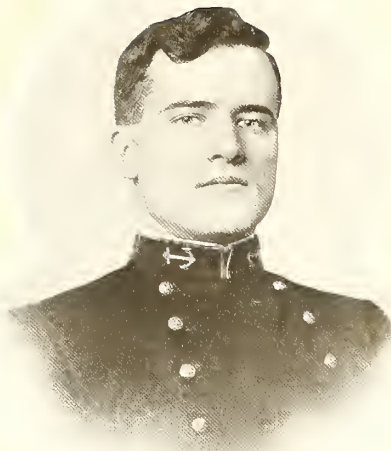
George Frederick Humbert

Williamstown, Pennsylvania

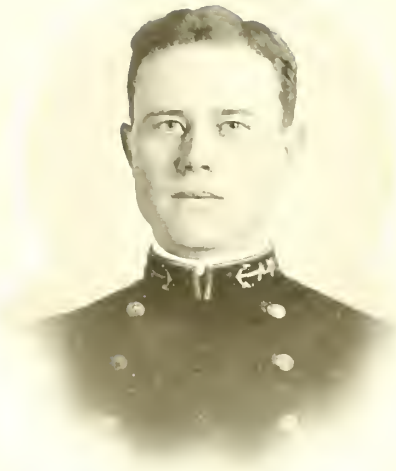
“Freddy”

*A moon-faced young man from Penn. State
Went to bed with a string 'round his pate.
For he said, “When I snore
I wake up quite sore,
And for me that's a horrible fate.”*

Class Football (3). Yellow 1910. Buzzard (a, b)



A FAT, happy Dutchman from Pennsylvania who has almost learned to talk English since entering the Naval Academy. Not a bit of a greaser and as a result kept a beautiful gold buzzard all of first class year. A heavy fusser, especially around New London and Fort Wright, at which place he demonstrates that his dislike for the Army is confined entirely to the masculine side of it. Indeed, last year he resigned his charter membership on the Tenth Company Rough-house Gang in order that he might complete his famous locker door collection. Something at once of a philosopher and an inventor, he gave Bolivar a great surprise by grumpily explaining that the reason he turned in with his jaws tied shut was that he snored otherwise and woke himself up, and that he was trying a cure. Spent most of First Class cruise on the half-deck of the Chi, sprawled across five camp chairs and tearing off the bon sleep by the yard. Prefers smoking to working any day and doesn't care who knows it. A mighty good fellow, but one who knows quietness has kept most of us in ignorance of many of his fine qualities.



Chester Charles Jersey

Hackensack, New Jersey

“Chet”

*A prim and precise man is Chet,
He stands near the top, you can bet.
For six months, so far,
He has stood Mac's cigar,
And, strange to say, isn't dead yet'*

Lucky Bag Staff. Star (4, 3, 2, 1). Two Stripes
(a). One Stripe (b).

WHAT'S your name?

Jersey, sir.

Where are you from?

New Jersey, sir.

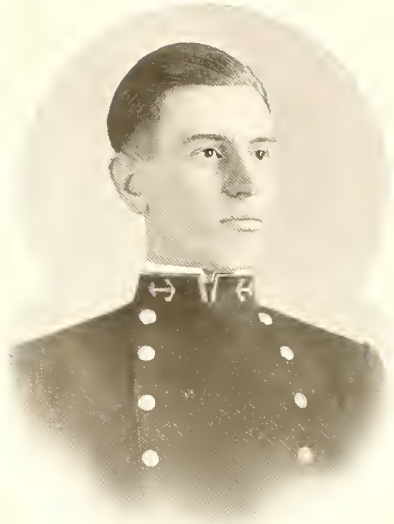
An unusual combination of name and nativity that, during his early career as a naval officer, gave the Upper Class men an unlimited amount of material for original wit. As a Plebe he called a girl a “goil,” and often longed to be back near good old “New Yoik,” but soon fell under the civilizing influence of his surroundings. Studious by nature and possessed with a goodly amount of common sense—a combination that has kept him well up in the opinion of both instructors and friends. A wit in his way, but handing it out in such a solemn manner that one thinks and looks twice before deciding how to take it. Takes an optimistic view of life, and often breaks out in song. For originality his singing is a great success, as he carries the air entirely by the expression on his face. Fusses intermittently and with some success.

Leslie Lafayette Jordan

Raleigh, North Carolina

“Dippy”

*The official Department detec.
Discovers “lost” paps by the peck.
The reward he receives
He wears on his sleeves,
While the others got theirs in the neck.*



Buzzard (a). Three Stripes (b)

PROBABLY the most successful and accomplished fusser in the class. Give him fifteen minutes head start, and no one could cut him out, for Dippy, when he gets started, is irresistible. Continually falling in love and out again. Sometimes naturally, sometimes because he has to. Believes that there is no place like the “Old North State,” but of late has shown decided leanings toward Brewster, Mass. One of Rudolph’s protegés, got three stripes Second Term, and ran the Eleventh Company to the satisfaction of everyone. Made quite a name as a detective (?) by ferreting out the mystery of the Lost Document, or “Who Pinched the Pap Sheet.” Always has a grease. He never appears to work very hard to get it. His Dippy-ness has bilged two room-mates and is worrying a third. He has rather a good opinion of Leslie Jordan, but is, nevertheless, a mighty fine fellow, very well liked by all, and is as good a friend as a man could find anywhere.

“Say! What do you know about it?”



Frank Harrison Kelley, Jr.

Tacoma, Washington

“Mike,” “Bobo”

*Has anyone here seen Moike Kelley?
Sure, he is a fine sort o' felly,
He comes from Out West
And what he likes best
Is putting good things in his—stomach.*

Golf (2, 1). Tennis (4, 3, 2, 1). Sharpshooter.
One Stripe (a). Buzzard (b)

FRANK is a “web-foot” from the “Land of Occasional Rain,” a large lad who enjoys acting foolishly, and does it with great naturalness. His antics have been a source of great amusement to his friends, especially the members of the Old Sixt’, when he starred as an Orangeman in a continuous performance of the “Kilkenny Cats.” He is a rough-house artist of the first water, and gives or takes with equal good spirit, being particularly fond of worrying the Drome and leading out the Hilujan’s goat.

Mike’s good nature is proverbial, his happy disposition rendering him impervious to all the many attempts at evoking a “rise.” His cheerful smile makes him a welcome addition to any gathering, and the jollifications of the old gang would have been incomplete without him.

Back of those big brown eyes there is a brain of unusual keenness, for which his class standing is no criterion. Mike bones only when interested, and devours general information at other times, for he is a voracious reader of current literature. Whatever Mike does he does well, but always ’tis done with the least possible exertion. Though a hard worker when the incentive is strong, he likes to loaf, or to design electrical contrivances which will not work.

A jolly Westerner, loyal to his friends, and a man to be relied upon.
“What’s the straight dope, Petosk?”

William Douglas Kilduff

Tomkinsville, New York

“Douge”

“The Handsome Mr. Kilgore”

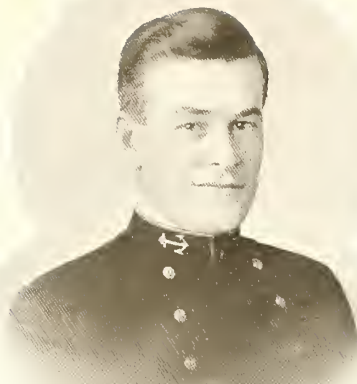
Aha! Here's that "Handsome Kilgore"

Who fusses the femmes by the score.

"Ah, how do you do?"

"I congratulate you——"

(I'm really afraid to tell more).



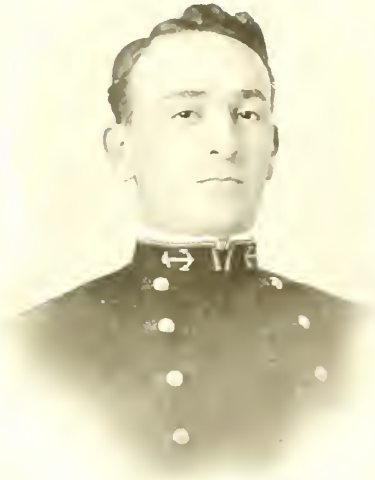
Class Football (4, 3, 2, 1). Captain (4, 3, 2, 1).
Yellow 1910. Swimming Team (3, 2, 1).
Captain (1). Manager Gymnasium, Wrestling and Swimming Teams (1). Farewell Ball Committee. Choir (1). Buzzard (a, b)

BEHOLD! The handsome Mr. Kilgore, a man that captivates all beholders with his engaging smile. Full of quip and jest, and merry, sparkling humor, he frivols his cheery way, bringing pleasure to his many friends, and teasing them all with great glee. A charming fusser, he is devoted to the ladies, having a penchant for chaperones, for the entire sex an almost Chesterfieldian manner. A great athlete in his native wilds, he has captained the class football team through many a glorious struggle for four seasons, winning the class championship the last year. Besides, he is a man of numerous positions connected with the minor athletic teams.

“Douge” is our irrepressible, incorrigible tease, an adept at rather broad repartee, and a bug-bear to all section leaders, but a lad of such a happy disposition that it is impossible to become angry with him, even if one desired. It is rumored that once he lost his temper, but the story cannot be vouched for.

With his lovable traits and light-hearted joy in life he has those qualities of manliness that make him a loyal friend, and a straightforward youth, with capacity for doing things added to his optimistic temperament.

“Well! And how are you? What do you know about that!”



Samuel Wilder King

Honolulu, Hawaii Islands

“Sam,” “Yid,” “Cannibal,” “Hyloojian”

*In my country, says Samuel King,
A comfortable garb is the thing;
In the winter and fall
We wear nothing at all,
And remove even that in the spring.*

Lucky Bag Staff. One Stripe (a). Four Buttons (a). Buzzard (b)

EIGHT side-boys, four ruffles and three gold balls! Here comes the only Yiddish Hilujian in captivity! Sam tries valiantly to make us believe that the shape of his nose and the curl of his hair were acquired in Hilujia, but—did you ever see him with glasses on? His racial propensities, however, made him the best caterer the Black Maria could have wanted, and in holding down that job Sam displayed abilities for real hard work that amazed those of us who thought they knew him.

One of the laziest men in the class so far as his own affairs are concerned, he will sacrifice anything to aid one he likes, and though filled with an ingenuous childish vanity which loves to thrust its owner into the limelight of even his own gaze, the Cannibal will yet efface himself and his work completely if by so doing he can add to the credit of one of his numberless friends. A voracious reader, with a great depth of thought, his many excellent opinions are always at the service of a select coterie, who lead his goat around without his even perceiving it. For a few brief weeks the Yid had a stripe, but it was too good to be true, so he gave it away, and to solace himself wears his sword during study hours.

“Ché, Pelao!”

Walter Douglas LaMont

Niagara Falls, New York

“Frenchy”

*A marvelous man for his size,
He can do lots of stunts when he tries.
Of all his good team
It surely does seem
That Captain LaMont takes the prize.*

Gymnasium (4, 3, 2, 1). Captain (1). N. A.
Sharpshooter. Buzzard (a, b)



BEHOLD the gymnast! Frenchy is probably the best all around man in the gym that the Academy has ever produced. Equally proficient in many other arts, such as fussing, dancing and cussing out the Hospital Corps, and was for three years leader of the Ninth Company Spig Squad. He had many arguments and battles with Stumpy Heath and the Spig, but managed to retain his coveted leadership. Was a star player on the champion first deck baseball team (3). Can out talk any man in the class. Has very decided opinions and is always willing to back them up. Is unfortunately rather hotheaded, and in consequence is one of our few “convicts.” Lost his First Class leave, but nevertheless was called upon to be an O. C. during September—much to his delight and the Plebe’s dismay. Was at one time the class rhino; but is getting over it now. To understand Frenchy, one must know him, and to know him is to like him. He will do anything for a friend—and you’ll do as much for him.



Edward Kingsbury Lang

Burlington, Kansas

“Jew”

*Jew Lang, with the beautiful face,
Had the loudest bath-robe in the place.
But Rudolph—he got him,
And on the pap set him.
The cussing Jew did set a pace.*

Rifle Team (1). Brown N. Sharpshooter (2,
1). Expert (2, 1). One Stripe (a). Two
Stripes (b)

WHEN he first appeared at Annapolis, four and one-half years ago, in his broad-brimmed Kansas hat, he had an ultra-boyish appearance and a voice way up in high C. Since his acquaintance with the Academy, however, he has lost both—to his huge satisfaction. Lang formed, with Shorty Parker, Cash Cecil and Coots, the original spiggotty squad of the class, and many were the big liberties that they made together, most of them ending in a conspiracy against Coots by the Jew and Big ‘un.

Himself the most easy-going of mortals, Jew has the utmost confidence that all will come out all right in the end. During his course, whenever he struck one of “those kind” of lessons or formulæ which caused the rest of us so much trouble, he simply would say, “Well, if I can’t be a naval officer without learning that kind of stuff, I won’t be a naval officer,” and calmly pick up his novel. But he *is* going to be a naval officer though, and with his rare tact of accomplishing exactly what he intended to, he should be a good one. His piercing black eyes were not only useful in a very successful career as a fusser, but also enabled him to shoot the high team score among the riflemen last summer.

“Say.”

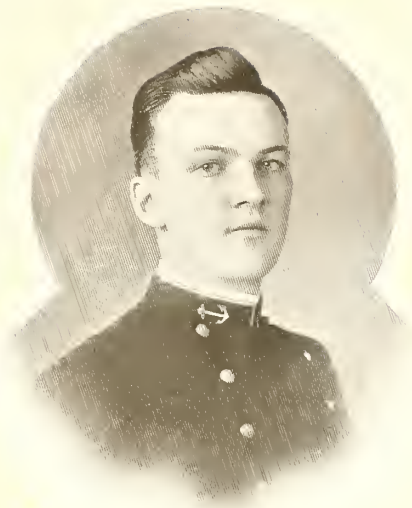
Elmer De Loss Langworthy

Spring Valley, Minnesota

“Elmer,” “Lingerie”

*Our Elmer De Flossy is here,
He'll sing for them all, far and near;
Meal tickets galore
Flood in at the door,
For the favored of all, Elmer dear.*

Class Football (4). Yellow 1910. Crew (4).
Red 1910. Choir (4, 3, 2, 1). Masquer-
aders (4, 3, 2, 1). Board (1). Class Song,
Yell, and Color Committee. Brigade Adjutant
(a, b)



BEHOLD the class De Reszke! The man with the unctuous smile and the basso profundo voice, either of which he is willing to exercise upon the slightest provocation. Good work on the Flatiron First Class cruise got him the job of Brigadier Adjutant, and this same voice enabled him to keep it both terms. On Sundays after the hops, however, he is really in his element as he reads “Rocks and Shoals” or thunders forth one of his solos. His painstaking attention to their affairs has earned him the esteem of all the under classes, and especially of the Youngsters. At one time Elmer was an impartial distributor of his smiles, but of late he has been seen too frequently setting his course in a southeasterly direction between release and dinner, before drill, and in every other spare moment, to allow the belief to continue.

When trouble descended upon us, Elmer could not see how *he* could be restricted for silence, with such a voice as his, but he couldn't win the authorities over to his way of thinking.

“Sir, I feel it my duty ——.”



Alfred Young Lanphier

Springfield, Illinois

“Al,” “Pussyface,” “Lambphace”

*A marvelous twirler is Al,
The best sort of a lad for a pal,
Quite care-free and frank,
Always up to some prank,
But beloved of all—Pussy Al.*

Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1). White N*. Class Football (1). Yellow 1910. Choir (1). Farewell Ball Committee. Loving Cup Committee. Buzzard (a, b)

Here's a sigh for those who love me;
Here's a smile for those who hate:
But whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

“O H! That good-looking Mr. Lanphier is going to pitch to-day! I know we'll win!” And that is the way it goes. When Al is going right the best of them can't touch him. The Hans Wagner (?) of the team. Swears every year he is going out for rifle team; but when the spring comes on, you find Al on the mound. Virulent in his likes and dislikes, devoted to his friends, but hates his enemies “like a snake,” though nothing could induce him to do anything mean. Loves Nav., especially piloting large schooners. Except when on the leeward side of a 2.5 is the merriest of men and ever ready for a lark; but knows when to take things seriously. When his temper is riled, his speech exhibits the greatest qualities of thought and expression such as can be found nowhere else in so diversified a manner. Can imitate anyone from Ferdy to a chorus girl. His heart is as big as the ocean, so he makes many friends and loses none.

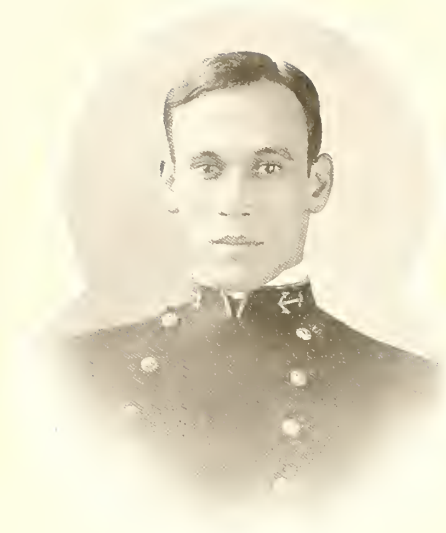
Francis Arthur LaRoche

Courtenay, Florida

“Cocky”

*In the Everglades Cocky was reared,
His diet was 'gators he speared.
But too much cold 'gator
Is bad for the natur',
Just look at his countenance weird!*

Buzzard (a, b)



THE Oiseau started his naval career a quick-tempered fire-eater from way down South, but three years of Uncle Sam have so tamed him that he is docile enough to be lived with safely. During this early life he acquired a horrible reputation as a rough-neck, which he hasn't yet been fully able to live down. He dearly loves a good Bull-skag and can't bone without one, though he complains that the fifteen minutes or so a day needed to keep him out of the exams interfere with his smoking to some extent. Every Sunday afternoon he starts out with threats of "cleaning out the bunch in ——'s room," but usually fills out a good page in his req book just the same. His command over the English language, especially over the long words, is something remarkable, and the offhand way in which he can fling off something like "indigent decrepitude" is a treat to the ear. As a Red Mike he is perfection itself. He boasts that his only appearance at a hop was when he was sent to a German on duty. Perhaps the absence of his class ring may throw some light on the subject.

Despite his low-browed rep among those who do not know him well, those who do know him are mighty glad of it. Always true blue, and ready to do anything for a friend, he is one of the finest, best-hearted fellows in the entire class.

“Sound off, gentlemen!”

“Keep quiet, LaRoche!”



Robert Corwin Lee

Salt Lake City, Utah

“Bob”

*Almost every gale that you see
Comes from windward, where'er that may be,
But here you may view
A paradox new—
Where the wind always comes from the Lee!*

Class Football (2, 1). Yellow 1910. Buzzard
(a). Three Stripes (b)

A MAN who was cut out for the Army but landed accidentally in the Navy. Hails from Salt Lake City, where they look on him as a second Farragut, of “Damn the torpedoes” fame. Was the subject of a highly-edifying article in his high school paper recently, wherein it was stated that he would shortly command one of Uncle Sam’s Dreadnoughts. [One, two, three, ———.]

Bob is of the quick-tempered kind, prone to express himself in no uncertain terms when his goat is at large. Inspires a wholesome fear in the minds of all Plebes, and, when occasion demands, doesn’t hesitate about exploding a little wrath even higher up than plebedom. Has a very healthy grease with the Discipline Department, and holds down a three-striper’s berth.

Inclined to rhino at times, but generally keeps his troubles to himself. Works hard, and believes in taking whatever is coming to him. Is a fusser of the second or third magnitude; plays the game quite freely, but does no promiscuous plunging. Minds his own business, and believes in all others doing likewise.

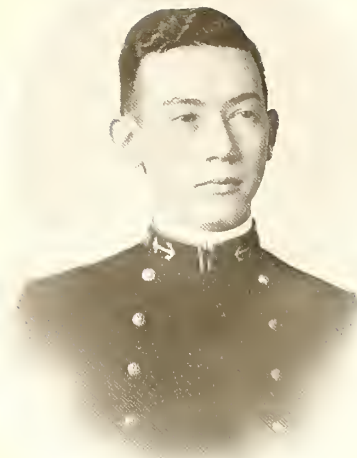
Howard Kirk Lewis

Moscow, Idaho

“Chink,” “Chank”

*Suk chun muk go hilo gee hoy,
Wun fong chee main 'tsu yit chop foy,
Tong ace high full house
Moy capsin chang mouse,
Sin yen, cash, e tacl, the poor boy!*

Star (3). Crew (4, 3). Buzzard (a). Two
Stripes (b)



HUSH! The Celestial! Had a difficult time when he first entered in convincing the professors, especially the Dago profs. and his friends, that he did not hail from the Flowery Kingdom and had never been nearer it than Idaho. Does everything very quietly, whether it is starrng or catching a smoke, but does it just the same. Slides along easily among the first fifteen in the class without doing any injury to himself through overwork. He is very fond of bridge and occasionally takes a hand at poker—to the regret of the others in the game. Forms with The Drom. the original “Goodness, Jake’s,” and has forsaken the English language entirely. Fond of reading, but prefers novels and magazines to the numerous text-books with which a beneficent Government supplies him. Slow, savvy, efficient, and endowed with a real sense of humor, the Chink will have no trouble making a success of things, no matter what he tries to do.

“Hey, Chank, how you make out?”



Spencer Steen Lewis

Calvert, Texas

“Spence,” “Steen”

*The girls all think Steen is immense,
With sweet words and bright eyes he'll fence,
But that doesn't down
His claim to renown
As the first son of Calvert—that's Spence!*

Lacrosse (2). Track (1). One Stripe (a). Two Stripes (b)

THE winsome little lover from Calvert, whose engaging smile and graceful manner were for a term the envy of the other ushers. We received Spence fresh from “Lewis’ Switch,” a gentle, golden-haired Texan, but under the training of Alex. Wilson he became “real hard” for a time. Steen was the victim of an unfortunate affair Youngster year, which kept him aboard the Hartford all Second Class Cruise, much to the sorrow of the Griswold’s fairest, but to the great convenience of his classmates, whose watches he cheerfully stood on liberty days. As a close harmonizer he has few equals, as anyone who has heard his shower-bath solos, developed after three years warbling in the airy quarters of the old twelfth, will testify. He is discriminating as to whom, though not as to how many, he fusses. A time schedule carefully worked out for his liberties insures non-interference of dates. Is sociable to an extreme, as is shown by the record number of his room-mates that have been discredited by the Academic Board. Loves to “roll one” and sit with his feet cocked up on the radiator counting the days—not till graduation, but till the next hop.

“Yuh ain’t never seen nobody what don’t want ter git nobody to do nothin’ for ’em, has yuh, boss?”

James Alexander Logan

Charleston, South Carolina

*A quiet, soft-spoken brunette,
The Navy life bothers him yet,
Thinks boning a crime,
And spends all his time
Perusing the Charleston Gazette.*

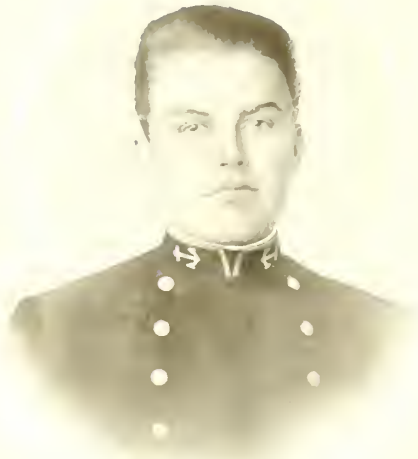
Class Baseball (2). Buzzard (a, b)



A HOT-HEADED youth from South Carolina, who usually has most decided opinions of his own on all subjects and no hesitancy about expressing them. At intervals he bones, but as soon as he gets anything which can by courtesy be called a margin—away go his books, and he sits back and discusses agriculture with Mary, until his margin has all melted away again. Pop Brown saw him work out a problem in Trig. one day and said to him, “Mr. Logan, you are very promising,” and it is the general opinion that he has never been the same since.

The same dislike for work has kept him out of the realm of athletics, but has not extended to his professional labors and his efforts for the common weal. For, as one of the secret “Special Duty Squad,” many were the hours that Logan sacrificed to the cause of gum-shoe and dark-lantern detective work, in spite of the fact that those hours of arduous and delicate endeavor frequently coincided with those that the Discipline Department had assigned for drill purposes.

Very quiet and unassuming, he is a hard man to know, but a through and through good fellow when you do win his friendship.



Frank Henry Luckel

Los Angeles, California

“Heinricky,” “Skate”

*At Quarters the “Skate’s” indecision
As to where he should send his division
Was a problem so deep
That the “Skate” went to sleep
And consigned the whole ship to perdition.*

Crew (4). Class Football (2, 1). Buzzard (a, b)

A BIG, husky chap from California, who, according to the authorities at the gymnasium, was during Youngster year the strongest man in the class. He has never been able to get up sufficient energy, however, to make good on a team and his afternoon exercise at the gym usually consisted of lying at full length on the wrestling mat.

Frank has a large mouth which readily splits into a cavernous laugh, and with the Swede is the bane of section leaders. Once at recitation, though, he belies his appearance by showing himself quite a bit of a savoir, especially in Math. and Nav. He has a marvelous collection of stories of Brobdingnagian proportions with which he occasionally regales the uninitiated, and he is ready to swear by anything you wish that they are actual occurrences.

He is the inventor and sole owner of the Luckel pompadour, which is largely responsible for the hit he makes in Crabtown society.

Second Class year the O. C. so often ragged him with a baneful cigarette aglow that an order was inserted in the M. C.’s order book requiring him to inspect Luckel’s room every half-hour. Since then, however, we understand that he has become considerably tamer and now, Nick says, he will eat from the hand.

On the cruise, when in charge of a division at General Quarters, Heinricky didn’t know where to take them, so he settled the matter by lying down on the engine-room hatch and going to sleep.

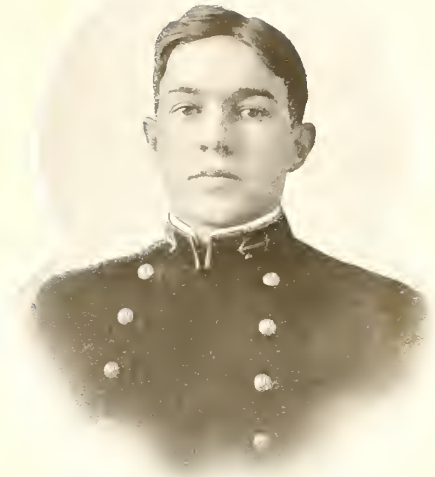
Scott Lynn

Salt Lake City, Utah

“ Scoot ”

*We had a young gymnast, Scott Lynn,
O'er bar or trapeze he could skin.
A beautiful dancer,
Accomplished entrancer,
And trouble quite often was in.*

Gymnasium (4, 3, 2, 1). N. A. Buzzard (a)



A SUNNY youth from the Golden West, who entered the Academy with the determination to win fame far and wide, both for himself and for the “Cadet Organization,” of which he was a member “back home.” Always fond of an argument in which he could show his vast command of the English language. Youngster year left his heart in “Little Old New York,” and has never quite recovered from the loss. Never tired of the fussing game and never was known to miss a hop. A true friend, a good sport and a man through and through. Enthusiast in all branches of athletics, especially in the gym, where he figured as a favorite with his stunts on the rings.

“I’m going to report that M. C. for not delivering the mail on time.”



Scott Bartlett Macfarlane

Towanda, Pennsylvania

“Scotch,” “Hoot”

*Scotch Bartlett Macfarlane you see,
Our good-looking Gibson man, he,
Holds down Dashing Bob,
And a first P. O's job—
Either one would be too much for me!*

Class Baseball (4, 2). White 1910. Rifle Squad
(3). Sharpshooter. Expert. Buzzard (a, b)

HOOT MON! Hoot mon! When you hear this Gaelic cry resounding through the corridor you know that Scotch Macfarlane, our famous Gibson man, is nigh. He is as fine a chap as he is good-looking, with a slow, graceful way of doing things, and a courteousness that makes him popular with both sexes. Rather quiet, Mac is much given to the less boisterous amusements, and is particularly fond of an all night talk-fest. This propensity he had excellent opportunities of indulging on the Hartford, together with Dommy, Spuds, and a few others.

Imagine, if you can, a very dignified and handsome Scotchman of haughty mien and lofty air with a calm, serious look and you have Mac—as he appears to the casual observer. Yet when he discards his reserve and gives a thought to things temporal, there is not a more lively or talkative man in the brigade than the Hoot. A lover of practical jokes, he hides his schemes and plots behind a thoughtful brow,—and for this reason is nearly always successful. He is game for any prank at any time, in spite of his innocent appearance, and takes special delight in slipping one over on Spike.

Mac is a man of sterling character, a true friend, and loyal comrade; just the sort that will make good in the service—and we know he will.

“Sure, Reif, try one of my Violetas!!!”

Francis Grant Marsh

Virginia City, Nevada

“Franko,” “Marco”

*Four stripes Franko wears on his cuff,—
Had three, but they weren't quite enough—
He's a real, first-class, man.
Beat that if you can,
As a striper he's surely hot stuff.*

Class Ring Committee. Three Stripes (a). Four Stripes (b)



OUR JUNIOR Four-Striper. The only ranking man in the brigade who did *not* put in a request for the Delaware. Shows very strikingly that it is possible for a man to pull down big stripes and still not be one of those things.

Frank makes no great splurge about what he does; keeps quiet and attends strictly to business. During his first years in the Academy he did little to make his presence felt, except to take care of Spuds, which was a man's size job in those days. Began to show his mettle on the Tonopah First Class year, and to the satisfaction of everyone, drew three stripes for it. The first term of this year saw his stock on the rise, so that after the February shake-up Marco tacked on another stripe.

Frank has been in the fussing game ever since he rated that luxury. Dame Rumor hath it that he is engaged, though we cannot vouch for the truth of the matter. But be that as it may, the fact remains that he hasn't slipped through thus far unscathed, and, moreover, he is very anxious to see the Ensign Bill pass.

For him, as for his predecessor in the Second Battalion, we can say that he rated all the rank and honor that he got. Absolutely non-greasing, whatever came to him was purely a reward for merit.



Millington Barnett McComb

Haddonfield, New Jersey

“Mac,” “Parson”

*A sailor and preacher they say,
Is not to be found now-a-day;
But look at McComb
And then you must own
That such leads the Y. M. C. A.*

President Y. M. C. A. Fencing Squad (4, 3, 2),
Rifle Squad (2). Sharpshooter (2). Christ-
mas Card Committee (3, 2, 1). Northfield
Delegate (1)

A JERSEY Scotchman, with ministerial instincts, sea-going habits, an artistic temperament and bow legs! As president of the Y. M. C. A. he used common sense in selecting his entertainers and speakers—“Bells” excepted—and as a result had a greater attendance at his meetings than ever before. As a sailor he did good work in class and company races, and had a standing req. in for the Argo First Class spring. For his artistic temperament one has only to glance through these pages. Mac is the kind of man who, in drawing a battleship, will draw its anchor chain, put links in the chain, then put studs in the links, and finally mourn because he can't put B. N. Y. on each stud!

He is one of the very few men in the Class who have kept to one roommate for four long years, and truly he and Steenwhaeker are a great pair. It is sometimes all the Dutchman can do, too, to hold down the erratic Parson when he goes off on one of his various tangents. At Northfield, in charge of the delegates, and carrying all the tickets, he left one train early, without telling a soul of his intentions.

A steadfast man, he has lived up to his principles for four years in a place where principles usually last about four days.

Earl Ames McIntyre

Middletown, New York

“Mac,” “Hoot”

*'Tis Mac whose fair face you see here;
In our class he is quite without peer;
Smokes eleven class pipes,
And rates twelve service stripes,
And retires from age in a year.*

Fencing (4, 3, 2, 1). Sharpshooter. Buzzard
(a, b)



YES, this is “Mac.” Good old McKintry, the Rip Van Winkle of the class! He was born about 1864, though all attempts to fix the precise year have utterly failed. There are only two days on the calendar for “Mac”: the first is New Year’s Day. The very name brings tears to his eyes, and he gazes long into his mirror trying to convince himself that his years hang lightly upon him. The other is the 17th of March, and then—ride, Dutchmen, to your holes. Yet some broadly hint that “Mac” is Scotch. “Mac” has two faults: ever ready to make a pun and too unselfish with the scent of his cigar (?). However, we can easily forgive him. His locker is a miniature drug store and as neat as a pin. The regularity and precision with which he performs his duties as a 1st P. O. would do credit to an eight day clock.



Lawrence Albert McLaughlin

Jonesboro, Arkansas

“Maggie,” “Madge”

*For beauty Mag isn't a star,
Tho' there many who look worse by far.
But he doesn't mind it
'Cause he is behind it,
It's those in the ranks get the jar.*

Basketball (2, 1). Sharpshooter. Three Stripes
(a, b)

A CONSCIENTIOUS youth whose ambitions on reaching the Academy seemed to be to secure stripes and win a reputation as a Dago savoir. To attain the first he stood from under, himself, for three years and in the fourth went completely split. To attain the last he maintained quite a library of foreign works, including some complete sets, which no doubt aided immensely. He knows what he wants and goes out with the intention of getting it—and generally succeeds, too. Endowed with a good voice, he uses it well in giving commands, and has already set his eye on the company flag. Altogether he has much higher ideas of duty than most, and will probably make an exceptional naval officer.

“Mr. McLaughlin, sir, of Arkansas, formerly of Illinois, sir.”

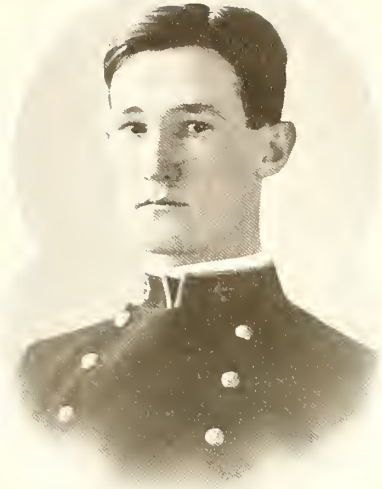
Bolivar Vaughn Meade

Birmingham, Alabama

“Bollyvar”

*The handsome man, Bolivar Meade,
At pitching is classy indeed;
At fussing a dandy,
He's always right handy
Whenever a maid is in need.*

Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1). Team (2, 1). White N.
Choir (2, 1). Secretary Y. M. C. A. (2).
Buzzard (a, b)



A DREAMY-EYED, soft-voiced, strong-armed Alabamian, who, for years, has been one of the old standbys on the Base Ball Squad. Used to be quite a noted Y. M. C. A. exponent—but after one trip to Northfield, he fell sadly from grace, and now is in great disfavor with the powers that be in the organization. Bolivar's sweet voice has regularly placed him in the front seats of the choir, and usually rings him in on all masquerade doings. A great rough-house artist, he is never happier than when playing some fool trick on someone. A heavy and consistent fusser, is seen at all hops and other doings, and makes a ten strike every time. Used to keep a supply of Bull till it was borrowed one day—and now he borrows from his neighbors. Lived with Freddie Humbert for three years, and got very skilled in leading out his goat on all occasions. Fusses officers' wives when he feels so inclined, but never could be called a greaser, and hits the pap almost as frequently as his next door neighbors! Bolivar is one of the best fellows that ever lived. He is deservedly well liked by maid and man, and the ship that gets him will get a man who alone could make almost any mess a happy one.



Romuald Peter Paul Meclowski

Chicago, Illinois

“Pete,” “Count,” “Pole”

*The Count adds the touch distingue
Which brightens our drear, humble way,
He gets the name Pole
Because, on the whole,
He's long, smooth and wooden, they say!*

Crew (4). Fencing (3). Buzzard (a, b)

WHEN the flaxen-haired youth from the Stock Yards first arrived on board the good ship *Severn* and began his search for a hammock ladder he was quite as mild and innocent as he looked, but now, what a difference. He woos *My Lady Nicotine* at all hours, and walks with a tough hump in his back which makes him the envy of all the less daring. To his endless regret, however, it is impossible to look really hard when one has a complexion that is the despair of every girl in Crabtown, and sometimes he wishes that he didn't have it, but it undoubtedly gives him a great lead in the fussing line, so he doesn't grumble.

The Count's endless good nature has made him the hero of many practical jokes, but once he did lose his temper, and a fearful fray on Greenberry Point was the result. Twice each year his prospects of being a naval officer dwindle down pretty small, but much burning of candles has kept him on the safe side of a 2.5. He is noted for his thorough and capable mastery of Knight's Seamanship, and for his attempt to run the U. S. S. *Hartford* aground on the Delaware coast. Aside from that, as Dutch says, he is all right, and as big-hearted a chap as there is in the Academy.

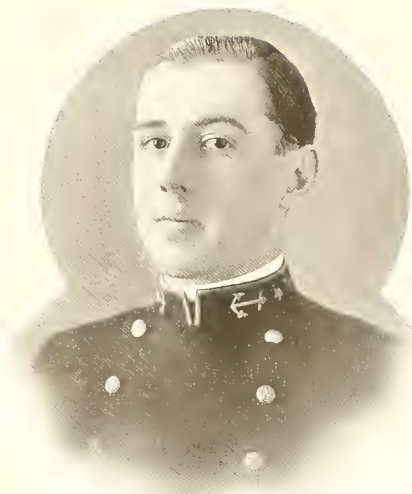
Robert Taylor Merrill, 2d

Peace Dale, Rhode Island

"Skipper"

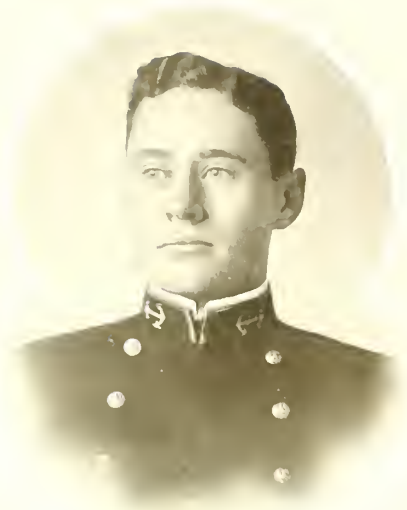
*This blue-pencil-wielder-in-chief
Has his staff bluffed beyond all belief.
He works us so hard
Writing dope by the yard
We can't sleep, and we're losing our beef.*

Editor-in-Chief Lucky Bag. Star (4, 3). Fencing (4, 3, 2, 1). Team (1). Captain (1). Gray N*. Class Pipe Committee. Buzzard (a). Three Stripes (b)



ONE must thoroughly know the Academy to appreciate the importance that each class attaches to its own publication and to the choice of the chief editor. He must, first of all, have ability to do good work consistently himself and to make others work also. Secondly, he must be a "good mixer" and have the confidence and goodwill of all. Skipper fulfils these requirements, and to him is due almost all that is good in this BAG. (He will not see this "spiel" until we all do.) His work in fencing illustrates his ability to get results. Captain of an inexperienced squad, he developed a team which won the intercollegiates, though opposed by one of the best teams the Army has ever had.

His habit of taking the blame for the shortcomings of others led to his starting the year with a buzzard; but later he got more nearly what he rated, and held down three stripes in such a way as to make himself both respected and liked by the Brigade, and especially by his own Company. Entirely free from affectation, he has the human qualities which make him liked for himself, as well as admired for his abilities, by his classmates.



Earl Calvin Metz

Wapakoneta, Ohio

*A good-natured Dutchman named Metz,
Resides among Uncle Sam's pcts.*

*A musician of note,
But I really can't quote
The comments his melody gets.*

Class Baseball (4). Baseball (3, 2, 1). White
1910. Gymnasium (2). Choir (1). Buzzard
(a). Two Stripes (b)

HERE a Dutchman have we already yet. Claims to have made his start in life out in Ohio, but has all the earmarks of a native son of the Fatherland. Comes from a town bearing the euphonious name of Wapakoneta, and admits that the inhabitants of it are all just like him.

Dutch began his naval career by reporting to the office in p-jams. Didn't take kindly to plebe cruises aboard the Severn, and wound up his first year in the Academy pretty much disgusted with the whole thing. Came back from Second Class leave in the acute stage of a love affair, which affected him so severely as to alarm his friends. Was about ready, at one time, to resign from the Navy; but woman is fickle, and Dutch is now in the service to stay.

His chief enjoyment in life he gets by scraping music out of some sort of instrument or other. Started with a fiddle and then gradually added other implements of torture, until now his collection is simply exertiating. His noise-producing abilities caused the Irish brigade to utilize him for their St. Patrick's Day celebration. Dutch led off the verdantly-decked procession, interspersing "Ach du Lieber Augustine" with "Wearing o' the Green," to the great surprise and consternation of the Mikes and Paddies behind. His greatest triumph came First Class year, when, as leader of the German Band in the Christmas parade, he and his brother Germans fairly blew the roof off Baneroff Hall and covered themselves with glory.

Dutch is an unpretentious man; despises all formality and red tape. Judges men and things for what they are, and not for what they appear to be. Never obtrudes his likes or dislikes on anyone, and is welcome wherever he goes.

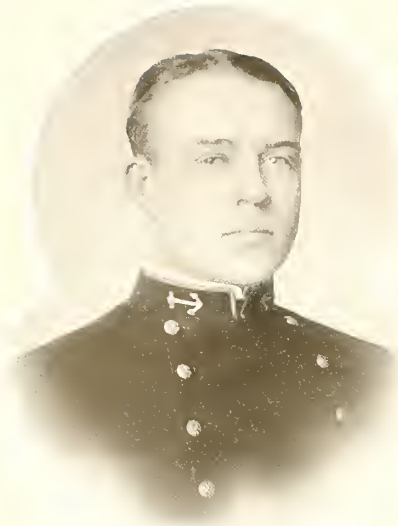
George Ralph Meyer

Hastings, Minnesota

“Tubby,” “Happy”

*Old Tubby, the Class President,
A happy round Dutchman intent
On playing football
And capturing all
The games into which he is sent.*

Class President. Football (4, 3, 2, 1). Team (4, 3, 2, 1). Captain (1). Yellow N**. Athletic Representative (4). Executive Committee (4). Choir (3). Masqueraders (3, 2, 1). Board of Directors (1). Leader of German. Strength Record (1). Three Stripes (a). Two Stripes (b)



IT didn't take us long to find out what kind of a fellow "Tubby" Meyer is, as was shown by the result of the election for class president early in Youngster year. He has always been liked by everyone who knows him, and he deserves all the popularity he has won. It is seldom that "Tubby" is seen without a smile on his face, but he knows when to be serious. When he is serious he is a leader, too, and has a certain way about him which is commanding. It's easy to like any good-natured fat man, but it's not so easy to admire a man unless he has the character as well as the qualities of a good fellow. We all know that "Tubby" Meyer has behind all his good nature a character which anyone could be proud of, and we all admire as well as like him. He is always square with everyone and is one of the truest friends a man could have. When a classmate is in trouble, it is usually "Tubby" who gives the helping hand; when the class is in trouble, "Tubby" takes it all on his own broad back. In everything he does, he has the good of class and Academy most at heart. It is a big honor to be President of 1910, and we all feel sure that we couldn't have selected a better man for the place.

"If you don't believe 'Tubby' Meyer has a fine head of hair, just ask 'Bully' Richardson."



Robert Nicholas Miller

Louisville, Kentucky

“Cap”

*Here's Miller, our captain so bold—
No fear for his job does he hold—
The class baseball team
Without him would seem
Left many degrees in the cold.*

Class Football (1). Yellow 1910. Class Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1). Captain (2, 1). White 1910. Class Basketball (3, 2, 1). Orange 1910. Buzzard (a). One Stripe (a). Buzzard (b)

A WHITE-HEADED lad from Kentucky, with a leaning toward a native-born Kentuckian's dislike of water, when anything else can be obtained. Was the special pet and pride of Jonas Ingram during his Plebe year, Jonas declaring that he was going to leave him here at the Academy as his monument after Jonas himself had graduated. Was a prize second baseman on the class baseball team, and also held down the job of forward on the class basketball team in great style. Roomed with Nutts Harris for three years, and imbibed some of that gentlemen's careless ways. They were a happy family, neither one ever knowing what any of the lessons were, or where anything they wanted was, and not caring a great deal anyway. Will usually turn around to see what's wanted when anyone calls out, “Hey, Yen!”

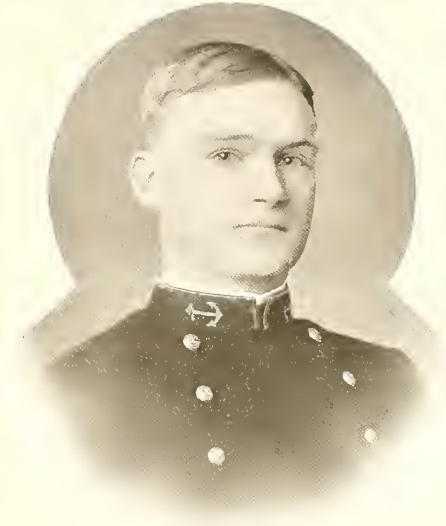
Marc Andrew Mitscher

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

“Pete”

*Pete dislikes all allusions or mirth
On the hue of his hair or its dearth.
It gives him much pain
When he has to explain
That he's not an albino by birth.*

Class Baseball (3, 2). White 1910. Wrestling (2, 1). Buzzard (a, b)



THE stern-looking face of this whitened patriarch belies his true nature. Often Pete endeavors to frown upon the light and happy side of life, but he never really succeeds. 'Tis said that a grass widow trampled on his heart Youngster leave, whereat he swore that he was forever done with the eternal feminine, and sought solace in his pipe and a book. But time proved that she *is* eternal, and not many hops had passed ere Pete again graced the gym with his presence, confiding to the stag line, with a smile, that he was “roped in on a fussing game,” and warning them off the hazardous rocks and shoals of that treacherous sea.

The one thing that will make Pete smile and continue to do so for days is to “put one over” on Papa Mike. The remainder of his time he spends in combing his hairs to hide the bald spot.

Pete is a man who never says much, and his smiles gain by their very rarity. We know him for a true friend and a man on whom one can depend.



Charles Johnes Moore

Fort Wayne, Indiana

“Charley,” “C. J.”

*C. J. is a fusser for fair,
N'importe who she is or from where
He'll gaze in her eyes
(If she's down near his size)
And fill the sweet thing with hot air.*

Lacrosse (2). Buzzard (a). One Stripe (b)

IN July, 1906, there entered this Academy, a freckle-nosed, soft-voiced young chap, whose blue eyes shone with implicit trust in the world. To-day do plebes and wrong-doers cower and shake at the sound of the awful voice that proclaims the presence of the doughty C. J. The erstwhile green, guileless plebe has been so transformed by his three years of Unele Sam. He can talk about “duty” more seriously than the O. C. addressing the Duty Squad, and as for severity (in talk) he has the O. C. looking like a clean sleever. As a fusser, he is right in his element, and any hop night his brilliant smile is not in the midst of the gayety, you can be sure that something is wrong. At times he shows up as a musician of note. For great occasions he has the fiddle that won him a place in the Metzengerber Orchestra, but for ordinary use he has a whole arsenal of tin horns. In times past more than one upper classman has made dire threats upon hearing a squeaky “taps” on the roof at eleven-thirty.

As a man, Charley is a staunch classmate and a true, steadfast friend to all. What more can one ask than that of him?

“Ah-ah-yessir!”

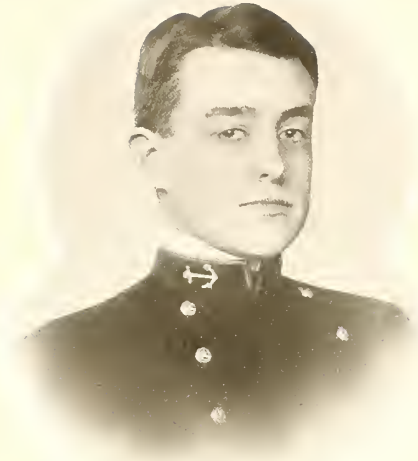
Warren Lester Moore

Monticello, Illinois

“Paymaster,” “Pay”

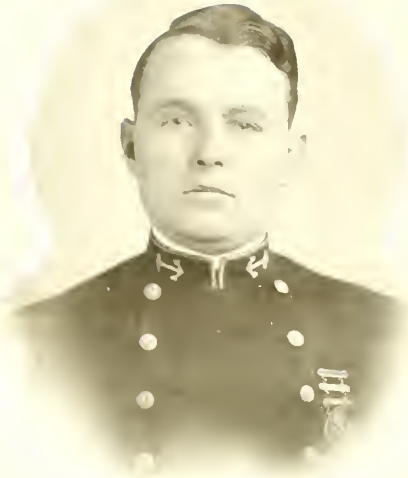
*Pay Moore has the face of a saint,
(The kind that is done in oil paint)
His cheeks and his nose
Are the hue of the rose:
You'd think it's a blush, but it ain't.*

Lucky Bag Staff. Star (2). Chairman Reading
Room Committee. Two Stripes (a). Buz-
zard (b)



A ROSY-FACED youth, whose complexion is the despair of all the girls, also himself, for he shaves regularly once a month,—nothing has appeared yet. Is beginning to take on a rear admiral rotundity, though never having fallen off the water wagon. So bashful that it took two years of urging to get him to a hop as a looker-on. Once there, however, he has never missed one since. A savoir of remarkable ability, he kills his time during study hours in different ways, such as exercising his extraordinary mechanical ingenuity in devising new appliances. Now engaged in rearranging the mechanism of an old alarm clock with a view to perfecting a flying machine that will relegate Santos Dumont to the background as a performer of the past.

Very quiet and even tempered, he has a good time without unnecessarily annoying the O. C., and while occasionally careless in regard to the letter of the law, he is rarely discomfited by the restriction of the conduct grade. Often placed in positions to grease, where greasing is almost justifiable, his faithful, sincere, frank manliness has proved incapable of it. Retiring and not self-asserting, he has a depth of hidden humor and bright joviality which are continually bubbling up and overflowing, forming an interesting, joyous personality that has made friends of everyone and not a single enemy.



William Elliott Moorman

Glendean, Kentucky

“Bill,” “Tubby”

*Bill Moorman, 'tis sad to relate,
Is rapidly putting on weight.
He eats too darned much,
It does beat the Dutch,
The amount that he piles on his plate.*

Rifle Team (2). Brown N. Sharpshooter. Expert. Class Football (1). Buzzard (a, b)

HERE is sturdy Bill Moorman, a stocky Kentuckian, with a moon-faced appearance and a predilection for pretty girls. Bill is one of our constant fussers, and can always be found at the hops, piping them off, and getting dances with all the “cuties,” whether his name is on their cards or not.

For two years he was a reliable medal gatherer, but, to save his hearing, was obliged to sever his connection with the Rifle Team. He has a large assortment of little quotations and proverbs which he delights to spring on his friends upon any occasion. A dry humor and a quick wit in the kind of repartee that obtains here make him a pleasant companion. He dearly loves a battle of words, and can usually be depended upon to come out on top.

A member of the Old Sixt', Bill was a tower of strength in that rather “pee-wee” company, and was always sure to be in all the little shindigs that came off up near the roof. If Bill leaves the Service, as seems likely, we shall be very sorry, and shall miss his smiling face and self-reliant manliness keenly. Bill is a splendid friend and an efficient, able man—here's to his success on the outside!

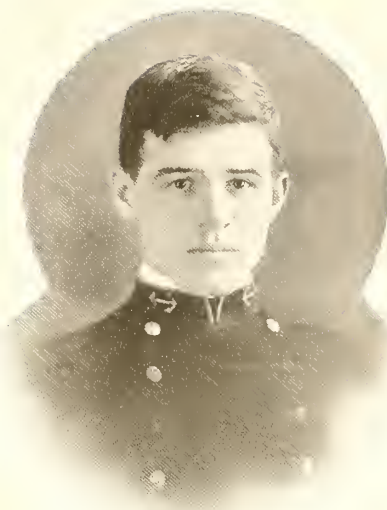
Thomas Moran

New Haven, Connecticut

“Tommy”

*A dancer proficient is he—
A “Bostoner” thought he would be.
He jumped up and down,
And hopped all around
Like “a cork in a storm out at sea.”*

Class Baseball (3, 2). White 1910. Buzzard
(a, b)



THE happiest, best natured man in the class. Tommy always has a smile for everyone, and for every eventuality. A loyal son of the “Ould Sod,” is always to the fore in all St. Patrick’s day celebrations. Refuses to eat oranges because of their name. Owner and leader of the Seventh Company Marching Squad (1). A great fusser, is beloved of all femmes. Can out talk anyone, sometimes even Frenchy LaMont. Lived with him awhile, and lost ten pounds arguing about it. His particular brand of “Boston,” at times dubbed the “Special,” is the delight of the stag line, and the despair of his partner. Has had many and varied adventures along the coast from Hampton Roads to Bar Harbor. Visited the Elks Club at Bath, with the Swede (2). The Black Maria experienced some heavy weather coming down from Bar Harbor (1), and Tommy was much affected. But through it all, his ready smile, and unflinching cheerfulness, was a sure cure for all our “Blues.” Doesn’t know what it is to rhino, and in his happy presence no one else can, either. “Tommy” is all right. “And the only place he can go will be the top of Bunker Hill Monument, and I’ve bribed the keeper not to let him up!”



William Stuart Nicholas

New Brunswick, New Jersey

“Nick,” “Bill”

*Since he's keeper-in-chief of the purse he
Thinks creditors ought to show mercy.
With the duns coming in
Nick remarks with a grin,
“They have bills like the skeeters in Jersey.”*

Business Manager Lucky Bag. Football (4, 3, 2).
Track (4, 3, 2, 1). Green N 2d. Three
Stripes (a, b)

A WINDY little man from the Jersey side. Rivals a New York ferry-boat in a fog for blowing off steam. Walks with a most delightful strut, like a young fighting cock underway. Began military training at a tender age, and through his proficiency in that line drew three well merited stripes First Class year.

Nick was one of the forty odd immortals who tendered their services for a second cruise on the Severn. Prides himself on his abilities at wind-jamming, and delights in telling what they used to do when he sailed in the good ship Tusearora, “thirteen decks and no bottom.”

For three years Nick was an honored member of the F. F. V. Took charge of Doc Branham and saved him from bilging in D's. First Class year he was sent to preside over the fortunes of Mike Kelly, and with a great deal of effort and moral persuasion managed to pull him safely through to the finish.

Nick is as good a little athlete as you can find. Did excellent work both on the football field and on the track, and rated an N if ever a man did. As business manager of the LUCKY BAG and Skipper's right bower, he proved himself a veritable anchor to windward. And as a good fellow he has the unanimous vote of the class and then some.

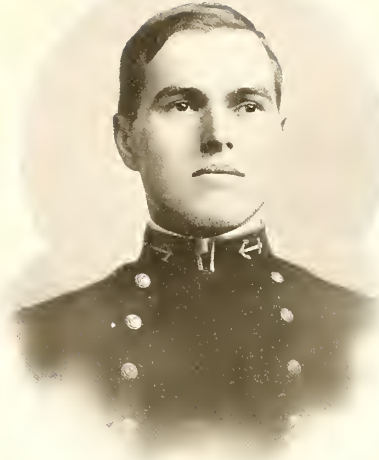
Thomas Ashcroft Nicholson

Henderson, Kentucky

“Nick,” “Swede,” “Cylinder-head,”
“Tom,” “Pride of the Navy”

*Kentucky sent to us her pick;
Though always unsat yet he'll stick.
But he can't see indeed
Why we call him the Swede
For the Pride of the Navy is Nick!*

Wrestling (3, 2). Class Football (1). Yellow
1910. Buzzard (a, b)



THE old Swede, with a face one can pick splinters from, a reputation that would give a sawmill work for a month, a way of reciting that makes the Prof. dead sure he's running a bluff, and a capacity for making more funny busts than any other man in the class: that's Nick. He never bones, except as a matter of form, until the night before the Semi-ans. and then he turns in early so as to be fresh the next morning. He usually takes one re-exam and has one delayed (acute examinitis), and comes out every year with a few daggers before his name, but always with a scheme to "beat 'em out." He'll be with us when the last bugle busts, too. When he stood from under a whole term on three d's, he habitually wore an outfit of which only the cap was reg, and used to talk to the O. C. with one hand in his trousers' pocket or sit out in front of the bleachers with several inches of purple hose showing over dainty oxfords. What a hard-luck tale he had, though! Away from his books, Tom is another man, and often shows symptoms of a brain. In fact, he is equipped with plenty of common sense and a ready wit that, together with his unquenchable good humor, make him one of the most popular fellows in the class.

"Not knowing, I express great delicacy in articulation."



Elmer Keyes Niles

North Chesterville, Maine

“Ox,” “Jake,” “Little Nemo”

*A marvelous strong man is Jake
Who went down, his strength test to take,
But just to be mean
He broke the machine —
His strength was rather a fake.*

Football (2, 1). Team (1). Yellow N. Track (4, 3, 2, 1). Green N. Class Football (4, 3). Crew (4, 3, 2). Buzzard (a). One Stripe (b)

A STURDY youth from the pine wood of Maine. Entered the Navy in a moment of temporary insanity and has been sorry for it ever since. Dislikes the service, won't bone, hits the tree quite regularly, swears he'll resign, and, in short, has all the symptoms of a man who will stay in the Navy the rest of his natural life.

Tubby is the last of a vanishing race. Time was when Red Mikes were plentiful in the ranks of 1910, and in those days Tubby ran a well-patronized smoker in his room on hop nights. But the onslaught of the fair ones has played havoc with that choice collection of woman haters. Only one Red Mike left to tell the tale, and he, the king of them all—getting redder every day. Luck seemed against him second term of First Class year, when he drew one stripe and was compelled to “ush” at chapel. We all expected to see him stampede at the very first encounter, but he fooled us and stood his ground admirably.

Tubby is all there when it comes to heaving the shot or playing football. Would rather play than eat any day. Fate prevented him from getting a crack at the Army, for which it can well forgive him. Withal, he is a modest, retiring man; a mighty good fellow, with a heart as big as his frame.

Joseph Pugh Norfleet

Roxobel, North Carolina

“Pa,” “Buzzard”

*Old Pa is a good sort, we know,
But he walks like a cat in the snow.
His company shied
At such a right guide,
So he's fourth, 'stead of first petty O.*

Class Football (2). Yellow 1910. Class Baseball (4, 3, 2). White 1910. Sharpshooter. Buzzard (a, b)



“**P**A,” the fusser. Loves children and frequently “carries” the feminine variety to the boys. Gets bricked frequently, but when he does he takes his medicine like a true gallant and shows the femme a royal time just the same. Well read and very nery when he bones. Claims kin with all the “blue bloods” of Carolina and Virginia that may enter the conversation; but it is easy to forgive this fault. When you know “Pa” well, you value his friendship as one of your treasures; for he cannot do too much for a friend. He is the antithesis of a hypocrite and does not go out of his way to make new friends. The “morning after” the Class Supper he was found fast asleep in a tub of warm water with his knees against the ceiling. When on the outside of a cold bottle and sucking away at a long stem pipe, his joy is supreme.

“A jolly maid, a fast horse, a good book, and a mint julep, what more is there in life?”

A black and white portrait of a young man with dark hair, wearing a dark military-style uniform with a high collar and buttons. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera.

Carlton Andrew Northcutt

Trinidad, Colorado

“Pedro,” “Pee Wee”

*Young Pedro possesses a walk
That causes considerable talk;
And likewise his brace,
And little spig face,
And his voice which resembles a squeak.*

Buzzard (a). Brigade Chief Petty Officer (b)

A SMALL, quiet man, with large, soulful eyes. Though usually able to use these with effect, he has consistently failed to make the medical authorities appreciate them, with the result that on more than one occasion he has been on the anxious list waiting for a re-exam. His brace, which Plebe year was both the despair and the joy of the file-closers, has now been deemed worthy of a place on the brigade staff. He bones hard, and recites in a gruff bass voice, calculated to bluff the average prof. During his first three years, due to the restraining influence of Tim and others of the old Second Company, he was always to be found in his room on Saturday evenings; but this year he took his first (as far as we know) tumble, and having once broken the ice, he rarely misses a liberty or fails to go “to listen to the music” on hop nights. Though not much of a talker, his sense of humor and fine qualities as a listener make him always good company.

Russell Alger Osmun

Detroit, Michigan

“Slats”

*A Wolverine, he, lean and lank,
And frequently up to some prank,
Of his wit he is proud,
But most of the crowd
Declare that his jokes are quite rank.*

Buzzard (a, b)



HE'S a long, lean, lanky Michigander, always lively and energetic and ready to roughhouse, or to tinker with some “gadget,” with a penchant for puns and an apparently inexhaustible supply of funny stories. He'd rather fuss than eat and in that line he's quite a social success. With his buoyant disposition and boundless conversation, he's the chap to win a girl's heart in fifteen minutes every time. He spends his earnings writing letters, home of course, by volumes that are mere notes if they only need one stamp. He never makes a noise about being a savoir, but keeps on the sunny side of a three in most subjects. If he knows a thing, he always has a decided opinion about it, and if not, he can make a beautiful bluff with a confident air that has fooled more than one prof. Besides this, toil has never yet had him bluffed, and if good honest hard work will accomplish anything, Slats will never be far behind. A fine mixer, able to make friends with anybody, he's a fellow the better you know the better you like, just the kind to make a good efficient officer.



Ormand Cleveland Pailthorp

Petoskey, Michigan

“Drom,” “Oskey,” “Mr. Petosk”

*The “Drom” has a brace that’s a peach,
A model that Plebes strive to reach.*

*He comes from Petoskey,
Suggestive of droskey
And Russians that Anarchy preach.*

Class Football (4). Yellow 1910. Buzzard (a, b)

DO you want the “straight dope” on any subject? Ask the “Drom.” For he is posted on everything, from the “choicest morsel” of local happenings to the important events of the world. A quiet man, he is a constant joy to his friends, with his dry wit and funny “Jake Spiels:” the last a result of the Chi cruise, when the “Drom,” together with Jaek and the Chank, evolved a vernacular that has been the medium of much clever satire, and delightful take-offs.

The “Drom” is far from being an easy mark. He always has his weather eye open for a shenanigan, and if you put one over on him you can well be proud of your ability, and be sure of an honorary membership in the Ananias Club. His propensity for finding amusement for himself and his friends wherever he is has made him a popular man to make a liberty with, and we can recommend him as an excellent companion for all possible circumstances.

He is an unobtrusive soul, always considerate, slow to form friendships, but loyal to the core when once he has bestowed his esteem. No one will go to greater lengths to help a friend in any way. Fond of long, quiet chats with his intimates, yet he also enjoys a gathering, adding to the fun with his joshes. He is an industrious worker, always to be relied upon for any task, and an efficient practical sailor man. Above all a large-hearted, kindly man, with a capacity for entering into all the hopes and troubles of his friends.

“Hee-haw!”

Timothy Albert Parker

Murray, Kentucky

“Tight,” “Park”

*A briny old seadog is Park—
Could have made a fine cruise — in the Ark,
But when on the bridge
The goat made him squidge,
And keep himself safe in the dark.*

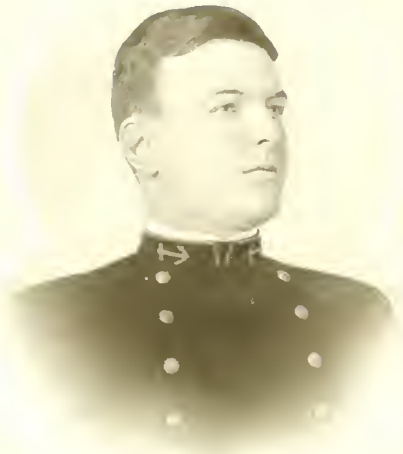
Rifle Team (3, 2). Sharpshooter. Expert.
Buzzard (a, b)



T. A. has often been to Paducah, that big town where they have those wonderful steamboats, and he'll tell you some of the wonders there if you ask him. He made a memorable trip to New York with Skate, First Class leave, where they made such a hit their mail was full of ads for weeks. Plebe year he decided that the cross-country jumps didn't look good to him, so he joined the rifle squad and surprised himself by going to Camp Perry. Out there the girls liked him so well that he just had to go again. Incidentally, he raked in a few medals for his manly chest. He's always ready for a quiet game (any kind), and for a time claimed the checker championship of the Twelfth. He ran a private bucketshop just long enough to clean out Heinrich thoroughly and then got tired of it. He usually kills time exam week pushing a pencil, but he's one of the kind you can't pry loose with a crowbar and he'll be right with us on June 3, big as life.

In his quiet, steady-going way, he's a whole-hearted good fellow, well liked by all who come in contact with him.

“Well, gosh dang it!”



Andrew Louis Pendleton, Jr.

Elizabeth City, North Carolina

“Penny”

*We have here the Bulletin Scribe,
Behold—and his wisdom imbibe!
His satire and his wit
Are sure of a hit
When aimed at Maybelle and her tribe.*

Editor-in-chief Bulletin. Editor-in-chief Reef
Points. Class Club Committee. Buzzard
(a, b)

THE Editor of that contemporary and sarcastic rival of the Capital, the Naval Academy Bulletin. Spent the greater part of his First Class year on it, and succeeded in enlarging and bringing it to a point which it had never reached before. Is also an author of note, and his poems, limericks and sketches have brought us all fame, and they may have been one of the causes of his being pointed out, by a certain statesman of his, as one of the two fine men in the United Service. Was one of the leaders in the movement to start the First Class Club, and held a well-earned membership on the organizing committee. Fusses at frequent intervals, and is always offering to land the old Eighth Company, especially Bill or Stump, in millionaire circles. Ran, in connection with Joe and Jimmy, an entertaining three-ring Plebe circus Second Class year, and in latter days taught his Fourth Class men to greet the Officers-of-the-Day with certain nefarious signals, whenever the O. C. was absent at meals. Is a quiet, even-tempered fellow who is slow to make friends, but always true to the one he likes.

Bernard Robertson Peyton

Raymond, Mississippi

“Bruno”

*“Don Bruno,” a man in a million,
Is a typical dark-looking villyun,
But a better than he
You never will see
On the spar deck or in a cotillion.*

Manager Football (1). Class Baseball (4). White
1910. Hop Committee. Farewell Ball Com-
mittee. One Stripe (a). Battalion C. P. O. (b)



HAIL to the “Gentleman from Mississippi,” one of the “big” men of the class. A typical Southerner from the ground up, his pleasant personality, equable temperament, and healthy optimism, have won for him the respect and admiration of officers and midshipmen alike, though he is the very antithesis of a greaser.

He is a lion among the ladies and is just as much at home in the ball-room as when he is attending a “stag” or looking out for the well being of the football squad. Bruno believes in thorough militarism and his brace as he stalks around is one to be envied by all.

What he lacks in class standing he more than compensates for in his sound common-sense, and so he has gained our implicit confidence and trust. He bones hard all fall and **winter**, but when springtime comes and all is green outside, with the band blaring away by the old Japanese bell, Bruno heaves a sigh, condemns his books to everlasting death and, as that far-away-look steals into his eyes, his thoughts are——. No, that is a secret.

“Stay in? No, sir! I am free, white and twenty-one, cit life for mine.” We extend to you the hand of good fellowship and raise a high glass in your honor.



Charles Allan Pownall

Tyrone, Pennsylvania

“Baldy,” “Buddy”

*Poor “Baldy” is quite in despair—
It’s going in spite of his care
But even if so
All he needs is to go
Take a walk ‘round the block for fresh hair.*

Manager Fencing Team. Fencing (4, 3, 2, 1).
Gray 1910. One Stripe (a, b)

GOOD old Baldy! The class married man, and the recipient, thrice daily, of the letter with the sprawly handwriting. A serious-minded man with a big heart and an earnest disposition that leads him to work with all there is in him at any labor he may have set for himself. As manager of the fencing team he gave up all his time that no detail might be overlooked, and worked harder and more cheerfully than any man on the squad. Certainly, no failures of their season can be laid to Buddy’s door, although the vicissitudes of his position have greatly lessened the few remaining hairs on his venerable head. In January he made a trip to New York, wherein no connection had a margin greater than seven seconds, and a few ferry-catching stunts included some record broad-jumping. Sat at the training table between Norm. Scott and Skipper and lives to tell of it. Held down one stripe most efficiently, in spite of the great difficulty attending his reaching breakfast formations.

At any time you will find him ready to help you in any way he can, from standing your duty to fussing your brick. A clean-minded, whole-souled, open-hearted *man*.

“Mr. Pownall, who threw that mince pie in your face?”

Miles Permenter Refo, Jr.

Charleston, South Carolina

“Nick”

*This short, stock boy, Nick Refo,
Is with happiness always aglow,
And down at the gym.
We always find him—
At hops—in the gym, meet—or show.*



Gymnasium (2, 1) N. A. Buzzard (a, b)

AS Nick will tell you, he and Senator “Ben” are both members of the “one gallus” crowd, a fact in which he takes great pride, defending his principles with an air of argument-ending finality and much blustering emphasis. A seadog from youth, he has had every kind of experience described in the seamanship book “right down at Charleston,” and he is something, as he very laboriously proved by his mathematical deduction that he was infinitely greater than zero from the axiomatic truth that “one is something, zero is nothing.”

Remembering the success of his mysterious descent of the Belvedere fire escape from the eleventh floor after the class supper, he convinced “Judge” that it would be an easy matter to slide down the elevator hoist rope at 2 A. M. one Sunday night and fry some eggs. At one time bartender of the Twelfth Company, his sunny, never-affectedly-low-marks-or-conduct-grades disposition was a great drawing card, and the trade rolled in and out.

Hitched his wagon to a star Youngster year that has guided him to a new place of spending each September leave since, and caused his class ring to perform the round trip to El Paso before it was tried on by the ecstatic owner. His loyalty to his friends is a religion with Nick, and he is always ready to fight for them and boast of what they can do.



Lawrence Fairfax Reifsnider

Westminster, Virginia

“Reif”

*The Pride of Westminster is Reif,
He does things beyond all belief,
Discovers new stars,
Smokes Wellbrock's cigars,
And lived in the same room with Beef!*

Football (4, 3, 2, 1). Team (3, 2, 1). Yellow N*. Crew (4, 3). Red 1910. Swimming Team (2). Hop Committee. Farewell Ball Committee. Battalion Adjutant. Buzzard (b)

A HANDSOME, hot-headed Southerner, who disputes with Cummings the right to the title of “The Pride of Maryland.” Is the idol of all the girls, either at a tea-fight, a hop, or a football game, but in recent years has proven blind to the attractions of all but one, and foreswore not only general fussing, but also athletics—as they take up too much time. Is a fine football player, and there isn't a gamer nor a cleaner player than Reif. Is willing to give up everything for the good of the Academy and the team. Is a boxer of note, also, and can fill a worthy place in any sport. Neither Reif nor the fellows quite understood each other the first year, but when he once decided to be popular, he soon achieved it, and is now liked and admired by every man in the class. Was a model midshipman for three years, but joined the mutineers on First Class cruise, and was soon right in at all the parties. Is an ardent worshipper at the feet of Dame Fortune, and is steadily swept on to the red-squared shoals. A good friend, a square man and a polished gentleman who will surely make an efficient officer.

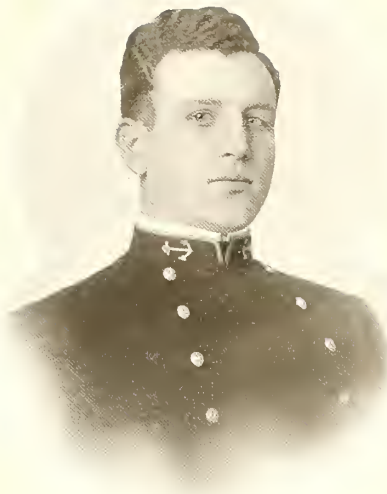
Frederick George Reinicke

Marion, Ohio

“Rouge,” “Red-Head,” “Red”

*Old Red, the hard guy of the crowd,
Has a voice like his hair and that's loud.
Though too big for a shell,
On the gridiron he's — well,
His big dukes have the other guys cowed.*

Football (4, 3, 2, 1). Team (3, 2, 1). Yellow N*. Crew (4, 3, 1). Red N 2d. Track (3, 2). Green 1910. Class Basketball (3, 2). Sharpshooter. Expert. Heavy Weight Boxing Championship (2). Executive Committee. Buzzard (a, b)



“**R**ED” has the distinction of being one of the best athletes in the class, and has been one of the mainstays on the football field for several years, pulled a good oar on the second crew, and still found time to make good in several other games. For two years he prided himself on the fact that he was a “Red Mike,” but Second Class year he went the way of the non-fussing football players and made his debut at the New Year’s hop. Since then he has been no unfamiliar figure at such affairs, though “Red” is still slightly shy and coy with most of the admiring fair sex. Is one of our “real hard” midshipmen and was the “bully” of the Chicago Mutineers. He is always starting a rough-house and has broken more chairs and lights than any man in the Academy, which tendency put him unsat in elements First Class year. Will stand by a friend through anything and should make a fine naval officer, though “Red” yearns for the days of the “old navy,” when a belaying pin and a heavy fist were the best arguments with an unruly seaman.

“Dis is de rite ting t’ do. See!”



William Augustus Richardson

Bristol, Tennessee

“Beef,” “Bully”

*“First down; Navy; seven to go.”
The quarterback’s signals are slow.
But the time-honored call:
“Give Bully the ball”
Means another first down, we all know.*

Lucky Bag Staff. Football (4, 3, 2, 1). Team (4, 2, 1). Yellow N*. Lacrosse (2). UNT Basketball (3). Track (4). Rifle Squad (2). Bronze Medal, Target Practice (2). Fencing (1). Three Stripes (a, b)

A BIG bear-like fellow who has smashed all the strength records and stands as one of THE Academy athletes. Lashed up a bad shoulder and grimly played full on the team, where his work smashing through and backing up the line has spelt defeat for many an opponent, including the Army. He does not stop here, however, for he has helped out several other teams, and is an enthusiastic supporter of all of them, willing to back the Navy to the last. He hails from Tennessee and delights in talking for hours about lynching, football and other sporting experiences down there, in which, needless to say, “Bully” filled an important part. Started out Plebe summer as a three-striper and, as one of the “Goat’s” pets, succeeded in proving to him that he rated them First Class year, and on the strength of this now reviews the home militia regiments annually. Loves authority and a chance to roll out the orders in that big, deep voice of his. Works hard at all times and has succeeded in climbing or shoving over all of those slippery places with which the four rivers are so thickly strewn. Is a big-hearted kid, well liked by his many friends, and should make an efficient officer.

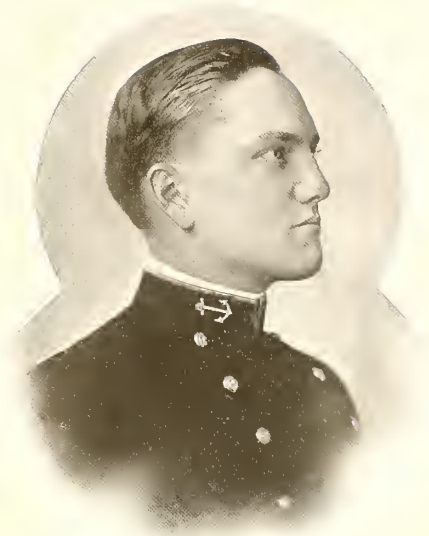
John Lawrence Riheldaffer

Parkersburg, West Virginia

“Riley”

*When the fleet's on the drill ground afloat
Riley isn't so easy to note;
But when back in the Thames,
In the sight of his femmes,
He's ashore in the very first boat.*

Buzzard (a, b)



PLEASE don't be scared off by the headlines; it isn't so bad after you get used to it, especially if you substitute a y for the daffer part. Riley really isn't as Dutch as his name, although he is rather fond of his stem at times. He is a quiet chap, a little hard to get acquainted with. He is very plain spoken, never trying to appear to like a man whom he actually doesn't care for. Although having all the qualities necessary to make a good three striper, he didn't draw much out of the lottery at the end of the cruise. Perhaps this was because he wasn't quite "affable" enough towards those giving out the grease, sometimes called "efficiency," marks. Riley is one of those fellows who are greatly improved by going into the navy. When he came in he had rather a tendency to be hard and had a pretty hot temper. The domestic troubles he had Plebe year with his wife may have helped to cool down the latter a little. Whatever it was that changed him, he is right now as good a man as one could wish to meet, a man whom anyone should be proud to call a friend and classmate.



Earle Wayne Robinson

Wahpeton, North Dakota

“Shorty,” “Bobby”

*An athlete and fusser is Shorty,
And being somewhat of a sport; he
Will bet anything—
His pipe or his ring;
And his age one would guess nearly forty.*

Track Squad (4, 3, 2, 1). Green 1910 (4, 3, 2).
Class Football Team 1). Yellow 1910.
Buzzard (a, b)

SHORTY came down from the wild timbers of North Dakota and quietly took his place among us. After a while someone looked around and said, “Why, there’s Robinson!” Whereat Shorty was much abashed and replied, “Oh, no. You’re mistaken.” Surprised at the success of this first remark, he adopted it and has been saying it ever since. He attended the first hop of Youngster year in fear and trembling. After a few days, when he had become his usual self again, someone said: “Well, Shorty, saw you down at the hop the other night. Heavy fusser, eh?”

“Oh, no; you’re mistaken,” was Robby’s instant and clever retort. Second Class year he roomed with McCammon, of minstrel fame. He knew that McCammon was a witty chap, and he thought that he ought to “get on to” all the things that Mac said. So whenever Mac spoke, Shorty would jot it down in a little book, and a week later spring it on the company. However, he did not make much headway at this, and at last accunts is still taking his place among us. You may think that because he does not make much noise he has never done anything. In that case it will be we who will say, “Oh, no; you’re mistaken.”

Percy Kent Robottom

Little Rock, Arkansas

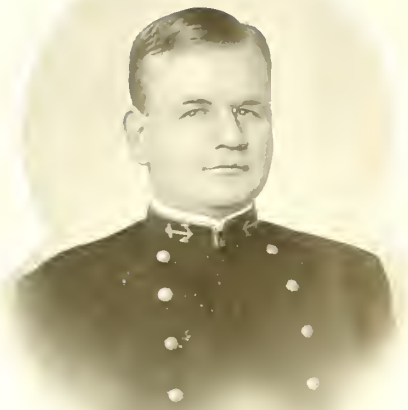
“Poicy,” “Rubber”

*Ah, crusty, just see who is here:
Young Percy, a Chi. Muttoneer.
All the class teams there are
Count Poice as a star,
And vahnis all think he's a dear.*

Class Football (4, 3, 2, 1). Yellow 1910. Class
Baseball (3, 2, 1). White 1910. Class Bas-
ketball (2, 1). Orange 1910. Choir (1).
Buzzard (a, b)



PERCY began his career in the Navy as a “Red Mike.” Youngster year, however, he became the wife of Bradley, and consequently blossomed out into the heaviest kind of a fusser. He has a winning way with the profs., as well as with the ladies, which it is impossible for them to resist. He is an athlete of note, wearing three shades of class numerals. In fact, no class game would seem complete without Percy in the line-up. He is one of the heavenly twins; and about the only way to get him sore is to mistake him for the other twin. He has many views of his own on the correct way the Academy should be run. For instance, he doesn't believe in getting anything at the store, but thinks it much better to borrow. He is always ready to take a hand in a card game or to bet either way on anything. He wears an eternal smile, which it seems impossible to efface. Is very popular with everyone, and deserves to be, for it would be difficult to find a more pleasant, good-natured, happy-go-lucky fellow than Percy.



Herbert Otto Roesch

Pendleton, Oregon

“Fat,” “Mary,” “Fat Boy”

*Note the fat boy, World's champion, he
I think quite a medaller must be.*

Tho' sure death at a mile

If you once make him smile

You're safe — he's unable to see.

Rifle Team (2, 1). Brown N. Sharpshooter.
Expert. Winner National Individual Match
and Governor's Match, Camp Perry, O. Foot-
ball (4). Class Football (4, 3, 2). Yellow
1910. Buzzard (a, b)

THIS is our champion shot, who is nearly as big around as up and down, and the happiest, jolliest and best-natured man in the class.

He is a “web-foot,” with a moon-face and little twinkling eyes that disappear every time he smiles, and he is always smiling. He has a keen wit, and a blandness when perpetrating a josh like that of the proverbial Heathen Chinee. A large-hearted man, generous to a fault, he goes through life with the least possible effort, and enjoys himself as few do.

Everybody loves him, but for his part he is more discriminating. At that his friends are legion, and to them he is a constant delight, and his company a pleasure. Any circle he joins is enlivened by his humor, while that Biliken-like face chuckles in mirth at the crowd.

Withal he has a large fund of good common sense, and an excellent judgment of values. Being naturally endowed with a portable gun-rest, it is no wonder that his success as a shot has been so great. He is declared to be the greatest amateur rifle-shot living, and at least he ranks with the very best.

All around a sturdy, reliable man to tie to, and an enjoyable man to know.

“Have you seen the Red-head?”

Henry Eastin Rossell

Ocala, Florida

“Moose,” “Rosey”

*Moose stands high, there's no doubt of that,
But, gee! You should see him out flat!*

He adds to his bed

A chair for his head

And lets his feet rest on the mat.

Star (4, 3, 2, 1). Lucky Bag Staff. Crew (4, 3).
Manager (1). Sharpshooter. Three Stripes
(a). Buzzard (b)



HERE comes the Big Moose, every man for his own suit case. Since Moose emerged from a two weeks' sojourn in the bogs of Florida, he has been progressing steadily in class standing, stature and fussing, so much so in the last that he decorated his locker door with a new set of feminine remembrances after each liberty. But during the year when academic duties attain paramount importance, he merely keeps his hand in with an occasional fling. Was seen in the corridor last year dancing around in an effort to wear Percy Robottom's dress trousers to the "German,"—thought his own had shrunk. His droll, dry wit has been a source of constant torment to Holloway Halstead and of never ending amusement to the rest of the class. Very loquacious at class meetings, but after giving his weighty opinions in his pointed manner, thinks the meeting is over and moves to adjourn. Soon grew to care not for the three stripes he had landed from true merit in spite of his lack of greasing, but was restrained in an early attempt to resign and forced to wait until his semi-ans. An efficient man and a hard worker who has put himself where he is by consistent application to the contents of the text, is always ready to help the less energetic, and if they bust anyhow he will tell them that they are "out of luck."



Walter Dudley Seed, Jr.

Tuscaloosa, Alabama

“Dud”

*Our Dudley, one evening in June,
Took a walk by the light of the moon.
A cute little girl—
Dud's heart in a whirl—
We wonder if Dud learned to spoon?*

Crew (4, 3, 2). Red 1910. Class Football
(2, 1). Yellow 1910. Two Stripes (a).
Buzzard (b)

PLEBE year few, except those in the first company, knew anything about Dud except that he was a tall thin Southerner of quiet ways, whose eyebrows were a source of amusement to the upper classmen. A hard worker in everything he undertakes, he has developed himself until now he is physically, as well as in other respects, one of the best men in the class. Far from being a hot air artist, he rarely talks unless he has something to say in his slow deliberate manner. Content to take undeserved “paps” which he might have put off on others, he lost his well-earned stripes at the winter shake-up. A man who wears well, the number of his friends is the same as the number of his acquaintances. To the surprise of everybody, one Saturday afternoon First Class year he was seen at a football game in the stand next to the midshipmen's bleachers; but having once broken the ice, he has proved himself consistent in this, as in other things.

Frederick Carl Sherman

Port Huron, Michigan

“Ted”

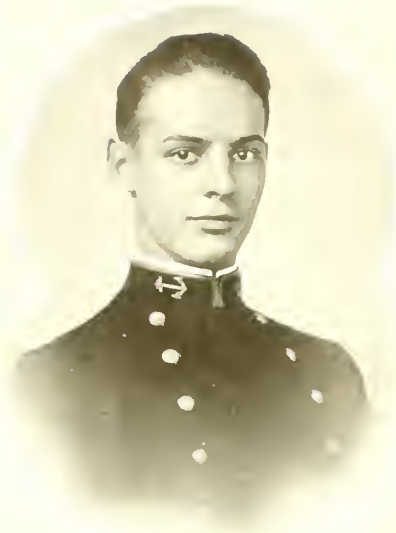
*A boxer of note is our Ted,
In the Wolverine State he was bred.
Plebe year-sailed a race,
And for all set the pace,
For the trophy he came out ahead.*

Binoculars (4). Class Football (3, 2, 1). Yellow
1910. Sharpshooter. Class Pipe Committee.
Buzzard (a, b)



A STURDY son of Michigan, whose varied talents and accomplishments would fill a volume,—football player, boxer, sailor, practical savoir, class meeting orator, etc.,—and whose troubles have failed to extinguish his extensive smile without which he would be unrecognizable. Used to entertain with soft lullabies and fantastic rag-time on his mandolin, with a dreamy, far-away look as he puffed on one of his many grafted class pipes, but now finds keener enjoyment in the relating of the many things he has seen or done, with an elaborate supply of detail that is memory stretching yet enables the bunch to gaspingly grasp the exact situation. Keeps his stock replenished by a visit each leave to New York and the Great White Way. Has a working knowledge of or an air of familiarity with every known subject, and can prove conclusively that Port Huron is the one best place.

He is wont to confide the fussing successes of his piratical heart raids, but has lately begun to doubt the irresistibility of Ted's onslaught. Always asks down about six girls to the same hop, all of them accepting, and there begin his troubles. Loyal through and through, with a generosity that is rarely exceeded, he is a big-hearted friend that will do a favor on the merest suggestion, even to fussing another's bricks, and more can be said about no man.



Alston Raymur Simpson

Fort Gaines, Georgia

“Kid”

*The Senior Four-Striper am I!
To fill my position so high
Requires a man!
(Also one who can
Grease up the O. C.'s on the sly).*

Four Stripes (a, b)

ALSTON is a slight, frail youth, with large soulful brown eyes and a bewitching smile. He is a consistent fusser, and a discriminating one, with a range in femmes from the Valley of the Ohio back to, in recent days, the Banks of the Severn. His forte is regaling an appreciative audience with tales, usually reminiscences reflecting glory on the narrator, of the Sunny South, and his fund of well-told anecdotes makes him a brilliant conversationalist and an entertaining companion.

His temperament was aptly illustrated by himself in the costume he chose for the Christmas Parade, but for all of that he is to be commended in that he is frank, and refuses to profit at the expense of someone else. Besides, he has the courage of his convictions, even to the occasional detriment of his marks. Aiming for a stripe First Class Cruise, he brought down four, and retained them throughout the year.

The Kid is widely, widely known, his intimacy being a pleasure to a large circle, and his loyalty to friends most strong. Altogether a lovable lad, with an excellent taste in dinners, wines, and books.

“That reminds me of an experience of mine. Down at Fort Gaines there was —”

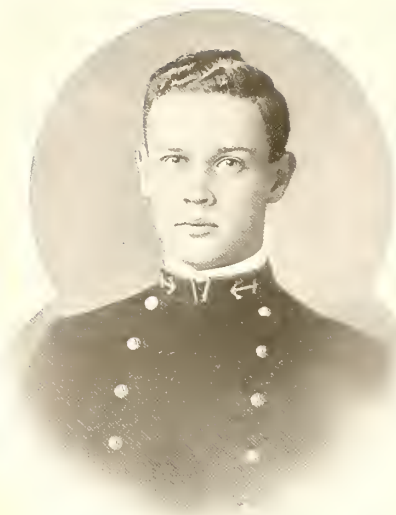
Dawson Hancock Skeen

Bellbuckle, Tennessee

“Nelly”

*Man's stomach, in Hygiene we're told,
At the most only three pints will hold.
(If the author had seen
Our prodigy, Skeen,
His book would have never been sold!)*

Crew (4, 3). Two Stripes (a, b)



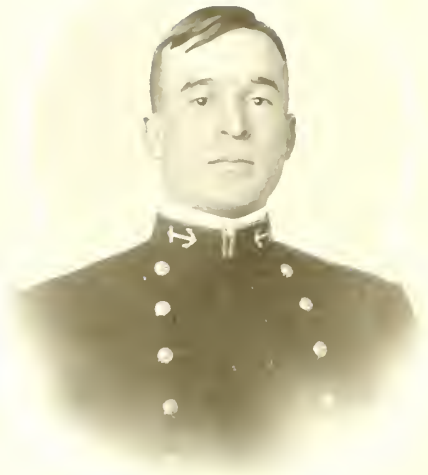
ALANKY Tennessean, with the mellowest kind of a Southern drawl. Undoubtedly a handsome man, with his blue eyes and curly brown hair. Takes a $7\frac{3}{4}$ hat to cover his massive brow, from which you can deduce that he is quite distingué.

Nellie made his début in the social world the latter part of Youngster year. Has since become one of the heaviest fussers in the class. Seems to be a shining mark for Cupid and his arrows, as witness the badly-punctured condition of his heart. A diagnosis shows that one of the wounds is very serious, though we're not saying which one.

His favorite pastimes are eating and talking. Has them down to such a science that he can do both simultaneously without losing stroke. Has unlimited capacity for sweet spuds, bananas and fruit cake. Shows himself to best advantage when the Christmas boxes arrive, on which occasion he eats and eats until he can't stand, then turns in and eats some more.

This we can truthfully say of Nellie, that he is always to be relied upon. Savvy himself, he is ever ready to help a wooden man.

“You-all get me bumfuzzled.”



John Enmitt Sloan

Greenville, South Carolina

“Tod”

*A trim little fellow is Sloan,
With a brace and a walk all his own,
Much bustle and haste
Is not to his taste,
Which is where his good judgment is shown.*

Two Stripes (a). Buzzard (b)

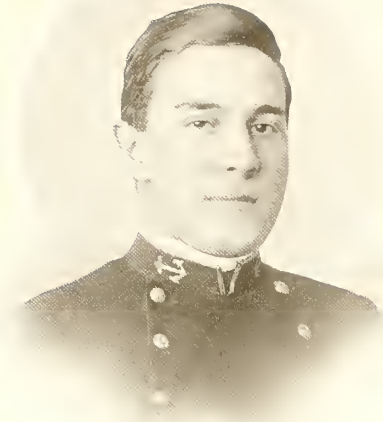
HOIST away! The boatswain's mate of the Hartford, who never failed to be on deck when the boats came alongside, and thereby saved the reputation of the First Class. Is a hard worker, and knows more about the ship than any of the others on it, after having been aboard but a day. Tod never talks about his knowledge, however, and you seldom suspect his ability until you are on duty with him. Is a quiet little man, with a really soldierlike brace, a Southern drawl, and a methodical turn of mind—for you can always rely on Tod to have anything from a shoelace up. He mothered Tight through First Class year, but just couldn't help aiding the boys in playing jokes on him once in a while. Came back from the cruise with two shining stripes as a reward from the Goat, but began to get hard and ended up in still more golden glory by landing a First Petty Officer's billet the second term. Doesn't fuss very often, and is usually standing duty for someone else on Saturday nights. Is always pleasant, and you seldom see him without a smile and a cheery greeting for everyone. His quietness has kept him from being very widely known, but all those who have had the good fortune to come closely in touch with him have found in him a true man and a good friend.

Elwood Spencer Smith

Brooklyn, New York

“Smitty”

*A spasmodic lunger is he,
And as good a lad as there could be,
He'll graduate yet,
And you can just bet,
He'll stick to the U. S. Navee.*



Two Stripes (a)

SMITTY is a tall, good-looking chap, with a merry eye and a head of curly brown hair. He is a man of whom it may be said that, though we all like him, not many of us know him well. Rather diffident and quiet, his intimates are few; but we all appreciate his many good qualities, and think highly of him. A conscientious student, he is a “savoir” of no mean ability, as instance his exploit of passing an entire term’s exams. without any greater preparation than can be gotten from boning by one’s self.

He is a consistent worker, a man who takes pains with all he does, and therefore does most things well. On the Olympia First Class cruise Smitty made good in every way, giving promise of developing into an excellent officer, and likewise proving himself a cheery comrade, frank and open-hearted by nature.

That Smitty should have contracted so serious an ailment from a neglected cold of our Youngster winter is a great sorrow to us all, and our sincere sympathy and heartfelt well-wishes go out to him; whether he remains in the Service or leaves us for “cit” life, we give him “Good luck.”



Harold Smith

Livingston, Alabama

“Ash,” “Hot Stuff”

*Smith H. had to tie up his shoe
And did not know just what he should do,
So he stopped a street car,
Tied his shoe on the bar,
And sent the car on when all through.*

Two Stripes (a). Buzzard (b)

“ASH” is an impulsive Southerner, with all the grace and charm of his kind. Handsome and accomplished, he is liked by every man in the class; and as for the girls—well, they distinguish him from others of his name by qualifying, “I mean the *nice* Mr. Smith.” He is a boon companion for any occasion, and when in high spirits can deliver extemporaneous monologues on any subject desired. It was on some such occasion that he and the redoubtable Winfield devised that close harmony on “Percy’s Younger Son.”

He is the only one of us all, possibly excepting Tim, who has successfully carried a chip on his shoulder, in section room and out, for four years. As one result of his independence he wears a buzzard instead of the stripes that he graced the first term, but in studies he is savvy enough to more than hold his own. A true Southern gentleman, with the virtues and the faults of such, we are proud to number Ash among our classmates and friends, and we like him equally well for both the faults and his sterling qualities.

Jefferson Davis Smith

Solitude, Louisiana

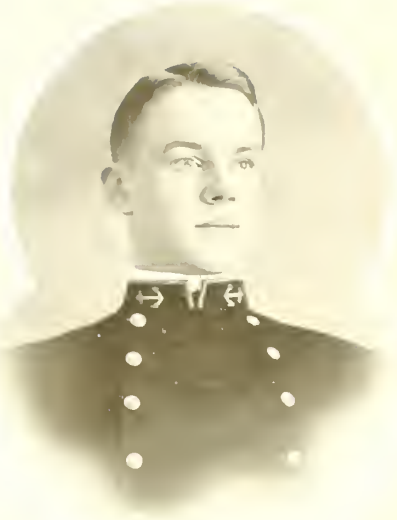
“Jay Day”

*Our happy, good-natured J. D.
Half Red Mike, half fusser is he;
Plays a good game of chess
And we must confess
A hit with the girls seems to be.*

Buzzard (a, b)



A LITTLE man with a real Southern drawl whose love of quiet and ease leads one to believe that he has become imbued with the spirits that must pervade a town with such an expressive name as his native Solitude. He is never so happy as when lounging at the window in the spring with a book, a generous portion of the “bush,” and no prospect of work in the near future. He settles down and studies when the time comes, however, and he and Jersey have made good their statement that they “just wouldn’t bilge again.” He seldom loses his temper, and is true to every friend—his faith in their good traits never being shaken, despite any disillusioning acts or adverse criticism. He and the “Clip” fuss together at all times and are in the seventh heaven when they find “just a li—ttle *bit* of a girl.” He is a likable little chap who tries to do every favor for you, is always polite and is a friend for the times when you’re down on your luck.



John Harold Smith

Massillon, Ohio

“Jack ”

*One Smith, whom his classmates call Jack,
Is a regular fiend on the track.*

Those he meets in a race

Say, while running third place.

“Well, I’m sorry to see Smitty’s back.”

Track (4, 3, 2, 1). Green N. Class Football
(4, 3, 2, 1). Yellow 1910. Class Basket-
ball (3, 2). Orange 1910. Buzzard (a, b)

A PROMINENT member of the numerous family of Smiths. Called John Henry in order that the first part of his name may be in keeping with the last. Johnny would make an excellent chorus lady if his ambitions ran in that direction. We had him picked for adjutant, a job he was eminently qualified for, but the powers that be decided to let him shine in a more limited sphere.

Smitty hasn't changed perceptibly in the four years that we have known him; quiet enough as a First Class man, yet as a Plebe he was considered a bit ratey. It was unintentional on his part, however; he had an independent air about him that the Upper Class men misconstrued as something worse. Used to tell “Auntie” to take his dress, and then wondered why they cussed him out for it.

Johnny is one man whose moral nature has not suffered through his sojourn in Crabtown. Is conscientious, has confidence in himself, and plenty of determination to pull him through. Blessed with a never-failing supply of good nature; loves a joke, and has the heartiest laugh in the brigade. Equally good at argument, fussing, and track, and excels in all three. A man who isn't afraid to stand pat, and one you can always bank on if it comes to a show-down.

Roy Campbell Smith, Jr.

Cooperstown, New York

“Cam”

*His real name is Roy, meaning prince;
And Campbell, his manly build hints;
But his eccentric way
Earned a new sobriquet,
And as Cam he's been known ever since.*

Captain Golf Team (1). Buzzard (a, b)



CAMPBELL is a man whom one is very liable to misjudge on short acquaintance. Naturally built like a pair of outside calipers, with a trick of carrying his head to one side as he ambles along the corridors, his somewhat unmilitary appearance is apt to create amusement in those ignorant of the splendid qualities he possesses.

Cam was one of the charter members of the Mandolin Club; is an author and poet of note, the words of the Class March being products of his genius, as well as a good part of this book; and last, but not least, is he not Captain of the Golf Squid?

For three years he held down the flighty Anderson, and by his sedate example prevented the alarming toughness of that young man from spreading to the rest of the Brigade. First Class year his eyes went back on him, and though wrapped up in the Service, he buried his troubles under a smiling mask and went around to sympathize with others who were better off than he.

Widely read, with a keen wit and the power of description, we expect to see Winston Churchill's place filled yet if Campbell will but overcome his self-deprecating modesty.



Earl Winfield Spencer, Jr.

Highland Park, Illinois

“Caruse,” “Win”

*On the stage, as a maid with a curl,
A perfect entrancer is Earl,
With a voice like Caruse
It's clearly no use
To try to beat him with a girl.*

Cheer Leader. Hop Committee (1). Choir (1, 2, 3). Masqueraders (1, 2, 3). Board (1). Song, Yell and Color Committee. Buzzard (a, b)

“**Y**ES, SAH!” A ship drifting over a sea that she brightens, her fender or so over the side and her yards lifted at a rakish angle; sails filling to whatever wind blows, pennants flying always, a rollicking crew swinging their heels as they sit on the fence: the skipper reclining on the quarter-deck, with his feet cocked up on the weather rail at an angle that matches that of his “Havana.” The skipper of this merry craft is “Win” Spencer, and the ship his way of living at the N. A.

He was first voted as a “Tramp,” perhaps because he was, in spirit at least, a traveler on “The ’appy roads that takes you o’er the world.” But he was moored fast at the Academy—tho he did drag his anchor every half year or so. From the beginning of Youngster cruise he has been the best of shipmates. Equally brilliant at “big liberties” and “berth deck sights.”

First Class year we find him actually working (he is scarcely ever called “tramp” now) as cheer leader. At this he was fiery and able. He stirred up the old Navy Spirit from its grave of a year, and fused it into new life. Also he led a Christmas Parade that was the best ever seen in Baneroft Hall. And occasionally he attended drill (when Tom “put one over” on him).

Brimming with happy spirits, a “merry devil,” and a good comrade—there could not be a better shipmate.

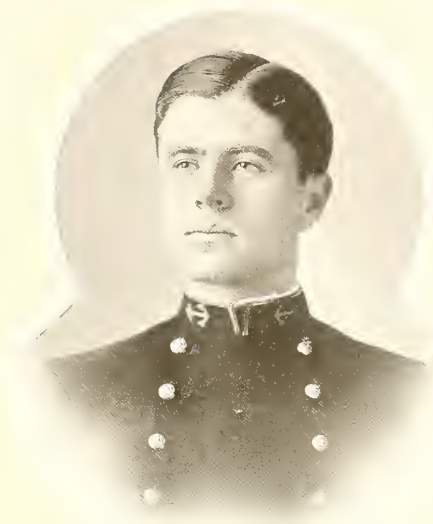
Franklin Speakman Steinwachs

Coatesville, Pennsylvania

“Wax,” “Zwiebach,” “Stein”

*Some girl dropped this Dutchman a line
That sure got a rise out of Stein.*

*“I see by this letter
I should have been better.”
But the joke at the end—it was fine!*



Three Stripes (a). Buzzard (b)

A SMILING little Dutchman from the interior of Pennsylvania—black hair, cherry nose, twinkling blue eyes, fat cheeks and a soft heart. When he struts up to a girl, hitching his left shoulder and chuckling with delight, you see him in his element. Indeed he loves the whole of the gentle sex, although his fondness for specializing requires that he be understood by One at a time.

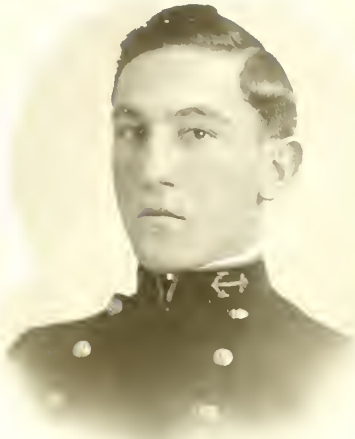
Made a record First Class cruise,—going on leave from each port, his heart and spare cash in a mandolin case, to return to New London without either.

However, he is not behind in other things. A practical savvy man, who enjoys working out probs. and bats exams. so that he is always ready and able to help his lazy, less fortunate friends. Can twist a lead pencil until you almost see the “stresses in the particles of all the little sections turning on each other.”

Born under a lucky star, he takes long chances with the Discipline Dept., and when ragged submits gracefully. As three-striper of the 3rd Company Rough Necks, instituted the “square deal.”

“Dickens of a good joke.”

“Why, man, can’t you see that?”



Melvin Lewis Stolz

New York, New York

“Stolts”

*Stolz gives all his words a queer twist,
Calls “earl” “oil,” and “jest” sounds like “jist.”
Whenever we have
A P-work in Nav,
He’s sure to be on the sick list.*

Track (4, 3, 2). Green N 2d. Buzzard (a, b)

A TRUE New Yorker, with an intimate knowledge of all its byways and lanes, and especially of its complicated political machinery, Stolz entered the Academy four years ago, instead of pursuing a more sordid commercial career. Two or three times it has been a pretty close call, but he has always managed to make connections somehow, and is still with us. First Class year he had a room so near the door that he hardly had to turn out of bed to be at formation, but in spite of this he and Pop Gillam usually blew in just about the time the O. C. was inspecting the company.

For three years he labored on the track and was developing into an excellent distance runner, but when First Class year came around he was so wedded to his pipe and his skag that divorce was out of the question. As a consequence he wears a green N 2d instead of the larger letter.

A dogged, determined little man, he has plugged away for four years, and certainly rates his diploma if anybody does.

Dorsey Opie Thomas

Humboldt, Tennessee

“Dorse”

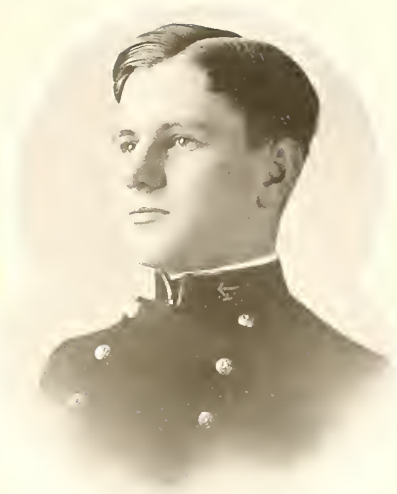
*When Dorse goes on leave he's some sport,
But I fear doesn't act as he ort.*

“Step up, boys,” says he,

“Have a Coco-Colee—”

I guess he's the hot village sport!

Class Baseball (2, 1). Buzzard (a, b)



A HAPPY son of Sunny Tennessee. Seldom rhinos, but when he does, has good reason. His happy disposition always makes a hit with the ladies, and he likes them as much as they like him. Lost his class ring on leave (1), but recovered it later. Always willing to drag for a friend, if he can, and seldom gets stung, for we like Dorsey too well to hand him lemons. A true and loyal son of the old Ninth, much to the fore in all their jublations. Was more or less of a farmer when we first knew him, but has since developed into quite a blasé young man, and would do himself credit anywhere. Has an unfortunate predilection for Peruna and Coco-Kola that may yet be his undoing, though navy life may cure him in time. Rather quiet till you know him, and then the best of good fellows, and as good a friend as a man could have. The more you see of Dorsey, the more you see in him, and the better you like him.



Webb Trammell

Stonefort, Vermont

“Webb”

*Old Webb, as a calmer of strife,
Found his hands pretty full with his wife,
Heaven knows what we'd do
Or what trouble would brew
If Bagg lived an un-Trammeled life.*

Class Baseball (3, 2). White 1910. Buzzard
(a, b)

A VERY quiet youth, whom one might live next to for four years and yet never really know, but one who is solid gold when once his friendship is gained. He possesses the only original Marcel wave, which, coupled with his East Saint Louis voice, would undoubtedly make a great hit if he would but sally forth into society. Unfortunately for the latter, he much prefers the company of his pipe to that of Crabtown's elite, which is, on the whole, a very wise choice. His chief achievement seems to have been keeping Sack Bagg down for three years and preventing him from tearing the place to pieces when on one of his occasional streaks of general disgust.

At one time Webb had about decided that the Navy was no place for him, but reconsidered and is still with us. He is fond of all sorts of outside sports, but particularly of horse-back riding and hunting. A fine day for either one will send him off into a monologue about “a little place I know,” where, of course, there is the best hunting and the best horse flesh in the world.

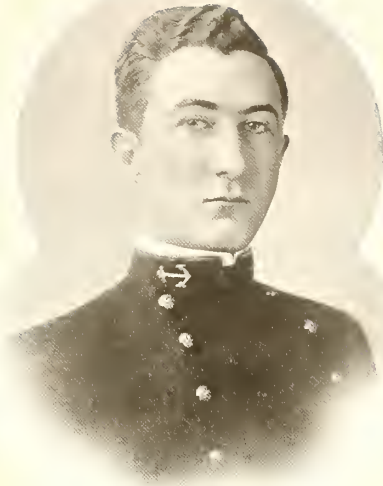
Francis Philip Traynor

Wilmington, Delaware

“Irish,” “Cow”

*He's an Irishman from Delaware,
That nothing on earth could make swear.
He'll sit round and smoke,
And think things a joke,
When others would "sit up and rare."*

Lacrosse Squad (1). Class Baseball Squad (2).
Buzzard (a, b)



A DAPPER little Irishman, who thinks the Navy is just the proper spot for Willie. Rivals Squarehead Brown for being in love with the service, and wouldn't be a plain, ordinary "cit" again for worlds. Managed to go through four years at the Academy without making himself notorious for anything in particular, for which he is to be congratulated. Is very quiet and unassuming, for a son of the Ould Sod. Takes life philosophically and pursues the even tenor of his way, unruffled by the depredations of man, devil, or O. C. Lived with Sid for over three years without succumbing to his line of hot air, which, it must be admitted, is little short of miraculous.

Irish made an early start at fussing, and has staid in the game ever since. Doesn't believe in showing any partiality; likes them all equally well, and scatters his smiles uniformly over the whole congregation of ladies fair.

Not much of a "mixer," he is well known to but few. Liked best by them who know him best, is a true estimate of his worth.



Herbert Whitwell Underwood

Kansas City, Missouri

“Judge,” “Upty”

*A savoir and wise man we see,
As tough as they make 'em is he.
He'll argue all day
In a judicial way
And we'll make him our judge out at sea.*

Star (4, 3). Lucky Bag Staff. Bulletin Staff.
Tennis (2, 1). Captain (1). Golf Team (1).
Class Supper Committee. First Class Club
Committee. Buzzard (a, b)

THE official writer of resolutions, proclamations and posters, a position for which his inventive wit and versatile pen have well fitted him. His athletic write-ups in the *Bulletin* show his able analysis of and keen insight into the technique and execution of all sports. One of the savviest men of the class, but does not take the trouble to work, except when he is boning up some wooden man, and there he is at his best.

Has an original idea on each and every subject which it will be useless for you to try to change, but wears his goat on his sleeve, where it can be led out easily at any time. Endowed with a flashing, genial wit that will lift you out of the blues and make you pleased with yourself and the world in general, is always ready to lend a hand, and especially good at devising work-saving schemes. Would give a friend the last of anything he has, borrow to replace it, and forget both incidents; but beyond being a good fellow, is a man that will work for you and put in a good word and never come around to claim the credit. Hard at times and reckless always, but has toned down,—or up,—to a fusser since First Class leave, and has lately become leader and most ardent member of the Anne Arundel Hunt Club Junior.

“If I ever do such a thing again I am going to quit forever.”

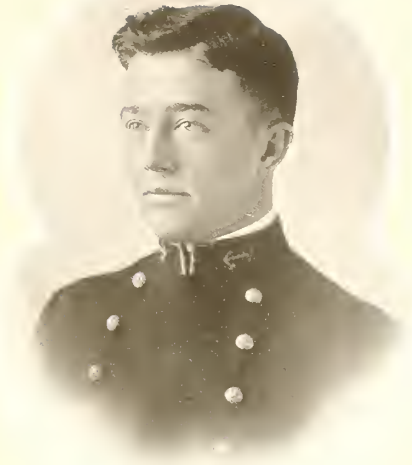
James Grady Ware

Hadensville, Kentucky

“Savoir,” “Savvy”

*If your marks have no margin to spare
Don't give up or remark you don't care.
Just take my advice,
(Or you'll take that year twice)
If you want to be savvy be Ware.*

Class Football (1). Yellow 1910. Welter-weight
Wrestling Championship (2). One Stripe
(a, b)



OF domestic habits, he entered the Academy with that smile of good-fellowship, and he has kept it for four years. He showed his true colors when, on the Severn Plebe summer he kept himself from being hauled through a block by yelling “Whoa!” Savvy took charge of Dudley Plebe year, and together they constituted the terror of the First Company rough-housers.

One of the many-candle-power Dago enthusiasts, 'twas only by sacrifice of many hours of sweet sleep that he maintained his seat on the 2.5 wagon. In the section room he never refuses a subject, and his name of Savvy was earned by the invention of many new and varied definitions, heretofore omitted from the text-books. Second Class year he won fame by capturing the welter-weight wrestling championship and by fussing one of Tod Sloan's seminaries single-handed. Altogether a man with high ideals, which he is not ashamed to own to, and a man whose presence makes one forget Nav. P-works and look on the bright side of life.

“What! You never ate any chitterlings? Well, when you come down to Kentucky ———.”

A black and white portrait of a young man, Edward Loisel Webb, in a military uniform. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera. The portrait is set within a circular vignette.

Edward Loisel Webb

Houma, Louisiana

“Eddy,” “French”

*An easy Southlander is Eddy,
His standing has proved him quite heady.
He often is seen
At a table of green,
And for all kinds of game ever ready.*

Buzzard (a, b)

AN easy-going man who is more adverse to a “rough-house” than anything—unless it be “fussing” a girl. And though he has dutifully avoided everything in petticoats for four years, he is still besieged with urgent offers to visit the daughters and homes of some of our most respected Annapolitans. Always has a “skag” between his lips, and his unswerving loyalty to the “Great God Nicotine” may be the cause of his weekly presence at the cross-country marches—his only form of exercise. Is a good student and always willing to help a classmate with his studies. For three years was the “gouge” of the Eighth Company and the mainstay of Bill’s naval career. He can usually be lured from work to “sit in” at a game, and there are few who can equal his skill in this line. Has a leaning toward the red-squares also, and was one of the “corporation” during First Class year. He—usually accompanied by Joe, Stumpy and Bill—has been a member of many happy parties, both in Annapolis and on the cruise, which have sometimes brought him trouble in more ways than one. Is a good friend and should make a pleasant, hard-working, efficient officer.

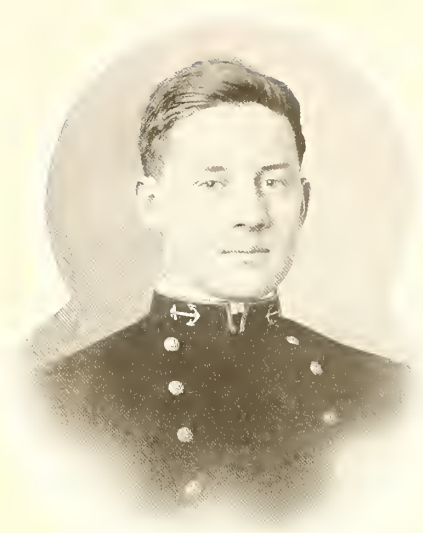
John Howard Wellbrock

Tonopah, Nevada

“ Jack,” “ Jew,” “ Rosy ”

*The Jew with old Fletcher is thick;
Smokes cigars quite as big as a stick;
But once he did take
“Friend's Kind” by mistake,
And it made him most horribly sick.*

Class Secretary. Class Football (4, 3, 2, 1). Yellow 1910. Choir (4, 2, 1). Midshipman's Commissary. Chairman Class Supper Committee. Farewell Ball Committee. Advisory Board Masqueraders. Buzzard (a). One Stripe (b).



THE orator of the class! Who at every meeting has, despite our sometimes even physical protests, pleaded with his classmates in brilliant, heart-to-heart talks to let him lead them to the gate of common sense, to which he, as a man of the world, had the key. He has a good business head, and, as one of his nicknames suggests, is out for the money—it having been rumored that the “Jew” even goes so far as to enter the old clothes business at times. Won all his offices on his merits and proved by results, especially in his position as caterer, that we made no mistake in our choice. His happiest moments come on the cruise, when, with that large, black cigar in his mouth, he sits awaiting the dinner hour at some new-found friend's house, explaining the ins and outs of the Naval Service, occasionally smoothing the way to other invitations with that condescending, pleasing, worldly-wise smile. He has been a member of the choir for several years, but has restricted his athletic activities to amusing and aiding the class football team as its star center. As he has a few years start on the other budding benedicts, he is the one best bet in the Class Banner Handicap.

“Now as Acting President of the First Class!”



George Lester Weyler

Emporia, Kansas

“George”

*Neat sketches are not George's forte:
When he pictured the "Idaho" sort
The prof. said, "Maybe.
But it sure looks to me
More like an unused tennis court."*

Two Stripes (a). Battalion C. P. O. (b)

GEORGE is a rosy-cheeked Kansan, bred a farmer, and proud of his State's record in the scientific development of that vocation.

A sturdy, quiet man, almost secluded at times, he waxes eloquent on two subjects, Kansas and fussing. As an ardent devotee of the latter avocation he is a great success, aided by the natural gifts of a frank nature and a prepossessing appearance. He was one of He Smith's unfortunate 44, but found time, nevertheless, to join a house-boat party at a nearby summer resort, where pretty girls were numerous and eligible men few. Imagine his delight!

Not an easy man to know. When once his friendship is given he is as true a comrade as a man can have, always willing to sacrifice his interests to those of his friends. An ideal room-mate, he never rhinos, and is generally happy and contented with his lot. He is studious in a way, depending upon the point of view, but manages to scrape a 2.5's worth out of every subject. He often gives vent to his exuberance of spirits by pouring forth in song and verse at all times of the day and night, much to the delight and appreciation (!) of his neighbors. He believes that in living for the present the future will take care of itself.

“Why, man alive! what are you talking about?”

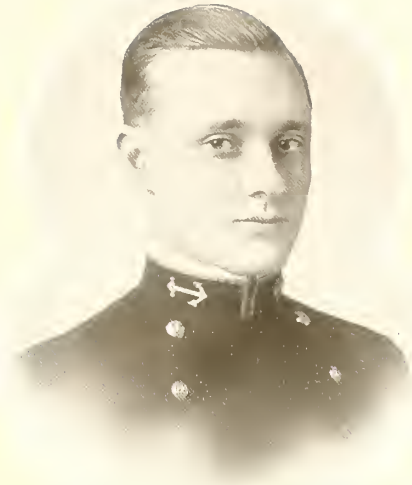
“Why, certainly!”

James Murray Whitehead

Trenton, New Jersey

“Bones”

*A spick and span middy is Bones,
Who charms with his soft gentle tones.
To help out a friend
He is ready to lend
The last cent, shirt, or toothbrush he owns.*



Basketball (3, 1). Orange 1910. One Stripe (a)

OCCASIONALLY one meets a man of whom he says: “He’s a good fellow,”—and, on looking further, says again: “Here is a man—a friend indeed!” Such a man is Bones. A good fellow—a pleasant companion—a true friend. Believes in getting the most possible out of life in the shortest possible time. Hating study, he still managed to keep on the right side of a two-five. Starting out with Upty Youngster year as a Red Mike, Bones was lured into the trap set by his queens, and transferred his allegiance to the stags.

He managed to conceal the shiny spots on his blond head nearly all Second Class year—but was forced to join the Foso Kids First Class year in self-defense. He moved along in his own quiet way and won the regard and respect of all who came in contact with him.



James Bothwell Will

McArthur, Ohio

“Coots”

*Coots thought he was growing too thin.
So a req. for more milk he put in,
He caught hump for fair,
But he had milk to spare,
So all that he did was to grin.*

Sharpshooter. Expert. Buzzard (a). One Stripe
(b)

COOTS, the Infant Prodigy of the Academy, associate member of the Society for Psychological Research, and founder of the More Milk Club. Claims that he does everything in moderation, but is the hardest man in his company to turn out at reveille; admits he is a great fusser; and actually ate two Christmas dinners in one day. He loves to discourse on thought waves—wakes people up in the middle of the night by hypnotism, and takes kodak pictures of his dreams. In addition, is a wrestler of note, and does a few stunts with a rifle. Gave Dicky Heath a close race for short-distance champion in his eye exams., with a final score of forty-eight inches.

Coots won immortal fame Plebe year by putting in a req. for more milk, and never has quite broken himself of the milk-pitcher habit. His determined stand in the support of authority First Class year added to his fame, and incidentally to his grease. In spite of the merciless running which Coots continually lays himself open to, he is of the sunniest disposition imaginable, except just after Nav. P-works. Delights all within hearing distance by his falsetto renditions of “I Wonder Who’s Kissing Her Now?” and other classics.

Edgar Miller Williams

Springfield, Ohio

“Buster”

*Altogether our Buster is small—
Isn't heavy nor thick-set nor tall—
But he coxswain's the crew
Where its luckily true
Lack of weight's an advantage to all.*

Crew (4, 3, 2, 1). Red N 2d. Buzzard (a). Two Stripes (b)



A LITTLE chap, whose size has proved of no disadvantage to the various crews of which he has been coxswain, and who makes the proud boast of never having worn the megaphone in a losing race. As a result Buster used to take an involuntary bath off the float every time the crew could catch him after a spin. Four years of talking against a head wind to a forty-foot shell has given him a voice that is only equalled by a very few of the largest fog-horns on the coast, and after displaying it to the Discipline Department a few times in the humble guise of a P. O., First Class, he took unto himself a pair of new gold stripes for the second term.

Among his other claims to fame he numbers a mania for photographing, and a most excellently kept album indicates his skill in that line. He is a hard fusser, and succeeds as most small men do in that line, and he can give—and does on all possible occasions—an imitation of a homesick puppy that makes everyone want to throw him out immediately. Add to this his command of languages—English, Modern and Bad—which is probably wider than any other man's in the class, and you have the enjoyable personality which goes to make up Williams.



Bernard Oviatt Wills

Walla Walla, Washington

“Billy,” “Willsey”

*At guard Billy Wills can't be beat,
The game that he plays is so neat,
It surely does seem
That our basketball team
Any five in the land can defeat!*

Basketball (4, 3, 2, 1). Captain (1). B.N.B. Track
(4, 3, 2). Green 1910. Buzzard (a, b)

BILLY would rather play basketball than fuss, and he is equally good at either, with his success as an All-American guard and captain of a champion team making him all the more endearing to the fluttering flirtations. How they have all longed to put ruffles on his costume at the basketball games! Since his recovery from a slight attack of heart trouble Plebe and Youngster years he has been open to all comers and each hop finds him intently rushing the next applicant.

Likes to dilate upon the deeds of his friends in Walla Walla, emphasizing the details in a deep voice that holds his listeners firmly until the tale is fully unfolded. Has an unaffected, vigorous manner, with a direct ability of accomplishment that typifies him as the embodiment of the personified West. Is possessed of a rugged, steadfast, determined nature, with an adamant strength of character and convictions that form a source of refuge for weaker souls, and invite many hesitating confidences. In spite of the iniquities of First Class year, thinks the Navy a good place, which, with his ability of making friends of all those with whom he comes in contact, will keep him in the service and make a good and popular officer.

Robert Todd Young

Marquette, Michigan

“Bill”

*There is a young middy named Younk
Who hands out his talk by the hunk.
Good old Windy Bill,
We're fond of you—still.
Your hot-airing surely is punk!*

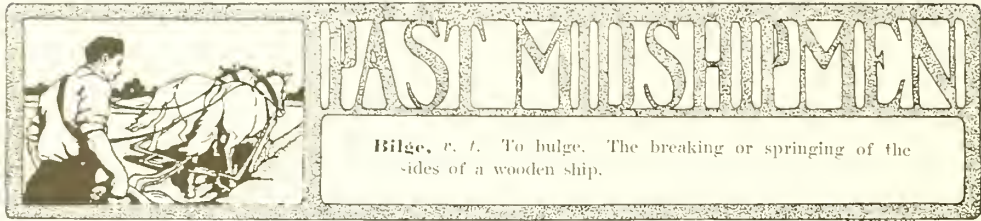
Lacrosse (3, 2, 1). N. Class Football (4, 3, 2, 1).
Yellow 1910. Buzzard (a, b)



A STURDY young timber-splitter from the wilds of Michigan. Left his axe in the heart of the primeval forest, and came at the call of his country. Brought along a pair of lumberman's socks, which he wears at night to protect his feet against the rigors of these Maryland winters. Stoompah takes to the Navy like Mary Roesch to sauer kraut and wienies. Is a mighty efficient man aboard ship; remarkably seagoing for one who has never been off soundings, and will likely be another Vasco de Gama of the U. S. S. Ivory Soap by the time he gets in deep water. Added to his name and fame during First Class cruise by being christened “Ginger” in recognition of his efficient service as *head* waiter on the Olympia.

Ginger is a real diamond in the rough. Pays little heed to ceremony; is a plain, outspoken man. Likes to talk, but mixes enough good common sense with his ideas to make it refreshing to hear him. Constitutes the tail end of the class, and puts a hot finish on 1910. Is a true Navy sport:

“Equally ready for a fight, feast or frolic.”



CLARENCE WELLS ALGER ("Tubby") Harold, South Dakota
 "Tis good to be merry."—*Chapin*.

GEORGE THOMAS BAILEY ("Bill") Millport, New York
 "He left a name at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale."—*Byron*.

EDWIN FRANCIS BARLOW ("Billy") Savannah, Tennessee
 "Waited on the Government, with a claim to wear,
 Sabres by the bucketful, rifles by the pair."—*Kipling*.

HAROLD TERRY BARTLETT ("Kewless") Old Lime, Connecticut
 "No lark more blithe than he."—*Bickerstaff*.

JAMES WILEY BEARD ("Wiley") Troy, Alabama
 "A little learning is a dangerous thing,
 Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."—*Pope*.

OAKLEY ADAIR BENNETT ("Ben") Louisville, Mississippi
 "Plague split you for a giddy son of a gun."—*Swift*.

JOHN HOLMES BIRDSALL ("Birdy") Waretown, New Jersey
 "I am a man,
 More sinned against than sinning."—*Shakespeare*.

JOSEPH MINOR BLACKWELL ("Joc") Bethel Academy, Virginia
 "On a stone that still doth turn about there groweth no moss."—*Wyatt*.

- JOHN JOSEPH BLANDIN ("Ducky") At large
 "O daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."—*Tennyson*.
- GIRARD DAVIS BLASDEL ("Blasdoodle") Palo Pinto, Texas
 "God made him and therefore let him pass for a man."—*Shakespeare*.
- DANIEL LEROY BORDEN ("Dan") Chaumont, New York
 "Thou sayest an undisputed thing in such a solemn way."—*Holmes*.
- WILLIAM PORTER BOWEN ("Porter") Columbia, Tennessee
 "He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he walked, for want of thought."—*Dryden*.
- RALPH WINSLOW BRAGG ("Scoot") Portland, Maine
 ". . . Might learn from the wisdom of age."—*Corper*.
- FENELON CANNON ("Uncle Joe") Galveston, Texas
 "Whence is thy learning?"—*Gay*.
- WEBSTER ALLYN CAPRON ("Web") Fort Myer, Virginia
 ". . . Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard."—*Shakespeare*.
- CHARLES BANCROFT CARROLL ("Charlie") Doughoregan, Maryland
 "Hail fellow, well met."—*Lyly*.
- EMORY WILBUR COIL ("Quail") Marietta, Ohio
 "I am not now in fortune's power.
 He that is down can fall no lower."—*Butler*.
- CHARLES ELLWOOD COLAHAN ("Tim") Frankfort, Kentucky
 "Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."—*Proverbs*.
- ERNEST HAROLD COLERICK ("Slick") Harvey, Illinois
 "O that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains."
 —*Shakespeare*.

- BERNICE CONLON ("Connie") Brooklyn, New York
 "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."—*Johnson*.
- JAMES McDOWELL CRESAP ("Jimmie") At large
 "As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."—*Sheridan*.
- JOSEPH RAY CYGON ("Cy") Meadville, Mississippi
 "And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last."—*Montague*.
- JAMES ROBARDS DARLING ("Grace") Barre, Vermont
 "I am not only witty in myself, but cause that wit in other men."—*Shakespeare*.
- HARELL HUTCHISON DICK ("Hazel") Sumter, South Carolina
 "Men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever."—*Tennyson*.
- MARK DUNNELL, JR. ("Mark") Brooklyn, New York
 ". . . May any lot no less fortunate be,
 Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining."—*Collins*.
- HOWARD RICHARDSON ECCLESTON ("Stumps") Blackwell, Missouri
 "Might shake the saintship of an anchorite."—*Byron*.
- LEWIS ESTELL FAGAN ("Louie") At large
 "Life is a jest and all things show it,
 I thought so once and now I know it!"—*Gay*.
- SAMUEL S. GAILLARD ("Sam") Perdue Hill, Alabama
 "Let the world slide, let the world go,
 A fig for care and a fig for woe."—*Pope*.
- FREDERICK CLINTON GATES ("Freddy") Des Moines, Iowa
 "Happy the man whose wish and care,
 A few paternal acres bound."—*Pope*.
- JOHN WARBURTON GATES ("Jack") Chicago, Illinois
 ". Indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts."
 —*Sheridan*.

- CHARLES ARTHUR GILDERSLEEVE ("Gildy") Sante Fe, New Mexico
 "Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue."—*Gay*.
- GEORGE BURTON GORHAM ("Frosty") Marshall, Michigan
 "Remove not the ancient landmarks."—*Proverbs*.
- FRANK PUTNAM GOWAN ("Frank") Burns, Oregon
 "Better be happie than wise."—*Pope*.
- JEFFERSON DAVIS GRANBERRY ("Cranberry") Hazlehurst, Mississippi
 "Come not within the measure of my wrath.
 Though I am not splenitive and rash,
 Yet have I in me something dangerous."—*Shakespeare*.
- JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE GROMER ("Jimmy")
 "He's tough, ma'm, tough is J. B., and de-vilish sly."—*Dickens*.
- JULIUS HALL, JR. ("Judy") Annapolis, Maryland
 "A merrier man within the limits of becoming mirth
 I never spent an hour's talk withal."—*Shakespeare*.
- JAMES MURPHREE HARALSON ("Jimmy," "Niño") Troy, Alabama
 "Being once chafed he cannot
 Be revived again to temperance; then he speaks
 What's in his heart."—*Shakespeare*.
- CARL DWIGHT HIBBARD ("Carl") Northfield, Minnesota
 "Thought would destroy, then, paradise."—*Gray*.
- JOHN HOMER HOLT, JR. ("Plug") Grafton, West Virginia
 "He knew what's what and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly."—*Butler*.
- JOHN KELL JEMISON ("Kell") Lafayette, Alabama
 "If the rascal hath not given me something to make me love him
 I'll be hanged."—*Shakespeare*.

- GERALD AUGUSTUS JOHNSON ("Gerald") St. Paul, Minnesota
 "Farewell! A word that has been and must be
 A sound which makes us linger,—yet,—farewell!" *Byron.*
- LEON ARTHUR JONES ("Jonesey") Redlands, California
 "And I have commanded a widow woman thereto sustain thee."—*I Kings.*
- CHARLES CRAMER JULIAN ("C. C.") Thomasville, North Carolina
 "Now by two-headed Janus, Nature hath framed some strange fellows in her time."
 —*Shakespeare.*
- JAY LOUIS KERLEY ("Jay") West Durham, North Carolina
 "A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit."—*Dekker.*
- WILLIAM FARREL LELAND ("Bill") Troy, Kansas
 "This pleasing, anxious being resigned."—*Gray.*
- WILLIAM TALIAFERRO LITTLE Greenville, Mississippi
 "Slumber is more sweet than toil."—*Tennyson.*
- PHIL MCAFEE ("Phil") Dalton, Georgia
 "He that hath knowledge spareth his words."—*Proverbs.*
- FURMAN EDGAR McCAMMON ("Rodney," "Mac") Hamburg, Arkansas
 "Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
 Immersed in rapturous thought profound."—*Gray.*
- THOMAS SHORE McCLOY ("Mac") Monticello, Arkansas
 "One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
 Along the heath and 'neath his favorite tree."—*Gray.*
- ISAAC NEWTON McCRARY ("Pete," "Newt") Calvert, Texas
 "He hath given hostages unto fortune." *Jonson.*
- BERNICE MCDANIEL ("Mac") Whitewright, Texas
 "A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows."—*Wordsworth.*

- JOSEPH REESMAN MAN, JR. ("Tommy") Lewiston, Pennsylvania
 "He had a head to contrive and a hand to execute any mischief."—*Bosse*.
- BEN ALLEN MASON ("Mase") Nashville, Tennessee
 "Men of few words are the best men."—*Shakespeare*.
- ROBERT POTTER MOLTEN, JR. ("Bobby") Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
 "Two-fifths of him genius and three-fifths sheer fudge."—*Lowell*.
- GIDEON EARL MOREY ("Bobo") Fullerton, North Dakota
 "A right to shake the midriff of despair with laughter."—*Heywood*.
- ROBERT CECIL MULNIX ("Bob") Denver, Colorado
 "Company, villainous company, hath been the ruin of me."—*Shakespeare*.
- SIDNEY ARTHUR OFSTHUN ("Soft 'un") Glenwood, Minnesota
 "Not Hercules himself could have knocked out his brains, for he had none."
 —*Shakespeare*.
- SELDEN HAROLD OVIATT ("Ovie") Bridgeport, Connecticut
 "Go, poor devil, get thee gone."—*Sterne*.
- SUMNER WILLIAM PARKER ("Shorts") Anderson, Indiana
 "But remember that the best of friends must part."
- GEORGE FOUNTAIN PARROTT, JR. ("Polly") Kinston, North Carolina
 "I love everything that's old; old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine."
 —*Goldsmith*.
- JOHN SHERMAN PEOPLES ("John") Detroit, Michigan
 "Be to his virtues very kind.
 Be to his faults a little blind."—*Prior*.

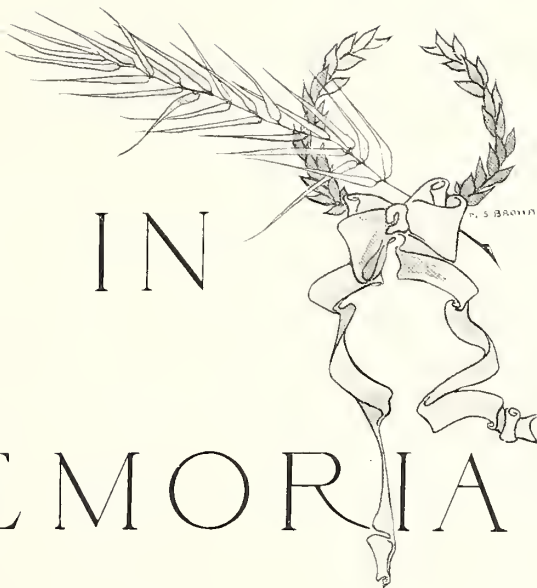
- MURTHA PHILLIP QUINN ("Murt") Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
 "As proper a man as ever trod neat's leather."—*Shakespeare*.
- SUMMERFIELD KEY RAGON ("Skee") Chattanooga, Tennessee
 "Firm friend to peace, to pleasure and good pay."—*Cowper*.
- HARRY WALTER RENNER ("Harry") Jersey City, New Jersey
 "Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw."—*Dryden*.
- CONRAD RIDGELY ("Conrad") Augusta, Georgia
 "Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."—*Fielding*.
- CLARENCE CHRISTMAN RINER ("Reinhart") Cheyenne, Wyoming
 "Thou hast damnably iteration, and art able to corrupt a saint."—*Shakespeare*.
- JOSEPH ROSENTHAL ("Joe," "Rosie") Brooklyn, New York
 "Fed with the same food; hurt with the same weapons; subject to the same diseases;
 healed by the same means."—*Shakespeare*.
- ALLAN ANSEL RUTTER ("Alan") Jefferson, Iowa
 "None but himself can be his parallel."—*Theobald*.
- ALEXANDER HERBERT RUHL ("Dutchman") Baltimore, Maryland
 "None knew thee but to love thee,
 Nor nam'd thee but to praise."—*Halleck*.
- OSCAR GEORGE SALB ("Slab") Jasper, Indiana
 "The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense."—*Shakespeare*.
- HAROLD BURLING SAMPSON ("Sammy") At large
 "I have always been a quarter of an hour before time and it has made a man of me."
 —*Nelson*.
- NORMAN SCOTT ("N") Indianapolis, Indiana
 "My life is one dem'd horrid grind."—*Dickens*.

- CHURCHILL GEAR SHELDON ("Church") Grand Rapids, Michigan
 "Sighed and looked unutterable things."—*Thompson*.
- ARNOLD SIMMONS ("Bill") Richmond, Kentucky
 "A wit with dunces and a dunce with wits."—*Pope*.
- ALEXANDER HERRON SLOAN ("Herron") Davidson, North Carolina
 "Where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise."—*Gray*.
- GEORGE CARADINE SOMES ("Georgie") Lawrence, Massachusetts
 "An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow."—*Baxter*.
- GILBERT PENFIELD STRELINGER ("Strelly") Detroit, Michigan
 "Short is my date, but endless my renown."—*Pope*.
- SAMUEL GUY STRICKLAND ("Strick") Athens, Georgia
 "O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
 To see oursels as ithers see us."—*Burns*.
- RUDOLPH JOHANNES THIESEN ("Johnny") Pensacola, Florida
 "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air."—*Gray*.
- EUGENE THORPE ("Thorpy") New Orleans, Louisiana
 "Who does the best his circumstances allow, does well, acts nobly, and angels could do
 no more."—*Young*.
- ELROY LEONARD VANDERKLOOT ("Vandy") Wilmette, Illinois
 "One vast substantial smile."—*Dickens*.
- CARL WILTON WADE ("Charlie") Kenton, Tennessee
 "Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes with books."—*Connor*.
- JOHN ELMER WALLACE ("Jew") Corinth, Mississippi
 "Man to the last is but a forward child, so eager for the future, come what may,
 And to the present so insensible."—*Rogers*.

- ARTHUR FOLLETT WEBB ("Mut") Winfield, Kansas
 "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." *Bible.*
- FLETCHER OTHELLO WEBSTER ("Tubby") Solomons, Maryland
 "Long experience made him sage." *Gay.*
- HARRIS MURDOCK WHITING ("Hal") Topeka, Kansas
 "And thus he came to the parting of the ways."—*Bunyan.*
- HUGH WHITTAKER ("Whiskey") Cincinnati, Ohio
 "Pish! He's a good fellow, and it will all be well."—*Kayyam.*
- PERE WILMER ("Perry") Centerville, Maryland
 "Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat and therefore let's be merry."—*Shakespeare.*
- ALEXANDER WILSON ("Alec.") Farmington, Missouri
 "As long liveth the merry man, they say,
 As doth the sorry man, and longer by a day."—*Udall.*
- JOSEPH MACK YOUNG, JR. ("B. S.") Yoakum, Texas
 "Consumed the midnight oil."—*Gay.*



PLEBES—1910



IN
MEMORIAM

Kennedy Benham Kilduff

Born in Tompkinsville, N. Y.

October 3, 1887

Entered the United States Naval Academy

July 10, 1906

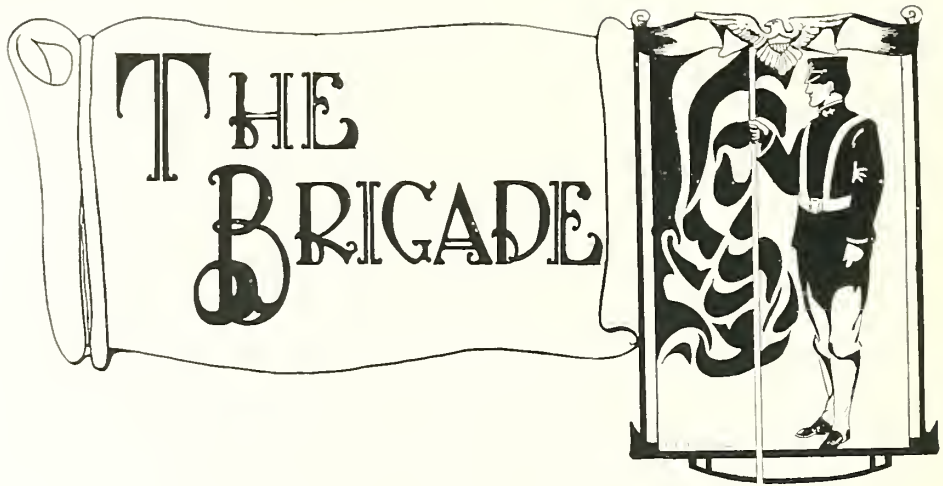
Died July 29, 1906

Viscount Kinjiro Matsukata

Born in Tokio, Japan
January 13, 1888

Entered the United States Naval Academy
June 18, 1906

Died August 19, 1906



FIRST TERM

CADET COMMANDER—HALL, R. P.
 CADET LIEUTENANT AND BRIGADE ADJUTANT—LANGWORTHY, E. D.
 BRIGADE CHIEF PETTY OFFICER—COOK, G. M.

FIRST BATTALION

CADET LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER—SIMPSON, A. R.
 CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT AND BATTALION ADJUTANT—BENNION, M.
 CADET CHIEF PETTY OFFICER—MCCOMB, M. B.

FIRST DIVISION

First Company

CADET LT.—RICHARDSON, W. A.
 CADET JR. LT.—SKEEN, D. H.
 CADET ENS.—WARE, J. G.
 SHERMAN, F. C.
 HOFFMAN, J. O.
 BRONSON, C. K.
 BRADLEY, F.
 MECLEWSKI, R. P. P.
 HEIN, H. R.
 ROBINSON, E. R.
 CALLAGHAN, D. J.

Second Company

CADET LT.—CORRY, W. M.
 CADET JR. LT.—DICKSON, G. L.
 CADET ENS.—KING, S. W.
 MILLER, R. N.
 NORFLEET, J. P.
 DONELSON, J. P.
 BIGG, V. N.
 LANPHER, A. Y.
 SMITH, J. H.
 CLEVINGER, G. C.
 HAMMES, R. B.

Third Company

CADET LT.—STEINWACHS, F. S.
 CADET JR. LT.—JERSEY, C. C.
 CADET ENS.—CECIL, H. B.
 MOORE, C. J.
 LEE, R. C.
 UNDERWOOD, H. W.
 MCINTYRE, E. A.
 BELL, R. E.
 BARRETT, W. N.
 AINSWORTH, W. L.
 NIELSON, J. L.

SECOND DIVISION

Fourth Company

CADET LT.—DAVIDSON, L. A.
CADET JR. LT.—SEED, W. D.
CADET ENS.—FROST, H. H.
WILL, J. B.
PAILTHORP, O. C.
RIHLEDAFFER, J. L.
LAMONT, W. D.
LOGAN, J. A.
EDGERLY, J. P.
REFO, M. P., JR.
CROWELL, J. F.

Fifth Company

CADET LT.—MEYER, G. R.
CADET JR. LT.—SMITH, H.
CADET ENS.—PEYTON, B. R.
BERRY, H. B.
BROWN, M. S.
BAGG, H. A.
HUMBERT, G. F.
TRAYNOR, F. P.
LYNN, S.
ROESCH, H. O.
BARR, E. L.

Sixth Company

CADET LT.—ROSSELL, H. E.
CADET JR. LT.—BYRNE, J. A.
CADET ENS.—WHITEHEAD, J. M.
CLARK, R. W.
REINICKE, F. G.
ANDEBSON, L.
BRANHAM, H. McC.
KILDUFF, W. D.
THOMAS, D. O.
MITSCHER, M. A.
STONE, E. S.

SECOND BATTALION

CADET LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER—GRAY, A. H.
CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT AND BATTALION ADJUTANT—REIFSNIDER, L. F.
CADET CHIEF PETTY OFFICER—HOSFORD, H. W.

THIRD DIVISION

Seventh Company

CADET LT.—MCLAUGHLIN, L. A.
CADET JR. LT.—BRIGHT, C. J.
CADET ENS.—LEWIS, S. S.
ROBOTOM, P. K.
CAPEHART, W.
MOORMAN, W. E.
MORAN, T.
PENDLETON, A. L., JR.
BROWN, W. P.
HEATH, D. P.
FLETCHER, J. A.

Eighth Company

CADET LT.—COOKE, C. M., JR.
CADET JR. LT.—WEYLER, G. L.
CADET ENS.—GILLAM, E. J.
MERRILL, R. T., 2D.
METZ, E. C.
MACFARLANE, S. B.
LEWIS, H. K.
STOLZ, M. L.
GATEWOOD, R.
GOODRIDGE, M. K.
KING, T. S., 2D.

Ninth Company

CADET LT.—HARRIS, F. M.
CADET JR. LT.—MOORE, W. L.
CADET ENS.—POWELL, C. A.
CLAY, A. T.
WELLBROCK, J. H.
ALEXANDER, J. T.
FORCE, S.
SPENCER, E. W.
LAROCHE, F. A.
NICHOLSON, T. A.
BULLARD, B. S.

FOURTH DIVISION

Tenth Company

CADET LT.—NICHOLAS, W. S.
CADET JR. LT.—BEARY, D. B.
CADET ENS.—KELLEY, F. H.
COMBS, W. V.
JORDAN, L. L.
GIBSON, E. B.
CHEVALIER, G. DeC.
SMITH, J. D.
LUCKEL, F. H.
COLEMAN, B. R.
GILBERT, H. B.

Eleventh Company

CADET LT.—MARSH, F. G.
CADET JR. LT.—HANCOCK, L.
CADET ENS.—EDWARDS, W. A.
NORTHCUTT, C. A.
FOSTER, M. J.
WILLIAMS, E. M.
WILLS, B. O.
NILES, E. K.
MEADE, B. V.
WEBB, E. L.
SMITH, R. C., JR.

Twelfth Company

CADET LT.—BRAND, C. L.
CADET JR. LT.—SLOAN, J. E.
CADET ENS.—LANG, E. K.
BROWN, W. E.
FLANIGAN, H. A.
TRAMMELL, W.
YOUNG, R. T.
BATTLE, C. E.
ELLIS, H. A.
PARKER, T. A.
UDERROTH, F. E. P.

SECOND TERM

CADET COMMANDER—HALL, R. P.
CADET LIEUTENANT AND BRIGADE ADJUTANT—LANGWORTHY, E. D.
CADET BRIGADE STAFF PETTY OFFICER—NORTHCUTT, C. A.

FIRST BATTALION

CADET LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER—SIMPSON, A. R.
CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT AND BATTALION ADJUTANT—BENNION, M.
CADET CHIEF PETTY OFFICER—PEYTON, B. R.

FIRST DIVISION

First Company

CADET LT.—RICHARDSON, W. A.
CADET JR. LT.—SKEEN, D. H.
CADET ENS.—WARE, J. G.
MOORE, W. L.
SHERMAN, F. C.
HOFFMAN, J. O., JR.
BRADLEY, F.
ROBINSON, E. W.
HEIN, H. R.
MECLEWSKI, R. P. P.
CALLAGHAN, D. J.

Second Company

CADET LT.—CORRY, W. M.
CADET JR. LT.—LEWIS, H. K.
CADET ENS.—MOORE, C. J.
OSMUN, R. A.
STEINWACHS, F. S.
LANPHER, A. Y.
DONELSON, J. F.
SMITH, J. H.
BIEG, V. N.
HAMMES, R. B.
FOSTER, P. F.

Third Company

CADET LT.—LEE, R. C.
CADET JR. LT.—BROWN, W. E.
CADET ENS.—JERSEY, C. C.
MCINTYRE, E. A.
MCCOMB, M. B.
LOGAN, J. A.
CECIL, H. B.
UNDERWOOD, H. W.
BARRETT, W. N., JR.
AINSWORTH, W. L.
NIELSON, J. L.

SECOND DIVISION

Fourth Company

CADET LT.—GRAY, A. H.
CADET JR. LT.—FROST, H. H.
CADET ENS.—WILL, J. B.
SEED, W. D., JR.
RIHELDAPFER, J. L.
PAILTHORP, O. C.
EDGERLY, J. C.
LAMONT, W. D.
CROWELL, J. F., JR.
REFO, M. P., JR.
REYNOLDS, F. F.

Fifth Company

CADET LT.—BRIGHT, C. J.
CADET JR. LT.—MEYER, G. R.
CADET ENS.—BAGG, H. A.
BATTLE, C. E., JR.
TRAYNOR, F. P.
SMITH, H.
HUMBERG, G. F.
THOMAS, D. O.
BROWN, M. S.
ROESCH, H. O.
RIEDEL, W. A.

Sixth Company

CADET LT.—GIBSON, E. B.
CADET JR. LT.—LAROCHE, F. A.
CADET ENS.—BYRNE, J. A.
MOORMAN, W. E.
ROSSELL, H. E.
CLARK, R. W.
NOBLETT, J. P.
KILDUFF, W. D.
ANDERSON, L.
MITSCHER, M. A.
STONE, E. S.

SECOND BATTALION

CADET LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER—MARSH, F. G.

CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT AND BATTALION ADJUTANT—COOKE, C. M., JR.

CADET CHIEF PETTY OFFICER—WEYLER, G. L.

THIRD DIVISION

Seventh Company

CADET LT.—MCLAUGHLIN, L. A.
CADET JR. LT.—LEWIS, S. S.
CADET ENS.—WELLBROCK, J. H.
CAPEHART, W.
ROBOTOM, P. K.
PENDLETON, A. L., JR.,
BELL, R. E.
MORAN, T.
BROWN, W. P.
HEATH, D. P.
HATCH, F. S.

Eighth Company

CADET LT.—MERRILL, R. T., 2D.
CADET JR. LT.—METZ, E. C.
CADET ENS.—GILLAM, E. J.
MACFARLANE, S. B.
DAVIDSON, L. A.
STOLZ, M. L.
BERRY, H. B.
KING, S. W.
MILLER, R. N.
GATEWOOD, R.
KING, T. S., 2D.

Ninth Company

CADET LT.—HARRIS, F. M.
CADET JR. LT.—FORCE, S.
CADET ENS.—POWELL, C. A.
CLAY, A. T.
LUCKEL, F. H.
REIFSNIDER, L. F.
SPENCER, E. W.
KELLEY, F. H.
NICHOLSON, T. A.
REINICKE, F. G.
BULLARD, B. S.

FOURTH DIVISION

Tenth Company

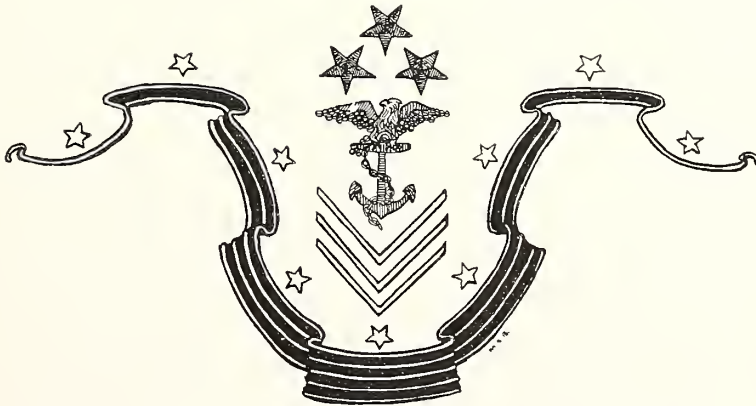
CADET LT.—NICHOLAS, W. S.
CADET JR. LT.—WILLIAMS, E. M.
CADET ENS.—NILES, E. K.
COMBS, W. V.
SMITH, J. D.
DICKSON, G. L.
ALEXANDER, J. T.
COLEMAN, B. R.
CHEVALIER, G. DEC.
GILBERT, H. B.
LOWRY, G. M.

Eleventh Company

CADET LT.—JORDAN, L. LAF.
CADET JR. LT.—HANCOCK, L.
CADET ENS.—EDWARDS, W. A.
FOSTER, M. J.
WILLS, B. O.
COOK, G. M.
YOUNG, R. T.
MEADE, B. V.
WEBB, E. L.
BRANHAM, H. McC.
SMITH, R. C., JR.

Twelfth Company

CADET LT.—BEARY, D. B.
CADET JR. LT.—LANG, E. K.
CADET ENS.—BRONSON, C. K.
SLOAN, J. E.
HOSFORD, H. W.
BRAND, C. L.
TRAMMELL, W.
FLANIGAN, H. A.
ELLIS, H. A.
PARKER, T. A.
MOLTEN, R. P., JR.





BUZZARDS—FIRST TERM



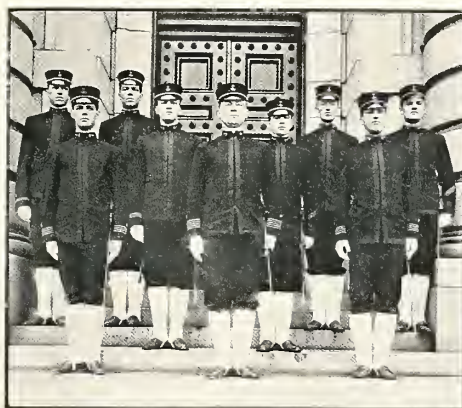
BUZZARDS—SECOND TERM



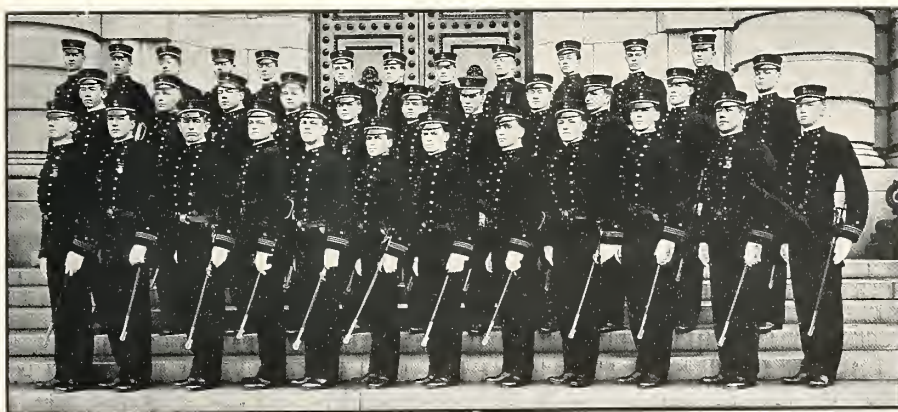
STRIPERS—FIRST TERM



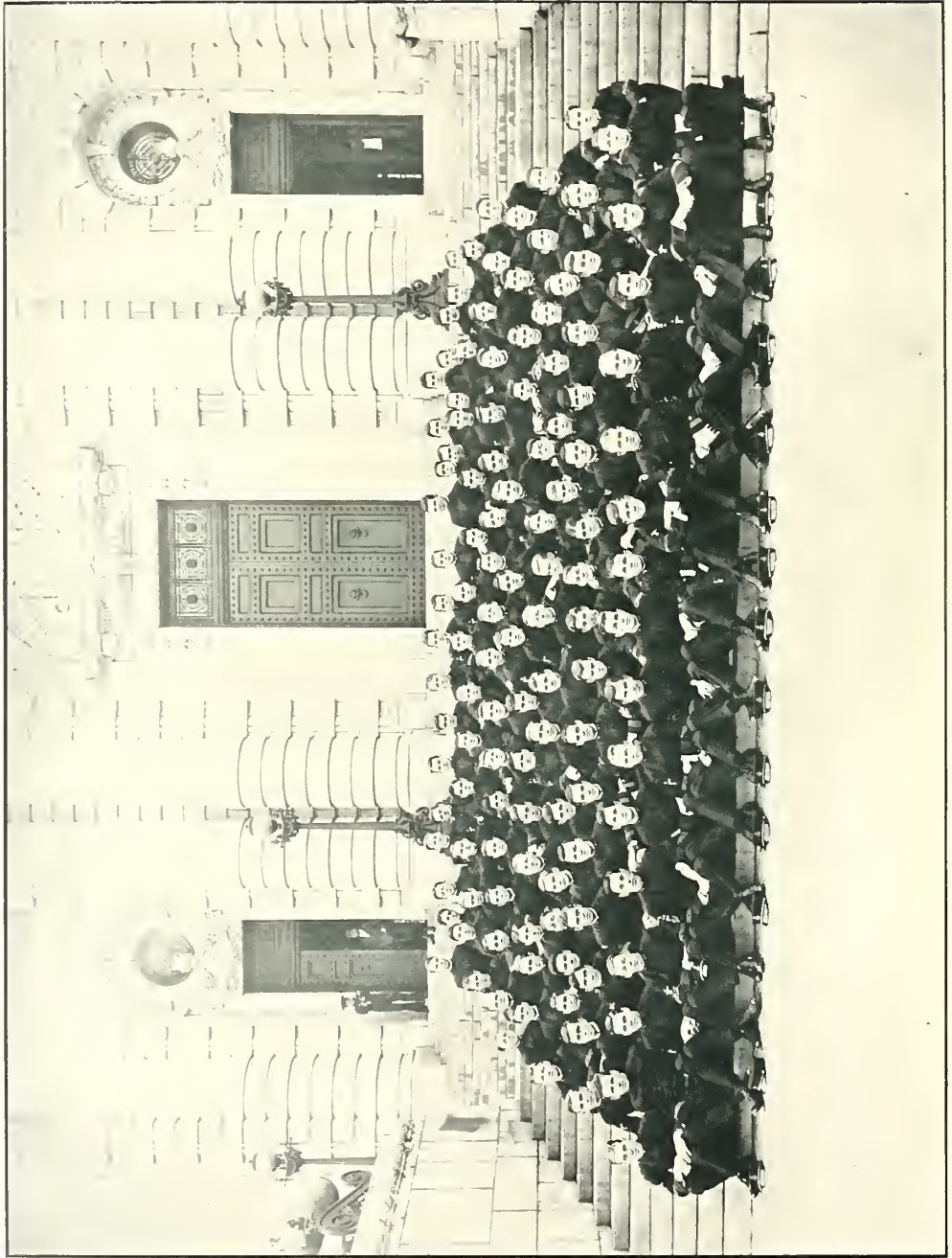
STAFF—FIRST TERM



STAFF—SECOND TERM



STRIPERS—SECOND TERM



FIRST CLASS





AINSWORTH, W. L.
ALEXANDER, J. T.
ANDERSON, L.
BAGG, H. A.
BARRETT, W. N., JR.
BATLE, C. E., JR.
BEARY, D. B.
BELL, R. E.
BENNION, M.
BERRY, H. B.
BIEG, V. N.
BRADLEY, F.
BRAND, C. L.
BRANHAM, H. MCC.
BRIGHT, C. J.
BRONSON, C. K.
BROWN, M. S.
BROWN, W. E.
BROWN, W. P.
BYRNE, J. A.
CAPEHART, W.

CECIL, H. B.
CHEVALIER, G. DE C.
CLARK, R. W.
CLAY, A. T.
CLEVINGER, G. C.
COLEMAN, B. R.
COMBS, W. V.
COOK, G. M.
COOKE, C. M., JR.
CORRY, W. M., JR.
CROWELL, J. F., JR.
DAVIDSON, L. A.
DICKSON, G. L.
DONELSON, J. F.
EDGERLY, J. P.
EDWARDS, W. A.
ELLIS, H. A.
FLANIGAN, H. A.
FORCE, S.
FOSTER, M. J.
FROST, H. H.

GATEWOOD, R.
GIBSON, E. B.
GILBERT, H. B.
GILLAM, E. J.
GRAY, A. H.
HALL, R. P.
HAMMES, R. B.
HANCOCK, L., JR.
HARRIS, F. M.
HEATH, D. P.
HEIN, H. R.
HOFFMAN, J. O., JR.
HOSFORD, H. W.
HUMBERT, G. F.
JERSEY, C. C.
JORDAN, L. LAF.
KELLEY, F. H., JR.
KILDUFF, W. D.
KING, S. W.
LAMONT, W. D.
LANG, E. K.

LANGWORTHY, E. D.	MORAN, T.	SKEEN, D. H.
LANPHIER, A. Y.	NICHOLAS, W. S.	SLOAN, J. E.
LA ROCHE, F. A.	NICHOLSON, T. A.	SMITH, E. S.
LEE, R. C.	NILES, E. K.	SMITH, H.
LEWIS, H. K.	NORFLEET, J. P.	SMITH, J. D.
LEWIS, S. S.	NORTHCUTT, C. A.	SMITH, J. H.
LOGAN, J. A.	OSMUN, R. A.	SMITH, R. C., JR.
LUCKEL, F. H.	PAILTHORP, O. C.	SPENCER, E. W., JR.
LYNN, S.	PARKER, T. A.	STEINWACHS, F. S.
MCCOMB, M. B.	PENDLETON, A. L., JR.	STOLZ, M. L.
MCINTYRE, E. A.	PEYTON, B. R.	THOMAS, D. O.
MCLAUGHLIN, L. A.	POWNALL, C. A.	TRAMMELL, W.
MACFARLANE, S.	REFO, M. P., JR.	TRAYNOR, F. P.
MARSH, F. G.	REIFSNIDER, L. F.	UNDERWOOD, H. W.
MEADE, B. V.	REINICKE, F. G.	WARE, J. G.
MECLEWSKI, R. P. P.	RICHARDSON, W. A.	WEBB, E. L.
MERRILL, R. T., 2D	RIHELDAFFER, J. L.	WELLBROCK, J. H.
METZ, E. C.	ROBINSON, E. W.	WEYLER, G. L.
MEYER, G. R.	ROBOTTOM, P. K.	WHITEHEAD, J. M.
MILLER, R. N.	ROESCH, H. O.	WILL, J. B.
MITSCHER, M. A.	ROSSELL, H. E.	WILLIAMS, E. M.
MOORE, C. J.	SEED, W. D., JR.	WILLS, B. O.
MOORE, W. L.	SHERMAN, F. C.	YOUNG, R. T.
MOORMAN, W. E.	SIMPSON, A. R.	



CLASS HISTORY



SOME time early in June, Anno Domini 1906, there began to straggle into historic Annapolis by twos and by threes the members-elect of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Ten. As fast as each man could be impressed with the significance of his oath he was given a sewing kit, stencil kit, two black neckties and a laundry book and sent down to live on board the *Severn* until she should be ready to sail. In about a month, when that commodious vessel was as full as possible without unduly crowding the sons of Ham up forward, she weighed anchor and Nineteen-Ten started on its first cruise. The destination was, of course, Solomon's and for four weary weeks the old fish-basket lay at anchor in that hopeless place, or drifted around under reefed topsails and a force 1. breeze, while the merciless sun searched every square inch of the deck.

In the meantime the rest of the class were entering and being quartered in Baneroft Hall, spending their days wrestling with the manual or the drag-ropes of a three-inch field piece, under the watchful eye of the savvy section of the first class, who, instead of going on their regular cruise, had been kept in Annapolis to graduate in September. This was nice for the first class, but it cut us out of our share of any real "plebe summer," and we deeply felt the loss.

It was while the second "bunch" was still incomplete that we had our first acquaintance as a class with sorrow. Kennedy Benham Kilduff, though he had hardly been a member of us for a week, had already won the liking and admiration of every man who came in contact with him and his death cast a gloom over every one. Two weeks later the Standish brought Kinjiro Matsukata, who had been making the cruise on the *Severn*, back to the hospital for treatment. He was operated on immediately, but it was unavailing and the plucky little fellow passed away with a smile on his lips, a stranger in a strange land. These two sad events in so short a time served to show us that we were a class and could feel and act as such, in spite of our extreme youth.

On the return of the *Severn* the other half of 1910 went aboard her while the "seagoing" men took their places in Quarters. The same dreary four weeks was gone through again and then the ship was moored. We were



AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING



WHERE WE STOOD FOR FOUR HOURS

all united in Bancroft Hall, and the graduation of the first section of '07 gave us a month of pure delight, marred only by the foretastes of trouble to come in the shape of French and Mechanical Drawing. Our own company officers, our classmates for M. C.'s and a sack of Bull hidden behind the towels in the locker—what more could a Plebe desire?



THE DAY WE RATED YOUNGSTERS

However, it was all changed on the first of October, when the upper classmen returned and the Academic year opened in earnest. For about two weeks we were so busy answering inquiries as to our residences, names, and *affaires du coeur* that we had little time for aught else, yet even at that we were absolutely pampered compared to those classes which had preceded us. The collection of investigations, restrictions and dismissals that had been the fate of those convicted of hazing during the past year had effectually put a stop to that good old habit, and as a natural result we became about the toughest class of plebes that the Academy had seen in some time. A section of plebes going to recitation was audible for several blocks, at least.

By the time that we had begun to get our bearings and look about a little the football season was drawing to an end and the big game was upon us. That Saturday when we journeyed to Philadelphia, shouted, and cried, and laughed, and finally, down in the mud of Franklin Field, rushed the victorious colors to the tune of "Army Blue"—that was a day to be treasured up for the rest of the year!

Christmas came and went, with the rag-time formation and its concomitant first-class rates; the new year was ushered in after the usual custom; January passed and again we saw a portion of the First Class launched upon their naval career; the semi-ans. visited us—and after them the deluge! Forty-odd gone out of a class of two hundred and seventeen, and that in the first six months! At that rate we could see our graduation ceremonies in 1910—Savvy Cooke calling upon Squarehead for "Three cheers for those we leave behind us!" and both members of the graduating class mingling with their friends while the band plays "Just



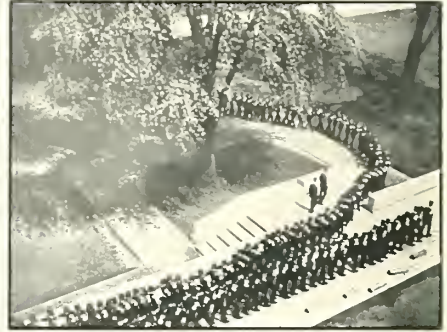
HARD GUYS



RAGTIME XMAS FORMATION



OFF FOR THE CRUISE



WHEN '09 GRADUATED

We Two," and other airs suitable for the occasion. However, things began to brighten up with the approach of spring, and most of us managed to secure that required mark somehow before the band in the yard took away all power to bone. In the meantime we had heard great news. There was to be an exposition at Jamestown, the President was going, and we were to be his especial escorts and bodyguard. The then Youngsters were not going on the cruise at all, remaining at the Academy instead, so that the honor was all ours. Every day that spring the "Provisional Battalion" (alias the Teddy Bears; alias the Goats), under the Second Class, drilled and paraded for the fame of the Academy and with the intention of "showing up" the West Pointers, who were also to be there.

June at last arrived and we sang "God Be With You," went through the graduation with ennui becoming to those who had already seen two, and finally swooped out to swarm around the Herndon monument, cheering everyone and everything, not forgetting ourselves. Next day we embarked on the Olympia, one hundred and seventy-five of us and seventy of the First Class, and maybe that historic ship wasn't crowded with us all. At Jamestown the much anticipated parade proved to be a four-hour wait in the hot sun and then a two-minute stroll across what we at first took for an unused pasture. Of the exposition itself, the less said the better—the only things in the whole place that were worth seeing were the ships in the harbor.



THEY DIDN'T SHOW UP SO WELL THERE



REST AT CAMP PAROLE

The number of us who were on board was much too great for comfort, so forty-four members of 1910 were ordered back to Crabtown to make their summer cruise on the Severn, and a more disconsolate lot it would have been hard to find. We saw them



THE HALFWAY MARK

off on the Standish, gave them a cheer with "Wind-jammers" on the end of it, waved our hats to the answering "Coal-heavers," and headed up the coast. We had a calm and foggy



PRACTICE MARCH

trip, but finally did arrive in New York and saw the Navy crew bring a half-swamped shell in third at Poughkeepsie. The rest of the summer was spent around New London after the usual manner, varied with a trip up the coast and a parade or two, here and there. At the end of the cruise we scattered to the ends of the land, partaking fully of the joys of that halcyon time, Youngster Leave.

The days flitted past and we returned to take up the life and our new service stripe. Again we came back from Philadelphia victorious, again we went through the Christmas jollifications and safely survived the succession of holiday boxes. The semi-ans. carried off more of our depleted class; we bade them God-speed and marched on. Youngster spring was a dream: the soft air, the hand in the Yard, books forgotten and the cruise in sight. Soon we were off on the briny deep, the squadron being reinforced by the historic Hartford and the old Chicago, in addition to the Olympia and two monitors. The routine was the usual one—New London, Portsmouth, and Bath—and the work was the same succession of copying sketches of antique ordnance material from equally antique cruise note-books. The whole three months, as well as the month of leave which followed, were endured simply as a prelude to the Class Supper. September 28 saw the eager mob at the Belvedere, and there occurred the happiest event in the life of the Class of 1910—so far. The brilliantly colored room, the warm glow over the cozy tables, the happy faces of all our friends, all conspired to make the scene live in our memories. The next day we came to earth. We began Second Class year. This itself is merely a matter of time, but the accompanying effects, Barton, Johnny Gow, Woolsey and "He" Smith are still painful subjects in the minds of many of our classmates. At the end of the second month there were not enough people sat. to fill the savvy section, and that was in Math only. A few subjects such as Steam and Electricity occupied any spare time we might have.

Nevertheless, we struggled steadily on, every one who had a mark in a subject turning all his efforts to help others less fortunate, and by the semi-ans. things didn't look as black as they had two months before. The exams turned out to be easy, and nobody was lost through their effects, though Nicholson had to go into convulsions to get out of some of them.

At last the great day arrived, and, belting on our swords (borrowed) with as blasé an air as we could call up, we went down to assume our provisional cadet offices and march the brigade down to see '09 graduate. As in a dream we saw them get their diplomas and go through the gyrations of the snake dance. Dimly we realized that we had reached the top and that it would be our turn next to be the center of attraction while the underclass looked on in hearty envy. Next day we piled out to the ships in the stream and prepared for our last practice cruise.

The tale of that cruise has been told elsewhere; suffice it to say that we found out that a first classman was not all he thought he was going to be, after all. The chief difference



was that it took fewer D's to put a first classman on the grade! September arrived finally, and we who had enough money to get home, pulled out for our various burgs with the least possible delay. But alas for the unhappy forty-seven! Leave meant little for them, and the opening of the Academic year brought to them only the question of whether or not they would be there to help things along. For, out of our class of one hundred and forty-three, forty-seven were unsat in Mechanics and facing a re-exam. at the end of leave. In the meantime the Brigade Organization had been issued and we gazed at the assortment of stripers and marveled—loudly. Later on in the year a little thing like that would not have surprised us, but we were unsophisticated then. A week after the opening of the year the exams were posted, and as a result we lost eleven classmates—and after one has known and lived with a person for over three years it leaves a mighty big hole when he drops out, too! Football came along and the general spirit of unrest displayed

itself there as it had elsewhere. The games were dull and listless, except that with Princeton, and, after the West Point game was called off, lost interest entirely. The cancellation of this game was one of the greatest disappointments of our course, and its lack was especially felt, coming as it did after an unfortunate season.

In the other branches of sport, however, we had a winter that was little short of phenomenal. Billy Wills led his basketball team through a season in which we lost but one game and that in the beginning of the schedule. The team won the Southern championship, and composed, solidly, the All-Southern team. In wrestling and gymnasium work we were equally successful. The gym team won every meet, and defeated the winner of the Inter-collegiate meet by over fifteen points. Wrestling came out victorious in all but one meet, and lost that by one fall. The fencing team defeated every collegiate team it met and capped the climax by bringing the Trophy back from New York.

After the semi-ans. the unexpected happened! The stripes were all shifted about and, if anything, a more astonishing set of cadet officers resulted than before, while those whose inclination led them not into social circles contented themselves with humble buzzards.

And now, when each day reduces the chant of the plebes in the middle of the table, we can (most of us, that is) shove our books aside and await with what patience we can muster the coming of the great day. We can look back over our four years and see things in their true perspective, recognizing our mistakes with an eye toward the future, and fairly appraising the good things we have done. There is much that is bitter in the reviewing, but taken all in all, four of the happiest years of our lives will be ended when we say our last good-byes to the Academy and the spot which has seen so many classes graduate.





N'S IN 1910



N₂D'S IN 1910



TRACK



CREW



FOOTBALL



BASEBALL

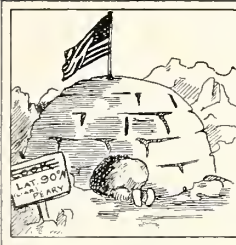


FENCING

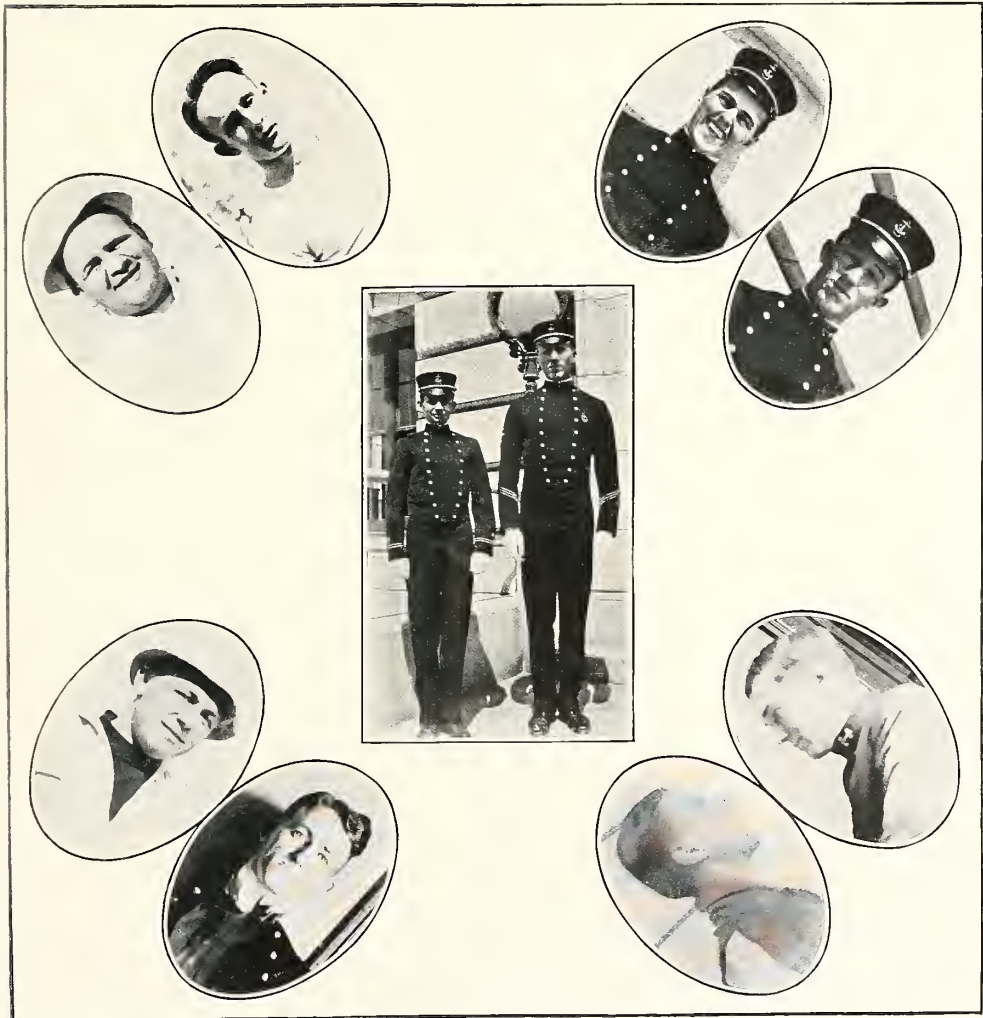


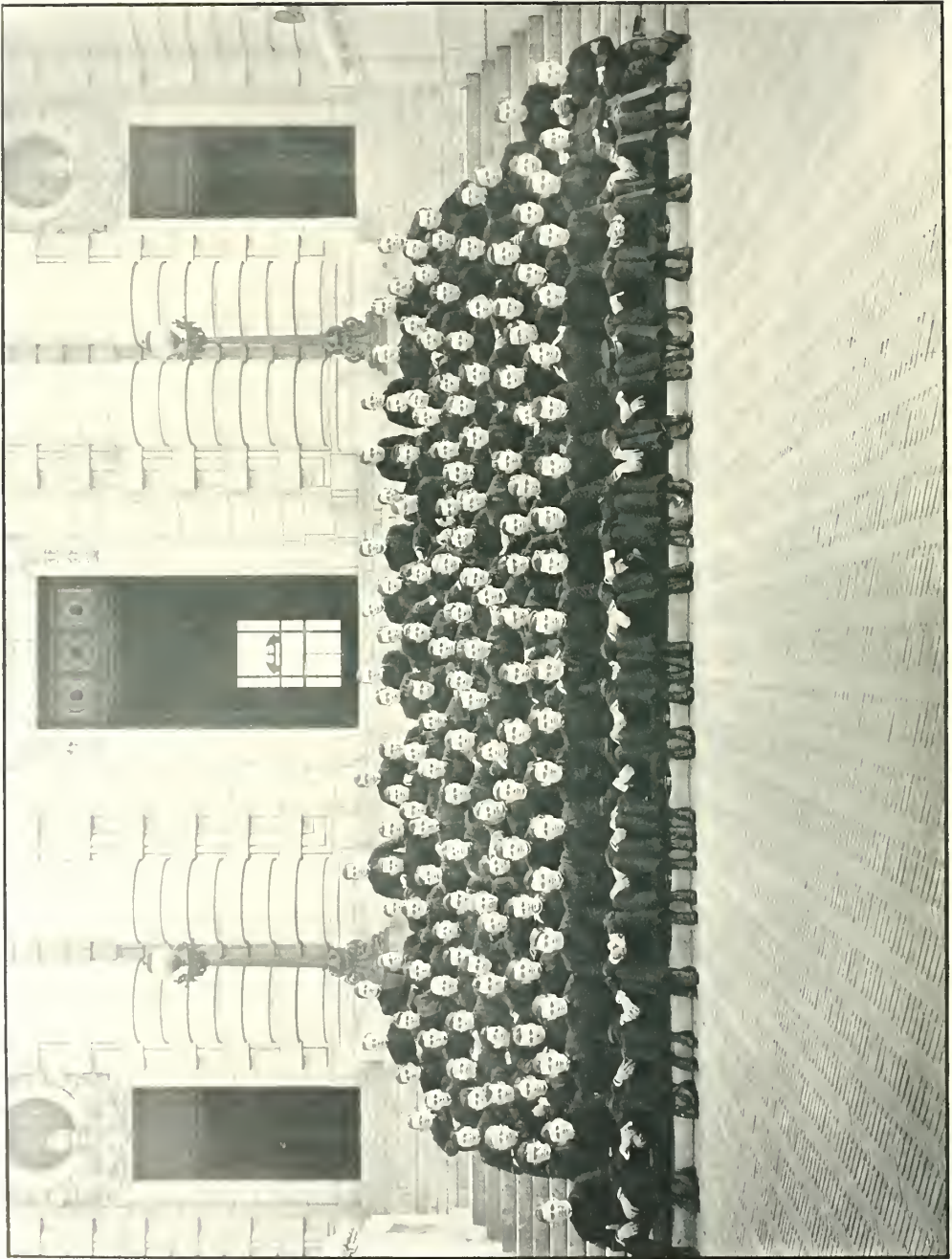
BASKETBALL

CLASS TEAMS

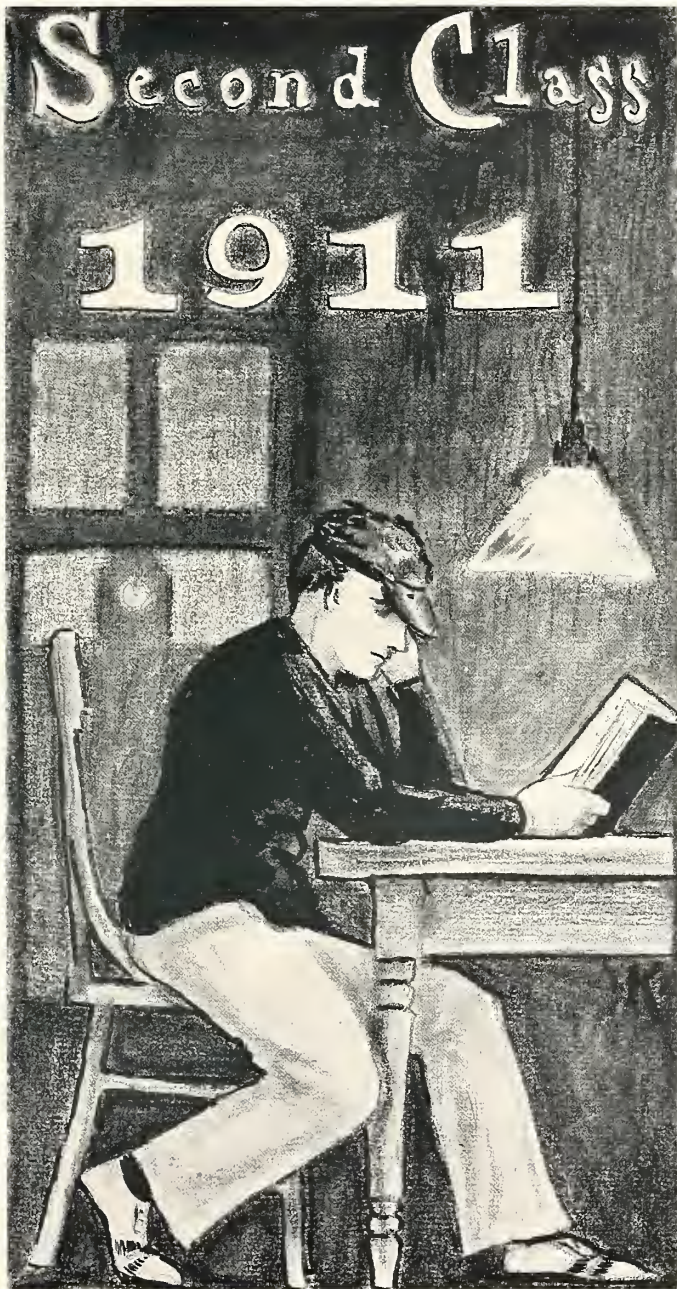


EXTREMES





CLASS OF 1911



CLASS ROLL

ANDERSON, J. W.
 ANDERSON, M. H.
 ASHE, G. B.
 AWTRY, R. K.
 BADGER, O. C.
 BAILEY, C. A.
 BAIRD, J. A.
 BAKER, P. R.
 BALTZLY, F.
 BARNES, W. C.
 BARR, E. L.
 BARTLETT, H. T.
 BATES, P. M.
 BATTEN, L. W.
 BAUGHMAN, W. E.
 BAXTER, T.
 BEACH, P. D.
 BIER, B. H.
 BIRDSALL, J. H.
 BLACKWELL, J. M.
 BODE, H.
 BOGUSCH, H. R.
 BOOTH, R. H.
 BOYSON, H. H.
 BRERETON, L. H.

BROWN, M. L.
 BRUNS, H. F.
 BUCHANAN, P.
 BULLARD, B. S.
 BUTLER, A. H.
 BUTLER, W. J.
 BYRNES, J. C., JR.
 CALLAGHAN, D. J.
 CALLAWAY, W. F.
 CAPEHART, E. D.
 CAREY, L. C.
 CARROLL, C. B.
 CARSTARPHEN, R. J.
 CHANDLER, W. D., JR.
 CHEEK, M. C.
 CLAY, H. S. McK.
 COBB, C. H.
 COLLIER, F. M.
 COMSTOCK, L. W.
 CONWAY, U. W.
 CRAVEN, F. S.
 CRESAP, J. McD.
 CURRY, C. H.
 CYGON, J. R.
 DAVIDSON, W. S.

DAVIS, N.
 DAY, S. K.
 DENNETT, R. E.
 DEYO, M. L.
 DICKINSON, E. F.
 DOUGLAS, H. G.
 DOWNER, D. B.
 DOYLE, R. M., JR.
 ENGLISH, R. H.
 ERWIN, V. P.
 ESLER, J. K.
 FENNER, M. M.
 FIELD, R. S.
 FLETCHER, J. A.
 FORD, A. W.
 FORD, W. D.
 FOSTER, P. F.
 FULLER, G. C.
 GARNETT, J.
 GATES, J. W.
 GILMORE, M. D.
 GLENNON, H. R.
 GODWIN, D. C.
 GOODHUE, W. E.
 GOODRIDGE, M. K.

GORDON, C. C.	McCLUNG, E. R.	REYNOLDS, F. F.
GREEN, L. B.	McCORD, C. G.	RIDGELY, C.
GRIFFIN, R. M.	McCORD, F. C.	RIEDEL, W. A.
GROMER, J. G. B.	McGEHEE, E. C.	RIEFKOHL, F. L.
HAGEN, O. O.	McHENRY, H. D.	RISLEY, R. G.
HAISLIP, H. S.	McMILLIN, G. J.	RODGERS, J. L.
HAMMOND, T. E.	McQUARRIE, D. S.	ROOD, G. A.
HANSON, E. W.	MACK, A. R.	ROSE, S. E.
HATCH, F. S.	MACOMB, A.	RUTTER, A. A.
HAWLEY, D. B.	MAGRUDER, J. H., JR.	SAMPSON, H. B.
HAYES, W. C.	MANN, J. R., JR.	SCOTT, N.
HICKS, E. H.	MAYFIELD, P. C.	SCOTT, R. C.
HILL, H. W.	MEIGS, J. F., JR.	SESSIONS, F. R.
HINCKLEY, R. M.	MELENDY, F. B.	SHIELDS, H. J.
HINRICHS, R. P.	MELVIN, J. T.	SIMONS, R. B.
HODDICK, F. G.	MERRING, H. L.	SKELTON, R. H.
HODSON, M.	MEYER, V.	SMITH, G. A.
HOLT, J. H., JR.	MITCHELL, S.	SMITH, J. McE. B.
HOWARD, B. B.	MOHLE, R. P.	SMITH, L. P.
HOWELL, G. F.	MOLTEN, R. P., JR.	SNOW, H. E.
JACOBS, G. F.	MORGAN, A. L., JR.	SNYDER, B. M.
JEANS, H. S.	MURRAY, G. D.	STARK, H. W.
JOHNSTON, C. Y.	MYERS, R. P.	STONE, E. S.
KEEP, H. S.	NASON, S. M.	STRICKLAND, S. G.
KELLER, H. R.	NEWTON, C., JR.	SWEENEY, E. C.
KERLEY, J. L.	NIELSON, J. L.	SYLVESTER, J. McF.
KING, T. S., 2D.	NIXON, E. B.	TAYLOR, JAS. H.
KINGMAN, H. F.	OATES, E. T.	THOM, J. C.
KIRK, N. L.	O'BRIEN, W. H., JR.	THOMAS, G. E.
KIRKMAN, V. L., JR.	OKIE, J. B., JR.	UBERROTH, F. E. P.
LAMBERTON, L.	PAINE, R. W.	VROOM, G. B.
LAPHAM, E. B.	PAMPERIN, L. S.	WASSON, L.
LARIMER, M. W.	PARROTT, G. F., JR.	WEBSTER, W. W.
LAWDER, R. C.	PATCH, E. L.	WELDEN, F.
LEIDEL, O. W.	PERLEY, R. N.	WHITING, H. M.
LEWIS, R. W.	PETERSON, J. R., JR.	WILSON, E. D.
LODER, A.	PHILLIPS, W. B.	WOLFARD, O. L.
LOFTIN, F.	PICKING, S.	WOLFE, A. S.
LOWRY, F. J.	QUIGLEY, W. M.	WOOD, R. F.
LOWRY, G. M.	RAGON, S. K.	WOODWARD, K. C.
McCAUGHEY, S. D.	READ, O. M., JR.	WRIGHT, C. Q., JR.
McCLARAN, J. W.	REEVES, J. W.	ZENOR, J. A. L.
McCLOY, T. S.	REHM, H. E.	ZIMERMANN, A. G.

CLASS HISTORY

IT has been said, and with some authority, that a class makes or breaks itself during the Second Class year. To this we yield a cordial assent, hoping that the future will show that we have made good.

Somewhere way back in the realms of long ago, we remember or choose to forget, the trials and tribulations of a Plebe year. That year was hard. Back again in the hazy past, but not so far, is a Youngster year. That year was harder. Behind us, but so near that the marks of conflict, of worry, of fear and hatred are still fresh upon us, lies our Second Class year—the hardest of all. A First Class year is our doorway to the future. For that we have nothing but eagerness and confidence. Once past the superlative, we have nothing more to fear.

Those who know say that we missed a stay at the Academy and the consequent extra leave by little more than a stroke of the pen, and so confident were the false prophets and their rumorings that we fully believed we were elected for the happy fate of 1909. Our hopes were dashed. There was, in the words of the immortal Hodson, "strictly nothin' regurgitating." We danced through our Second June Ball with that blasé air only acquired by attendance at two of those eventful functions; we packed our boxes and our bags; we boarded the ships as Second Classmen have done since that far-off era when bows and arrows instead of eight-inch guns graced the ports of our battleships; we sailed away in the same old way, and did the same old things.

Second Class Cruise was a happy one. We felt the freedom from the petty annoyances which grate on the Youngster's sense of importance, and sometimes we didn't have to row or hoist boats. After the cruise—leave. A Second Classman enjoys his leave in a more sedate way than a Youngster, and very likely gets more out of it. He even begins to fuss with something definite in view, and when he returns to the Academy your true Second Classman straight-way peels off the promiscuous pictures of girls that have adorned his locker door, and makes it a shrine for the only onliest. Of course this is only a general rule, but the exceptions prove it.

After the month of parties, balls, dinners, receptions, theater parties, hops, dances, joy rides, pic-nics, house-parties, quilting-bees, and all the rest of the gayeties which keep the midshipmen alive through that month of absence from books and studies, we made a grandstand finish with the Class Supper. The Hotel Belvedere, in Baltimore, was our rendezvous and our own for that

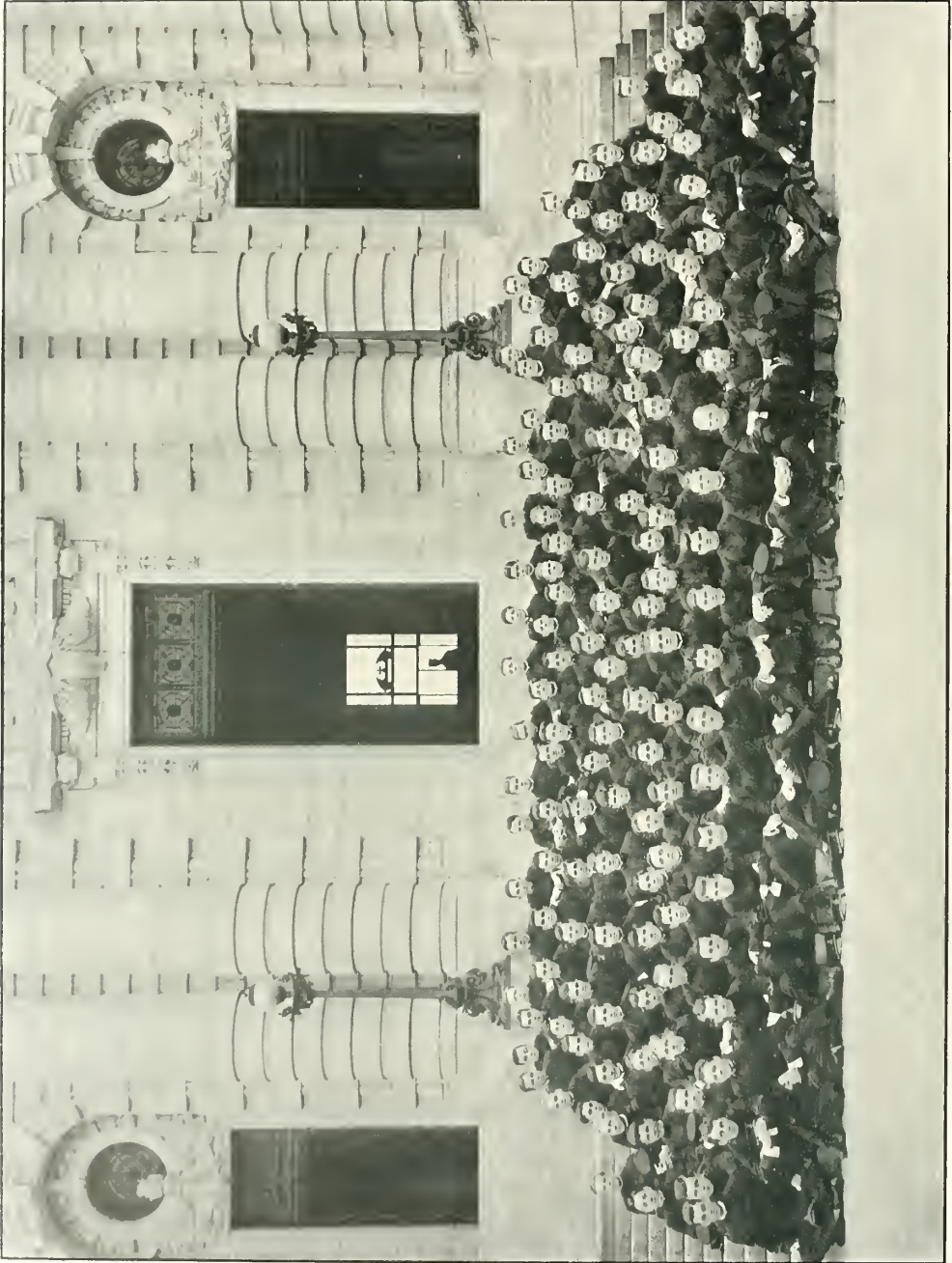
one night, and everybody was happy—supremely happy for once. The speeches, the toasts, the meeting of the old friends was ideally perfect, and in some future time when we are old in the service, and sit sedately around a ward-room table, it will still be a fruitful subject of conversation.

Then we returned to earth, and signed up our return the next morning in the big book which graces the office of the Officer-in-Charge with varied emotions. Leave lay behind us and we were sorry, but another year was waiting to be tackled, and we were quite in a mood to tackle it. While we were told on every hand that this was the hardest year of the course, the very fact that we had proceeded far enough to speak familiarly of Navigation, Ordnance, Seamanship, Marine Engines, Boilers and Mechanics, was intoxicating in itself. We remembered our own Plebe Summer, and the mighty gods who made or broke us at their will under the guise of Second Classmen—and here we were, stepping calmly into their shoes.

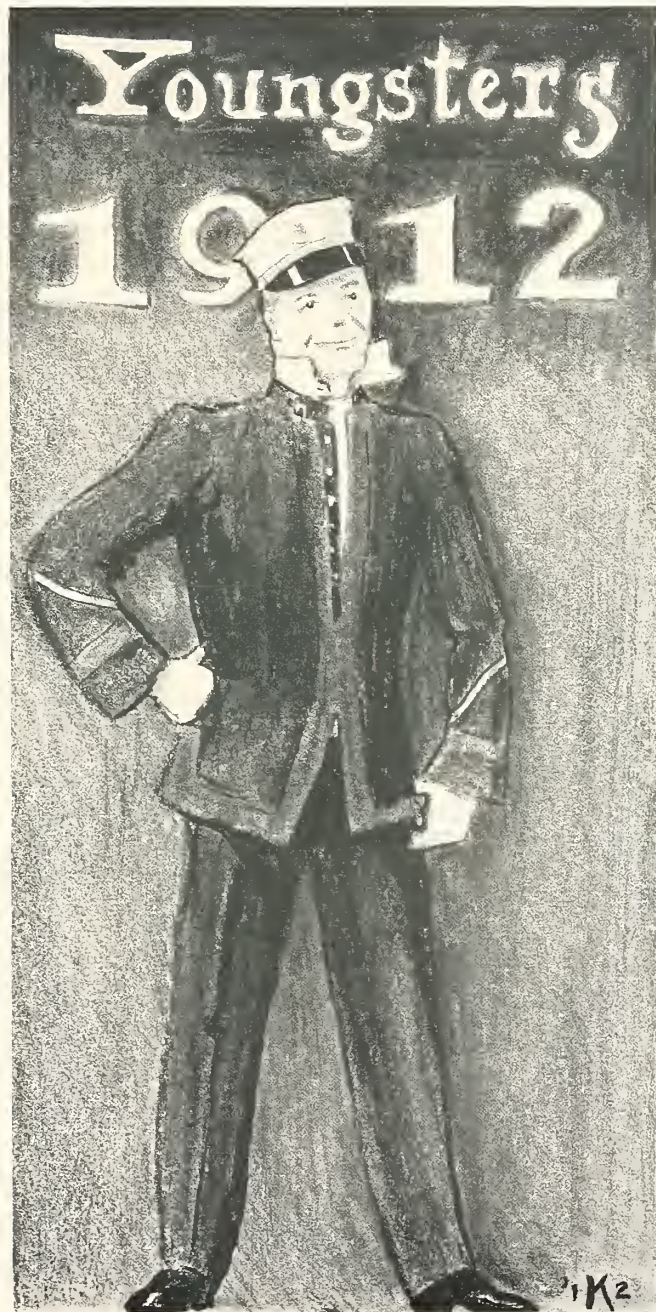
That was expectation. Then came realization. We had not been at work long before we found out that everyone had underestimated. No mortal man can describe the throes and the agony in which we writhed during this Second Class year. Mechanics developed from a nightmare into a horrible reality, and all the rest of the subjects ran it a good race for first place. Many of us who had laughed at the idea before, started burning late lights, and nobody, as far as we can ascertain, lay around during study hours and read novels. By the second month Mechanics had a strangle-hold, and our shoulders were so near the mat that it looked like a decision. Imagine a class of over two hundred with less than a hundred satisfactory in Math., and half of that number “squidging” for a 2.5! However, when the Semians. fell due, we had spurted famously, and ended up the term with only one man lost as the direct result of the exams. The trend for the better during the second term was gradual but cumulative.

So, with the cruise in the near and rosy future, Second Class year a thing of the past, and having led you to a happy conclusion of our story, we stop. We tell you now of our mistakes and hardships, knowing that when Father Time has passed his ray-screen over the picture, the high-lights which are the harsh ones will disappear, and we will read this over at some future time—and laugh.





CLASS OF 1912





ABBOT, J. L.
 ALDEN, C. S.
 AMIDON, F. T.
 ANDERSON, A. B.
 BAGBY, O. W.
 BARBER, E. H.
 BARBEY, D. E.
 BENNETT, A. C.
 BISCHOFF, L. P.
 BISHOP, J. B.
 BOWDEN, J. P.
 BOYD, T. S.
 BOYDEN, D.
 BROADBENT, E. W.
 BROWN, J. J.
 BROWN, L. R.
 BROWN, R. D.
 BUCKMASTER, E.
 BURTIS, W. H.
 BYERS, J. A.
 BYRD, R. E., JR.
 BYRNE, C. B.
 CAMPBELL, W. E., JR.
 CHASE, N. B.
 CHEADLE, W. E.
 CLARK, J. C.
 COHEN, C. L.
 COLL, E. W.
 CONGER, F. B., JR.

CORLEY, W. A.
 CRENSHAW, E. A.
 CRUTCHFIELD, J. A.
 CULIN, J. H.
 CURLEY, H. P.
 DALTON, J. P.
 DASHIELL, G. W. D.
 DECKER, S. M.
 DE LANY, W. S.
 DENFELD, L. E.
 DE TREVILLE, D.
 DODD, H.
 DREISONSTOK, J. Y.
 EDGAR, C. D.
 EIKEL, J.
 ELDER, F. K.
 ELDRIDGE, E. P.
 ELMER, R. E. P.
 ERTZ, H.
 FALGE, J. H.
 FISCHER, H. E.
 FORDE, L. K.
 FORSTER, O. M.
 FORT, G. H.
 FOX, J. L.
 FRAZER, H. C.
 FULTON, G.
 GATCH, T. L.
 GATES, H. G., JR.

GIBBS, T. C.
 GILLESPIE, G. S.
 GILLILAND, C. G.
 GOOD, H. H.
 GREENE, C. F.
 GREENMAN, W. G.
 GRIFFIN, V. C.
 GROW, H. B.
 GULBRANSON, C.
 GUTHRIE, A. H.
 HAAS, W. S.
 HAGGART, R. S.
 HALL, C. M.
 HALL, R. A.
 HAMILTON, D. W.
 HANNON, R. V.
 HARLOW, H.
 HAWKINS, R. H.
 HIBBS, N. W.
 HITCHCOCK, G. C.
 HOGG, W. S., JR.
 HOLT, R. W.
 HOLTZENDORFF, J. D.
 HOOGEWERFF, H.
 HURLINGS, G.
 HYSTER, L. L.
 KERR, R. E.
 KIEFFER, H. M.
 KING, J. L.

LA BOMBARD, H. V.	PATRICK, H. G.	TEN EYCK, A. C.
LAKE, F. U.	PATTERSON, D. F.	THEISS, P. S.
LA MOUNTAIN, G. W.	PAYNE, R. G.	THOMPSON, B. M.
LAVENDER, R. A.	PEIRCE, H. J.	THOMPSON, H.
LEE, J. A.	PENDLETON, A.	THOMPSON, R. R.
LEWIS, L. H.	PERKINS, W.	TISDALE, M. S.
LITTLE, H. H.	PERLMAN, B.	TRACHT, S. P.
LOCKWOOD, C. A., JR.	PIERCE, H. C.	VENTER, J. G.
LODER, A. W.	POE, B. F.	WADDELL, W. C.
MACCRONE, W. C.	PRYOR, J. P.	WAKEMAN, R. H.
MCDONNELL, E. O.	QUINN, M. P.	WALTON, A. S.
McKITTERICK, E. H.	RAMSEY, D. C.	WARD, H. A.
McMORRIS, C. H.	REYNAUD, C. F.	WEEKS, R. J.
McNAIR, C. W.	RICHARDS, J. K., JR.	WEEMS, P. V. H.
MARMION, P. C.	ROBERTS, A. C.	WENTWORTH, R. S.
MARTIN, C. K.	ROBERTSON, R. S.	WENZELL, L. P.
MARTIN, R. L.	ROBINSON, S. B.	WHITEHEAD, G. B.
MASON, C. P.	RUSSELL, E. A.	WHITESIDE, G. W.
MERRILL, A. S.	SANBORN, A. B.	WHITING, F. E. M.
MILLS, S.	SAUNDERS, H. E.	WICK, H. C.
MONFORT, J. C.	SAUNDERS, J. A.	WILBUR, J.
MONTGOMERY, A. E.	SCHUIRMANN, R. E.	WILLIS, W. J.
MOORE, R. D.	SCOFIELD, H. W.	WILSON, S. A.
MORRISSEY, E. R.	SHAW, W. A.	WOMBLE, S. G.
NICKINSON, E. P.	SIMPSON, E. P. A.	WOODRUFF, G. L.
OSBORNE, C. K.	SMALL, E. G.	WRIGHT, C. H.
OSGOOD, W. H.	SOWELL, I. C.	ZACHARIAS, E. M.
PACE, E. M.	SPENCER, R. W.	ZEIGLER, S. J.
PARR, R. S.	TAYLOR, W. D.	





CLASS

HISTORY



MANY, many months ago—they seem like so many years now—we entered the Academy as “gentlemen of the new Fourth Class,” and upon us, as upon Plebes since time immemorial, descended the wrath of the upper classmen, and the hereditary burden of iron-bound custom left us by those gone before. We had been “braced up” and “bawled out,” cruelly imposed upon, as we thought: as to prisoners in a dungeon the 4th of June loomed up before us as the glorious day of freedom, when we were to enter upon a new life in a new world.

And what a day it was! Had we not lived through those few hours a thousand times over, and had we not planned them months before? Like the funny moving picture people in the twinkling of an eye we had been transformed from the best-behaved class of Plebes to the “rattiest” and wildest bunch of Youngsters that ever trod Lover’s Lane. How different the world looked, too! How we looked down with disdain upon the candidates, slouching about the yard with their caps thrown back and hands in their pockets. They would be Plebes in a few days, and oh, for a chance to run one of them!

It was a happy farewell, indeed, that sounded off the June Ball: doubly happy for us who were enjoying the first fruits of that pleasure which makes the fusser’s life a paradise. Yet, truly, did we not feel a certain sense of loneliness on leaving *dear old Crabtown*, with its cool (?) breezes and shady trees, for unknown ports far up the coast?

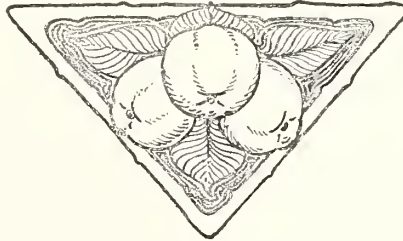
Three months of this yachting trip—otherwise known as the practice cruise—served to give us a taste of life on the briny deep, and a coating of that brown enamel which does not easily wash off when the middy takes his first fresh-water bath. Work there was, and plenty of it: away all boats, shine brightwork, and furl awnings, yet who ever remembers how we groaned and sweated, just for nothing at all! It must be mentioned, too, that we had gained an enviable record as seagoing men, for did we not pull running boats in all sorts of weather, and did not the youngsters fire the lumbering old “Hartford” all the way up the coast?

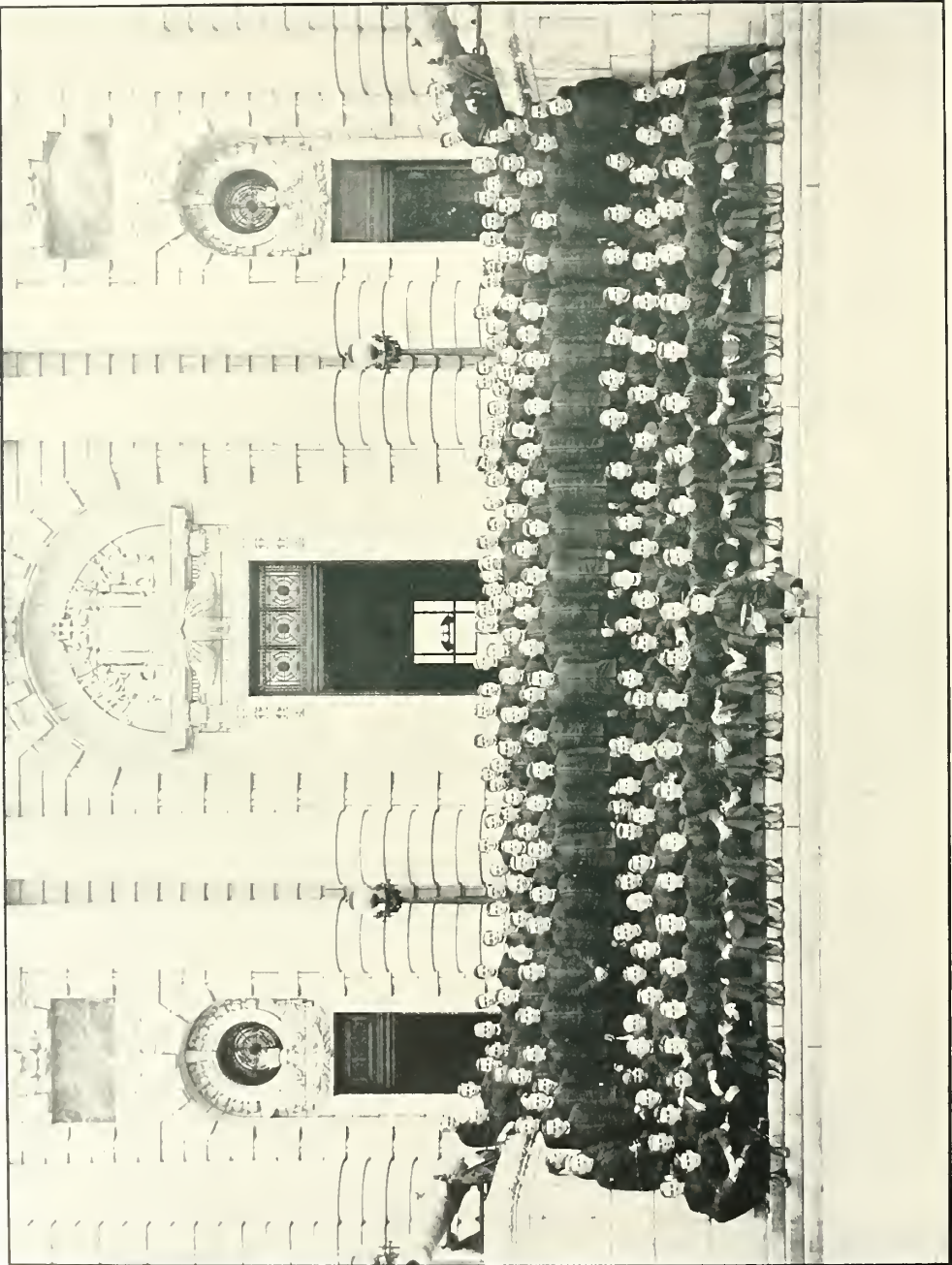
Without all its fun and good times, we could hardly look back upon the cruise as something we had *really* enjoyed. But when we think of the shows and hops, of the ball games ashore, or of the famous menagerie on the “Olymp” (Tommy Thompson and Kieffer in the “spuds” locker): or when we hear Duke Ramsey’s famous guitar, then we can smile and say, “Well, I guess we had one fine time, eh?”

Somewhat cautiously, yet with a feeling of restrained energy and bubbling enthusiasm, I tell of wondrous youngster leave: the month of bliss that comes but once in a lifetime. To get home again, and to see the girls; to have a rousing good time, with plenty of money, no regulations, and no bugle calls; to walk and talk and ride with "her"—what is Paradise to this?

Our studies we found hard, indeed, yet we cannot deny that some of them were really interesting. With our seventeen new story books we were very well pleased, and our new Naval History pleased us still better, for not until Maclay's History had gone to the scrap heap could a youngster rest in peace. After having been operated on Plebe year with an injection of two new algebras and a trigonometry, the Math. Department was so well pleased with the resulting condition of our brains that they served out a large dose of calculus for us to begin on this year. Absolutely indigestible, and hard as flint, it proved the death blow to many a struggling youngster, and left bruises on our systems that can never be effaced.

"Last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history," is the vision of our wonderful foreign cruise! At last, after years of waiting, it has come, and when could we better appreciate it than now? Imbued with all the fresh vigor of the man who has "come into his own," we shall take hold of our new work with the same spirit that has characterized our actions in the past. Whether ashore or at sea, be our duties great or small, we shall perform them with the noble thought that we are making the history and adding to the glory of the Class of '12.





CLASS OF 1913

Plebes 1913



ABBOTT, H. L.	CRISP, F. G.	HATCH, W. G. B.
ABBOTT, H. W.	CROSBY, G. R.	HAZELTINE, C. B.
AGRELL, L. R.	DALE, G. S.	HECK, H. F.
ALLEN, W. H., JR.	DAUGHTRY, R. B.	HELMICK, C. G.
ANDREWS, G. A.	DAVIS, E.	HENDERSON, J. R.
ANNIN, H. B.	DAVIS, G. B.	HENDREN, P.
ARD, L. B.	DAVIS, H. C.	HENRY, W. O.
ARNOLD, J. B.	DAWSON, H. B.	HILL, J. L.
ASHBROOK, A. W.	DILLINGHAM, F. W.	HINTZE, K. E.
ASSERSON, R.	DONAHUE, A. H.	HOARD, C. E.
AUSTIN, C. L.	DORTCH, W. B.	HOFFMAN, J. H.
BABBITT, L. L.	DOUGLAS, D. W.	HOLMES, G. L.
BATES, H. G.	DOWNES, O. L.	HUDSON, M.
BAUCH, H. W.	DOYLE, W. E.	HULL, C. T.
BERRIEN, T. G.	DUBOSE, L. T.	HULL, G. D.
BLANDY, W. H. P.	DUDLEY, R.	HUNT, B. T.
BRAY, S. E.	DUNBAR, P. H., JR.	HUTCHINS, G.
BRENNER, J. E.	DUNN, A. W., JR.	INGRAHAM, C. N.
BIGGS, H. M.	EDDINS, A. H.	JOHNSTON, F. L.
BROWNELL, J. A.	ENRIGHT, E. F.	JONES, J. C., JR.
BRYAN, H. V.	FENN, H. K.	JONES, J. D.
BRYANT, S. E.	FLOYD, H. F.	JULIAN, C. C.
CASSARD, P.	FOITZ, C. L.	JUNKIN, G. B.
CAUSEY, W. L., JR.	GAYHART, E. L.	JUPP, W. B.
CLARK, B. F.	GEER, S. H.	KATES, J. M.
CLARKE, A. V.	GEISENHOPF, N. H.	KEISKER, H. E.
CLARKE, L. W.	GELLERSTEDT, H. R.	KIRKPATRICK, R. D.
CLARRISON, H. S.	GILLETTE, N. C.	KNIGHT, R. H.
CLIFFORD, C. L.	GRAY, L. R.	KNOTT, A. W.
COCHRAN, W.	GRAYSON, R. H.	LABBE, A. L.
COCHRAN, W. T.	GREENE, G. L., JR.	LANDY, R. R.
CONNOR, A. D.	HAAS, A. L.	LEAHY, E. F.
COWLES, F. W.	HALL, J. L.	LEE, D. R.
CRAVEN, T. A. M.	HARTLEY, H. N.	LEIGHTON, B. G.

LINGO, B. H.
LONG, E. B., JR.
LOTT, J. M.
LOYNACHAN, N.
MCCAWLEY, E. S.
MCFEATERS, C. P.
MCGUIRE, T. W.
MCKEE, F. W.
MARCUS, A.
MASEK, W.
MATHEWS, J. T.
MAURY, S. F.
MAYER, J. L.
MEEK, W. W.
MILLER, J. McC.
MOORE, S. N.
NELSON, H. J.
O'KEEFE, E. J.
O'NEAL, K.
PAGE, H. B.
PALMER, J. R.
PARMELEE, H. P.
PARRISH, C. J.
PEARSE, C. L.
PEAFF, R.
PICKERING, L. D.

PICKHARDT, A. VON S.
PILLSBURY, H. W.
POWELL, P. P.
PREAS, R. A.
QUINLAN, E. H.
RANSOM, P. C.
REINIGER, G. G.
RITCHEL, C. S.
ROBINSON, A. G.
RODES, P. P.
ROGERS, J. M.
ROTH, L. J.
RUBLE, W. J.
SAUNDERS, W. H.
SCOTT, R. McC.
SEARLES, P. J.
SEARLES, T. M.
SEIBERT, W.
SELLER, H. A.
SHINE, T.
SHOCK, T. M.
SKINNER, H. G., JR.
SLEEPER, P. DeV.
SMITH, JESSE H.
SPENCER, H. S.
STEVENS, P. A.

STRONG, J. H.
THEBAUD, L. H.
THOMPSON, T. B.
THURSTON, S. S.
TIMBERLAKE, J. B.
TISDALE, G. M.
TODD, C. C., JR.
TRIPPE, G.
VAILL, R.
VALENTINE, R. J.
VANDERKLOOT, E. L.
VAN VALZAH, H. C.
VENABLE, R. S. H.
WALLACE, K. R. R.
WANT, C. H.
WEBB, J. R.
WHITE, H. L.
WILD, L.
WILSON, R. J.
WITHERS, C.
WOLF, G. W.
WOOD, V.
WOODSIDE, E. L.
WRIGHT, W. L.
WYMAN, R. S.
ZEMKE, E. F.



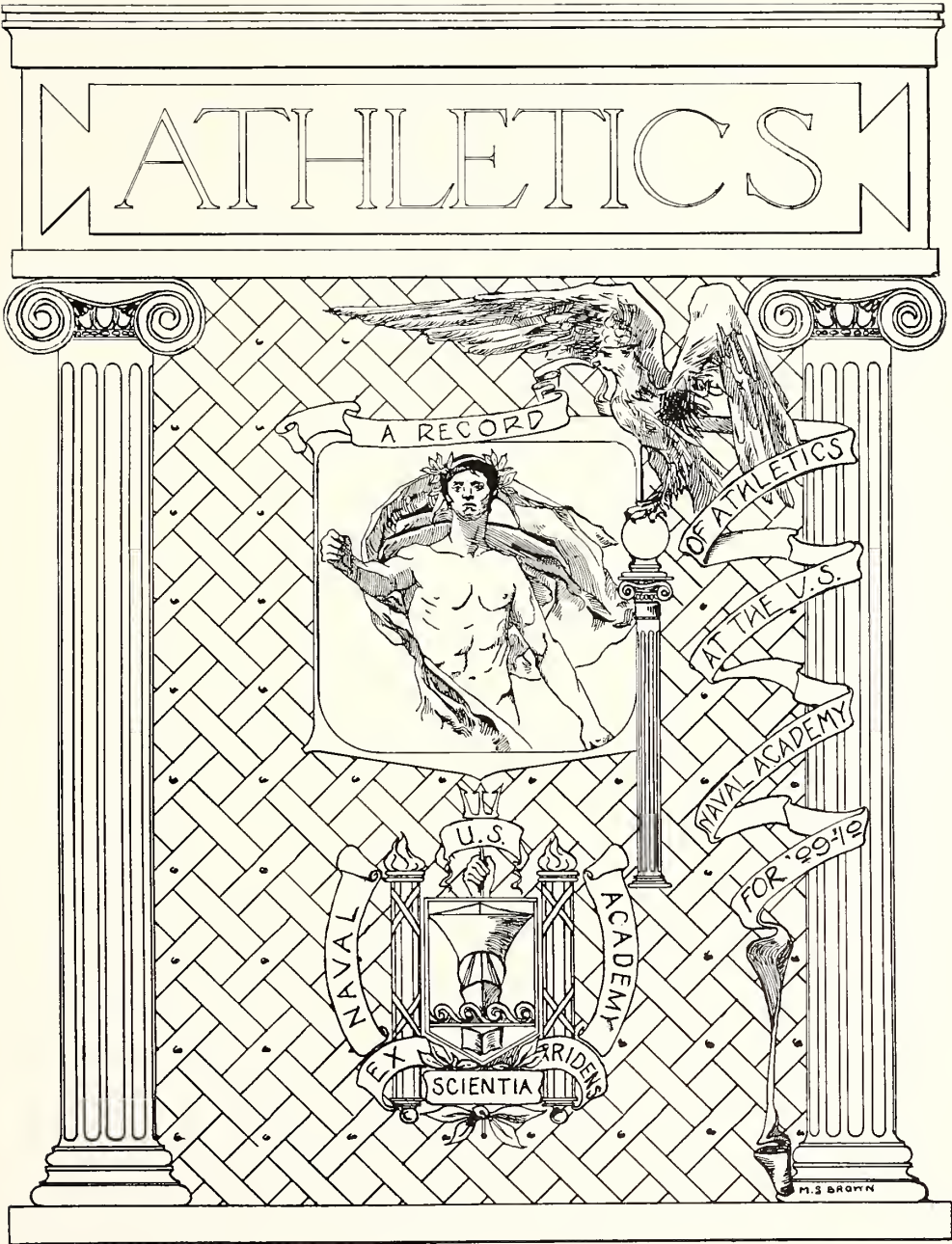
HISTORY OF 1913

THE class entered during the last fortnight of June and amounted to about two hundred and ten—not very large, to be sure, but with the right spirit and plenty of it, we think. We went bravely through the agony of appearing in public attired in the traditional new work suit, “unbiled” shirt and collar, and that natty and nautical blue and white hat fresh from the store, and after the first month or so began to enjoy ourselves as only innocent little Plebes can during Plebe summer. There were the usual scrambles for the coxswain’s box at cutter drill, the same old descent on the milk pitcher as soon as the order “Seats” had been given, and at swimming drill the woods back of the bath houses were put to the same purpose as of yore.

Towards the middle of August the regular inter-company track meet was held with the much prized Wednesday liberty for the winner. The meet showed that the class contained some mighty good material and incidentally gave us an opportunity to break a goodly number of former Plebe records. Some baseball men were developed who will have to be reckoned with for the first team, and upwards of twenty of us got our sharpshooter’s medals. In football, 1913’s record is well known and needs no more than passing mention.

September was over in a jiffy and with October came the dreaded return of the upperclassmen and the serious beginning of the academic year. Then it was that many of us came to grief and that we all learnt exactly what a miserable creature a Plebe was and precisely where his place might be. Still it did us all a world of good and as we became a little less raw and acquired our share of spoons life became well worth living. The time fairly flew and before we quite realized it Christmas and New Year’s had come and gone and the Semi-ans, were upon us with all their attending horrors. Many of our best men and dearest friends succumbed and took their sad departure from our midst, but let us hope that they will return next year and receive our heartiest welcome.

Thus have we told the tale of the Class of Nineteen-thirteen. There is not much of it, and most that has been said might well be omitted, for our story lies wholly with the future and with ourselves. Let us see what we can make of it.





The Midshipmen's Athletic Association

President

C. M. COOKE, JR.

Captain Football Team

G. R. MEYER

Manager Football Team

B. R. PEYTON

Captain Baseball Team

E. J. GILLAM

Manager Baseball Team

C. K. BRONSON

Captain Crew

W. L. AINSWORTH

Manager Crew

H. E. ROSSILL

Captain Track Team

J. F. DONELSON

Captain Fencing Team

R. T. MERRILL, 2d

Captain Rifle Team

H. W. HOSFORD

Captain Basketball Team

B. O. WILLS

Chairman Hop Committee

R. W. CLARK

Secretary

C. H. COBB

Treasurer

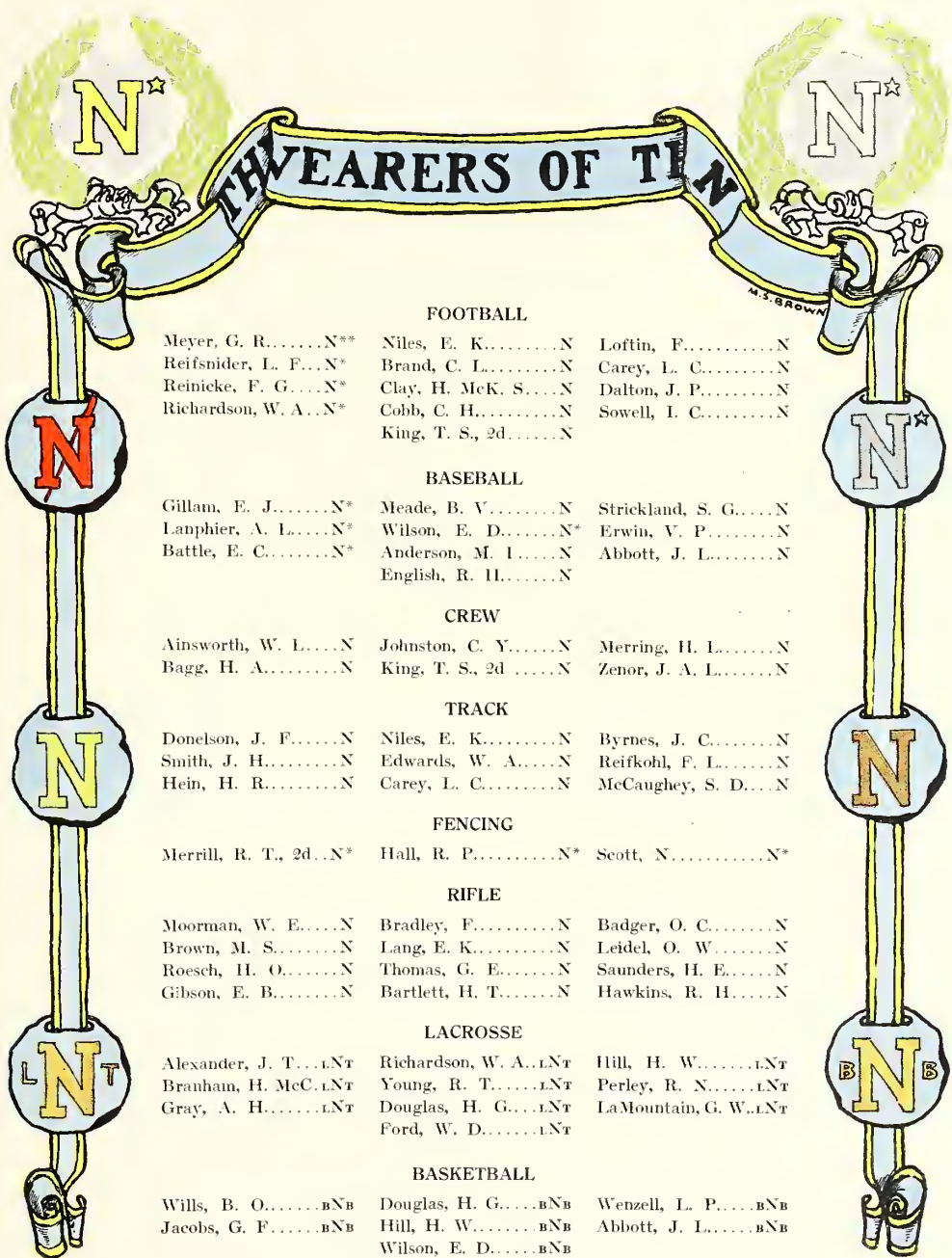
H. S. MCK. CLAY

Representative Third Class

R. E. BYRD, JR.

Representative Fourth Class

J. L. HALL



FOOTBALL

Meyer, G. R.....N**	Niles, E. K.....N	Loftin, P.....N
Reifsnider, L. F...N*	Brand, C. L.....N	Carey, L. C.....N
Reinicke, F. G.....N*	Clay, H. McK. S....N	Dalton, J. P.....N
Richardson, W. A...N*	Cobb, C. H.....N	Sowell, I. C.....N
	King, T. S., 2d.....N	

BASEBALL

Gillam, E. J.....N*	Meade, B. V.....N	Strickland, S. G....N
Lanphier, A. L.....N*	Wilson, E. D.....N*	Erwin, V. P.....N
Battle, E. C.....N*	Anderson, M. I.....N	Abbott, J. L.....N
	English, R. H.....N	

CREW

Ainsworth, W. L....N	Johnston, C. Y.....N	Merring, H. L.....N
Bagg, H. A.....N	King, T. S., 2d.....N	Zenor, J. A. L.....N

TRACK

Donelson, J. F.....N	Niles, E. K.....N	Byrnes, J. C.....N
Smith, J. H.....N	Edwards, W. A.....N	Reifkohl, F. L.....N
Hein, H. R.....N	Carey, L. C.....N	McCaughy, S. D....N

FENCING

Merrill, R. T., 2d...N*	Hall, R. P.....N*	Scott, N.....N*
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RIFLE

Moorman, W. E.....N	Bradley, F.....N	Badger, O. C.....N
Brown, M. S.....N	Lang, E. K.....N	Leidel, O. W.....N
Roesch, H. O.....N	Thomas, G. E.....N	Saunders, H. E.....N
Gibson, E. B.....N	Bartlett, H. T.....N	Hawkins, R. H.....N

LACROSSE

Alexander, J. T....LNT	Richardson, W. A...LNT	Hill, H. W.....LNT
Branham, H. McC.LNT	Young, R. T....LNT	Perley, R. N.....LNT
Gray, A. H.....LNT	Douglas, H. G....LNT	LaMountain, G. W.LNT
	Ford, W. D.....LNT	

BASKETBALL

Wills, B. O.....BNB	Douglas, H. G....BNB	Wenzell, L. P....BNB
Jacobs, G. F.....BNB	Hill, H. W.....BNB	Abbott, J. L.....BNB
	Wilson, E. D.....BNB	



TEAM CAPTAINS





FOOTBALL SQUAD—1909



The Football Season of 1909

IN all games in which we meet the Army, the final success or failure of the season in the minds of the midshipmen depends entirely upon the result of that game. This being the case, it is evident that all other games will be made of secondary importance. There is one other object of every season's work: the development of new men, who will be able to do their share towards making the following season a success.

Both of these objects must be taken into consideration in reviewing the football season of 1909.

The team was developed with the main object in view—that it would reach its best form in THE game, that it would be able to put up a game on the 27th of November which would be the best attainable with good coaching, well-trained men, and a full cargo of the real Navy grit and fighting spirit.

We made a bad start. St. John's was our first opponent and they gave us our first severe jolt. The team placed on the field was an experiment, and it proved conclusively that Richardson belonged in the back field. In fact, it was not until "Bully" had been shifted from tackle to fullback that we were able to do anything against the fast little team from the college on the hill. Then we scored three touchdowns while the St. Johnnies worked us on that old, old shoestring play



PEYTON



LT. BERRIEN



COACHES

This reduced the fumbling which earlier in the game had been very noticeable. During the first half the backs carried the ball to within striking distance of the goal, where Wilson and Reifsnider worked a forward pass for a touchdown. In the second half Rutgers worked a triple pass to the fifteen-yard line, and then made a successful try at a field goal. After the next kick-off our backs carried the ball down the field for another touchdown. The game ended with a score of 12 to 3.

Wilson's work at quarterback was very good. He ran the team well and played a brilliant game individually. It looked as if the quarterback position was well filled. The next Saturday we played Villanova. Last year we had defeated them by a decisive score, but it was a different story this time. The game was hard and well played, though our team started without the services of Reifsnider, Richardson and Meyer. Villanova worked a forward pass up to our two-yard line and then in three downs put it over. In the second half we could do nothing, and Richardson, Reifsnider and Meyer, all in very poor condition, were put in. The ball was on the thirty-yard line, near the sidelines and in Villanova's possession. A side line play worked, and the Villanova fullback got through our line and started down the field. Wilson saw him coming and made a flying tackle, but did not stop the man, who was finally downed out across the goal line. But "Willie" did not move from where he had fallen. "Scotty" could do nothing for him, and after a short commotion by Doctor McDonnell, the ambulance was called,

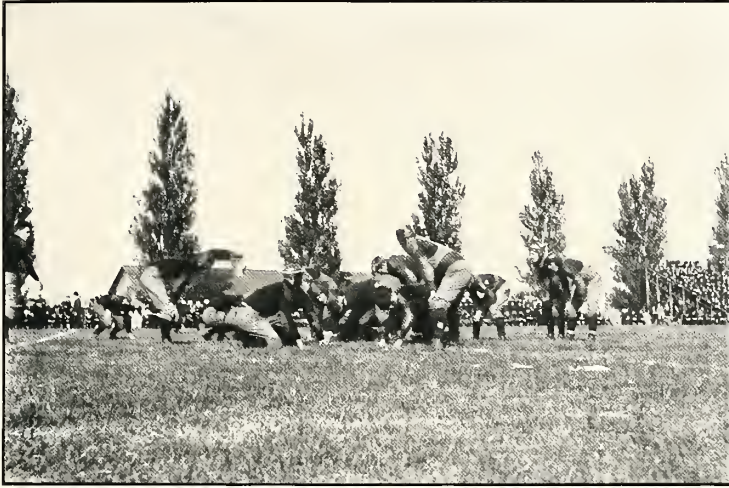
to the extent of one touch-down.

It was evident from this game that we needed a quarterback. The next Saturday we had three: Wilson, Battle and Byrd to try out against Rutgers.

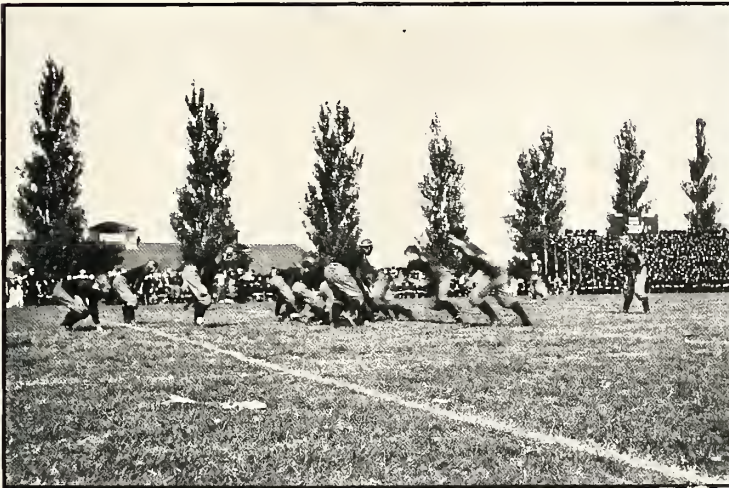
This team looked light, but they put up such a stiff game that the substitutes first sent in were replaced by some of the older men.



"SCOTTY"



SIGNALS—RUTGERS



PUSHING IT DOWN



RICKING GOAL



ONE MORE POINT

and "Willie" was sent to the hospital. On the first play following the next kick-off, Meyer was hurt in attempting to stop an end run, and had to be taken out. Our team held for downs and Richardson carried the ball for eight yards—and had to be taken out. Two plays later "Reif" hurt his knee and had to be taken out. And now we could stop and reckon up what the Villanova game had cost us. Three of the oldest laid up for weeks, and the best candidate for quarter laid up in the hospital and fighting with all his indomitable pluck for life. Later in the game "Rouge" Reinicke, who had been doing the punting after Dalton left the game, lifted a fine one that bounced over the quarterback's head and rolled over the goal line,



FIRST TEAM

where Starr King fell on it. "Gene" Battle, who had replaced Wilson at quarter, kicked the goal and we were saved from a shut-out. And this ended one of the unluckiest games for the Navy that has ever been seen on the Academy field. Both the tackles, Starr King and "Cit" Loftin, showed up very well in the game, and we all felt confident that those positions were well played.

On the twenty-third we met Virginia. This game was characterized by two things—the spirit shown by the Brigade, and the playing of Staunton, the all Southern halfback on the Virginia team. Time and again McCaughey, Clay and Dalton would carry the ball down the field only to have a forward pass intercepted. Dalton would boot the ball fifty or sixty yards



STOPPING BULLY



RUTGERS KICKING OUT BEHIND THE LINE



JACK CATES

first time that the team and the Brigade really got together.

The next Saturday, the 30th of October, we played Princeton. It was a real football game and the work of Richardson and Dalton in the back-field and of the whole line was good to see.

In the first half, after an exchange of punts, in which Dalton gained almost ten yards on each punt, the Navy got the ball in mid-field and then began smashing the line, while Dalton added to the excitement with an eighteen-yard end run.

only to see Staunton carry it back twenty or thirty before being downed. In the second half Staunton made a fifty-yard run, finally being downed on the two-yard line, and in three tremendous bucks, Virginia could not gain an inch. Just then Navy took time out and the referee, Mr. Gresham Poe, of Baltimore, penalized our team one yard, and in a wrong decision gave Virginia first down. The Brigade had left the stand, and though it was pouring torrents they crowded around, encouraging the team. On the next down the ball was fumbled and rolled over the goal line where a Virginia man fell on it. Virginia failed to kick the goal and time was called soon afterward. It was not a pleasant game to lose, nor a pleasant way to lose it.—Mr. Poe apologized profusely in the papers the next day—but it was the



PAUL DASHIELL

On the nineteen-yard line, Princeton held, and Dalton hopped back for a place kick. The line held beautifully and the ball sailed neatly between the posts, while the sidelines and bleachers went wild with delight. The Tigers received the kick-off and after an exchange of punts started down the field from our fifty-yard line, Hart carrying the ball. The inexperience of some of the linemen told here, for, though they fought like demons, they did not know just where to apply their strength. On the two-yard line, however, they braced hard and the ball went to the Navy on downs. Dalton tried to punt out of danger, but he was rushed and the ball went out of bounds on the twenty-five yard line. Again the line bucking tactics were resorted to by the Tigers and finally after as hard a fight as has ever been seen on the Naval Academy gridiron, the Orange and Black pushed Hart over. Between the halves the linemen were given some good advice and in the second half Princeton could do nothing with them. Neither goal was threatened and most of the time was spent in punting. On Princeton's twenty-yard line Byrd signalled for a fair catch, but he fumbled the ball, a Princeton man recovered it and they kicked out of danger.

At the end of the game indirect word was received from West Point that one of their men had been killed in the Harvard game. The rumor was hardly credited, but next day the papers were full of accounts, followed shortly by official notice of the death of the Army man. On Tuesday the Commandant of Cadets asked that the Army-Navy game be cancelled on account of Cadet Byrne's death. Our Superintendent consented, and the dictum went forth that there would be no Army game. The effect on the team was, of course, great. The game for which they had been living, cancelled, some of their best men in the hospital and no record in the games for the season. Although Peyton and the coaches did all in their power to secure a game with one of the big universities for after Thanksgiving, it was impossible, and the team realized that the season would end for them in the Davidson game and not as they had hoped and prayed and toiled for—in a victory over our friends the Army.

The result was noticeable in the very next game. We played Washington and Jefferson and though there was no lack of fight, the game was slow and listless. Neither side scored, though we narrowly missed two field goals.

But this game brought out another man who is going to make next year a success. "Red" Erwin (a brother of the great "Red" Erwin, of West Point, who gave us our touch-down in 1907), showed up splendidly. He ran the team very well and played an individual game almost like Eddie Lange.

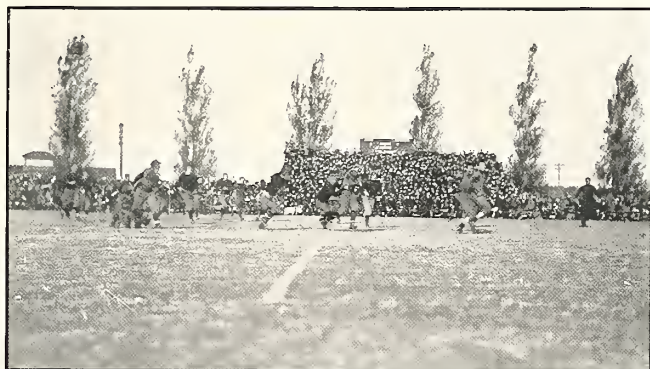
On the 13th of November we played Western Reserve from Cleveland. They had a big team and played the open game on us at first for a touchdown. Then our team got mad



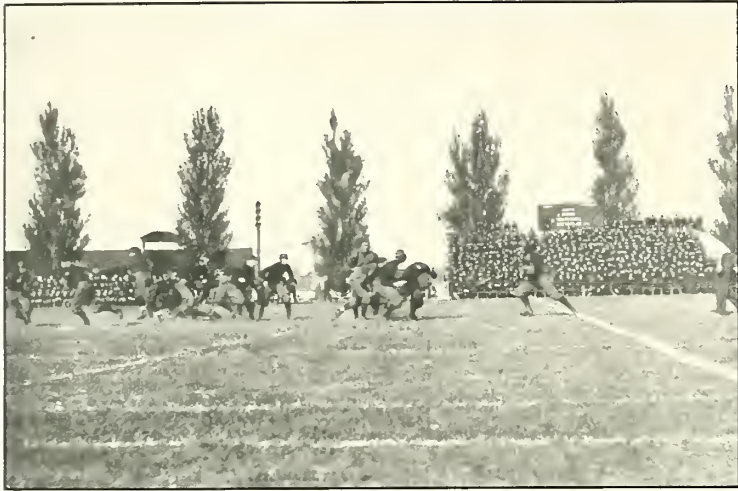
HENRY GOES
AROUND
LEFT END



ON THE TIGERS' TEN-YARD LINE



DOLLY MAKES
THIRTY YARDS



DOLLY RUNS IT BACK



BYRD RECOVERS A FUMBLE

and carried the ball down the field for two touchdowns in the first half and one in the second half, making the final score 16-5.

On the next Saturday we played Davidson. The old men begged so hard to be allowed one more chance at the game that the coaches finally consented, and the game started with the whole solid team as it would have faced West Point. After the first play, however, most of these men were taken out and a team of underclassmen left on the field. But true to the perverse record of the team for this year, they let Davidson score and then made eight touchdowns themselves. And that was the last game of the season, and football for 1909 was at an end at the Naval Academy.

This was the only game during the season that Meyer started. His old knee was bothering him most of the time and the coaches were keeping him out so that he would be fit for the West Point game. The task of leading the team devolved upon "Tubby" Brand, and he did it well, too, showing at all times his practical knowledge of this very practical game.

But though we did not play West Point and though our work during the season is not going to give us a very good standing in the football world, we feel that we have not failed entirely, for we have developed men who are going to make a success of next year's season. We can never see "Bully" Richardson back up the line again, nor Reifsnider in all his grace hook a forward pass, nor "Tubby" Meyer and Brand piling up a mass play; but we can and will see Henry Clay lead such men as King, Loftin, Wright, Erwin, McCaughey, Cobb, Grafton, Nason, Dalton, Sowell, Weems, Hamilton, Vaill, Rodes, Austin, and others who have been developed this year, through a series of winning games next year, which will be topped off with that desire of every true Navy man, a Navy victory at Philadelphia.



PRINCETON'S BALL ON FUMBLE



SHOWING IT OVER



PLEBE COLOR GUARD



EUGENE ALEXIS BYRNE

EUGENE ALEXIS BYRNE, who was a member of the Class of 1910 in the United States Military Academy, was born July 17, 1888, at Buffalo, and was appointed to the Academy from the Thirty-sixth Congressional District of New York in June, 1906.

Cadet Byrne attended the public schools of Buffalo while a boy and later the Masten Park High School of the city. While at Masten Park he began his football career, playing tackle on the school's team, which at the time was one of the best among preparatory schools of the State. He also played both on the baseball and the basketball teams of the institution, and

earned an enviable reputation as one of the finest all-around athletes of the school's history. At football, however, Byrne excelled, and for this sport he cared most.

Upon entering West Point as a cadet he at once became a great favorite among his classmates, and a favorite throughout the whole Corps when he had become an upper classman. His generosity, his keen sense of justice, his standards of what a man should be, brought him the love and admiration of every cadet in the Academy, and no one could long resist his frank and genial disposition.

When Byrne went out to play football, he played with the strength of physical and moral courage that characterized all his actions.

During his first two years he was on the second team, principally as a halfback, but in his third year, as a second classman, he was tried for a line position, and there he immediately became a star, winning the position of left tackle on the first team.

From that time on he played in every game when in condition, and through his steadiness and indomitable courage stood the army team in good stead in many hard-fought games. The last football season of 1909 found Byrne playing his usual position and more brilliantly than ever before. Physically he was a remarkably powerful man, and that such a terribly sad accident as that of the Harvard-West Point game might fall on one so strong seemed almost an impossibility.

In this game, which was played on October 30th, Byrne was acting field captain of the army team, and the game was a hard but cleanly fought one. About the middle of the second half he stopped a heavy tackle play directed toward his position, and when all the players had risen, it was evident that Byrne, who had failed to rise, was badly hurt. Medical attendance was instantly secured and a great hush fell over both players and spectators, for it was soon seen that the accident was very serious.

The game was stopped and a few minutes later the teams and spectators silently filed from the field from which Byrne had just been carried.

The Corps did not give up hope for his recovery even when the knowledge of the terrible seriousness of his injury was ascertained. But early on the morning of October 31st the news of his death was brought to the heavy hearted and anxious members of the Corps.

The blow, in all its suddenness and sorrow, went straight to the heart of every man in the Academy, and the pain of it all still remains keenly vivid to the friends that he left behind. He gave his life doing his duty for his Alma Mater,—and in doing that duty bravely and fairly and as he had done all things; and always at West Point will his name be held in reverence and in honor by those of us who knew him, and by those who shall hear of him in the years to come.

He left the Corps without an enemy and gave them an example of manhood ever to be emulated and admired for its honesty, kindness and courage. It is hard indeed to comprehend why one so loved and so dear to his family and his many friends should thus be taken,—and it only remains for us who can but mourn and remember and may not hope to understand, to say with sincerest reverence, "He played his part well."



EARL DUNLOP WILSON

LIFE—from Reveille to Taps—is action, and things done are at once its accomplishment and its reward. Action along the line of right endeavor makes for that success which advances the world and leaves it better because of the doer and his deeds. By such a standard should the individual be judged, and by such a standard should his name be held in memory.

Measured on this scale Earl Dunlop Wilson, loved by all of us as “Willy,” indeed merits the decision “Well done, thou good and faithful servant.” His Naval Academy life, short as it was, was all-sufficient to exemplify the power and fruits of action. A born athlete, his athletic energy seemed unlimited and it availed to carry him to victory in any and every branch. The mere catalogue of Willy Wilson’s triumphs during the short space of two years reads like a list of the Academy’s athletic events. He appeared in basketball, baseball and football; in gym. work, boxing, pole-vaulting and tennis: in all he was successful, in some he was a star. His work at third base on the Academy baseball team, as forward on the basket-

ball team, and as quarter on the football team, showed his remarkable versatility and athletic ability, while his knowledge of the game kept even with his performance. Both knowledge and performance easily raised him to the position of star athlete of the Academy.

But underneath this athletic proficiency lay something of infinitely greater worth. The awful accident which transformed this perfect specimen of physical manhood into a hopeless invalid disclosed a character builded and cemented upon a foundation of beauty and strength. Incapable of motion or of feeling, but with a mind clear and conscious of the utter hopelessness of the future, he bore his lot with grit, with cheer, and without the least complaint. The interests of his active life remained with him unimpaired, and though the body wasted, the brave spirit within kept his mind alert and keen. He had won our respect and friendship from the start, but he gained our love and admiration from the day of his accident.

In the ancient fable the Hindu Sage commands his son:

“Bring me of the fruit of that tree, and break it open. What dost thou find?”

“A stone.”

“Break open the stone. What findest thou now?”

“The seed.”

“Break the seed and tell me what seest thou?”

“Nothing.”

“My son, where thou seest nothing, there is the hand of God.”

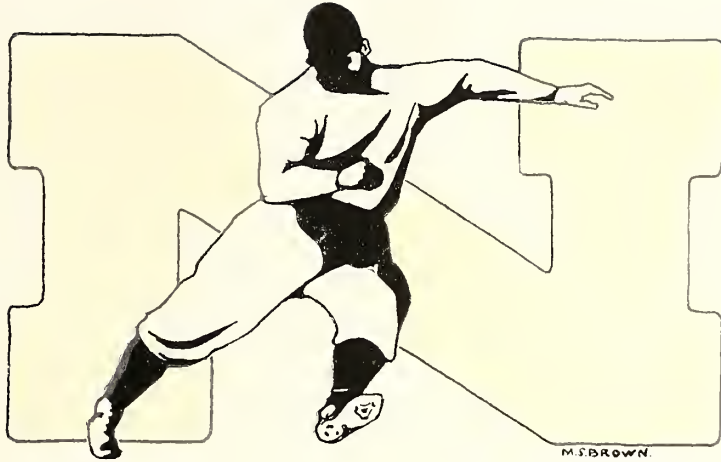
Surely, that Hand, from the Reveille of life at birth to the sounding of Taps at death, reaches all with fateful but with kindly touch.







BASEBALL SQUAD—1909



Baseball

IN 1908 our baseball team was considered the best among eastern colleges, but the season of 1909 was a disastrous one from start to finish. Fultz did his very best and no one knows more baseball or can teach it better than Dave, but the fact seemed to be that we had few men of the first calibre and that the team as a whole was unable to “get together” for consistent team-work.

Four men of the old team were lost by graduation. Of these, Stiles was perhaps the greatest man who had ever played on a Navy nine, and one who was badly missed at first base for the whole season, although Jones played well after he became accustomed to the position. Bacon’s place at second was not filled until it was given Abbott, near mid-season, and Pop Gillam was out of the game a long time. Wilson did not field his position at third as well as usual, but his batting was at all times excellent. Eddie Lange, out in left field, was at all times—Eddie Lange, and the bleachers smiled whenever a ball was knocked anywhere in his vicinity, but the two other fielders



LT. VERNON



BRONSON

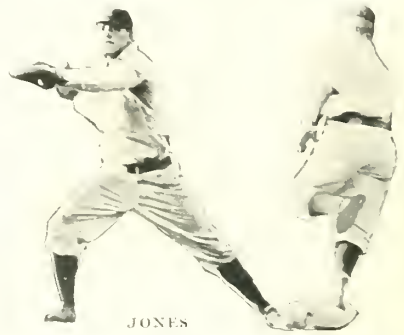


LANGE

were problematic: right field never being really filled, and center only by the sacrifice of one of our best pitchers. Lanphier, Meade, and Anderson were all steady, reliable men in the box, and Hamsch behind the plate was one of the best catchers on the diamond.

The season opened with our old friends the Johnnies, March 24th. Ragged fielding gave them the game by 7-5, but the defeat was not seriously considered, as most people attributed it to the raw weather and our lack of outdoor practice. On Saturday, the 27th, Gallaudet was easily beaten, but this could not be hailed as a proof of our strength as they were far below our class. However, when Maryland Agricultural could get but one hit off Meade and Wakeman, while we ran up seven runs, everybody was hopeful and we seemed in a fair way to have a very successful season.

Then the big fellows, making their Southern trip during their Easter vacation, began to play us and our lack of development showed up strongly. Pennsylvania State, through ragged fielding scored nine runs; Navy showed a flash of brilliancy in one inning when triples by Lange and Wilson and a single by Jones gave us a total of three. That Saturday Amherst brought down a pitcher who shut us out without a hit. Pop Gillam accepted twelve hard chances, which with Lanphier's steady pitching were all we had to be proud of.



JONES

After these two defeats the team settled down and played the best ball of the season, although bad errors at critical moments lost many an earned victory. This was the case in the Cornell game. They took a flying start,



HARRIS

scoring two runs in the opening round, but in the second Lange made the circuit on an error, two steals and Northcroft's hit, while Irwin's fine single to center in the fifth drove in the tying run. We scored again in the sixth, but they earned a run in the seventh and scored another in the eighth on an outfield error. We had a chance in our half, but Lange was caught at third with but one down, thus ending our last rally. Meade pitched superb ball and deserved to win by a good score.

The next day Princeton led up to the eighth inning, when Jones with his triple to the scoreboard evened up matters. In the ninth with two out and two on bases, Wilson threw into the bleachers, and a hit to centerfield gave them a total of three for the inning. We rallied, but poor work on bases threw the game away. Anderson did fine work in the box but was helpless in the face



ANDERSON

of the support he received.

After these four straight defeats the team got busy, and in the Columbia game scored five runs the first inning. Anderson allowed but four hits, while the batting of Wilson was a feature of the game.

Every team we played seemed to have a good pitcher. Bucknell surely did, for Hambusch was the only man to get a hit. They scored four times early in the game, but



MIDDIES' STAND

could do nothing after the fourth, when Anderson went into the box. The Pennsylvania game is usually very good and last year's was no exception. Pennsy had good chances to score in each of the first five innings, but splendid fielding just cut them short of a run each time. In the ninth Jones hit to deep center for a triple, but was left on third when Lange's fly was gathered in. The tenth began propitiously, but two wild throws on the part of Navy lost them the game. Six scattered hits in ten innings showed the ability of Lanphier in the pitching line.

University of Maryland next came down and though Meade pitched in his best form they shut us out by a



LANPHER



STAND—CLOSE TO

score of 2-0. North Carolina and West Virginia followed, and each lowered the Navy hopes after a hard battle. However, to even things, we took the sting of it out on our old friends the Johnnies by a score of 3 to 1, and after the disastrous Mount Washington game we beat successively Rutgers, Rockhill, St. John's again and Dickinson.

Maryland Agricultural College, whom we had beaten for two years, turned the tables on us with a score of 8 to 3. Meade held Walbrook down to four hits, while we hit safely nine times for five runs. Wilson had three hits, one a triple, all of which counted in the scoring.

Our last home game was with the Carlisle Indians. In the fifth Gillam bunted, Wilson singled past third and Jones knocked out a safe infield hit. On Abbott's long fly to right Pop crossed the plate, making the only run scored in the game. Next day the team left for the Point, resolved to make up for a bad season by winning the big game with the Army.

The story of that game is told elsewhere, but the result and in fact the game itself was what was largely to be expected from the constant shake-up and the petty dissensions which had so weakened the Navy team. That we can't play without playing together was clearly shown, and we are sure that under Pop's shrewd guidance we are going to have more team work and less individual aspiration.



STAND—MIDDIES LEAVING



THE BASEBALL GAME

“HEY, fellows! Turn out! Shake it up! Break out of there! We’re way past Weehawken!”

“Aw, shove off.”

“Hey, you’d better turn out, we passed Weehawken half an hour ago!”

“Pipe down, Charlie!” “Beat it!” “Somebody heave a shoe at him!”

A Pullman was jolting its way up the west bank of the Hudson in the early morning, and in the aisle between the swaying curtains stood Charlie Koenig, fully dressed and ready to disembark, strenuously exhorting unseen comrades to arise. From the draperies tousled heads began to emerge, the owners thereof addressing the disturber of their slumbers in no uncertain language. However, Charlie persevered, and soon the Navy baseball team, clothed and in its right mind, began to appear. The night had been hot and the car jammed, each berth holding two occupants—that is, all but the one Crofty held down,—and Pop Gillam had slept in the little hammock, under the impression that it was for use in hot weather. In a half an hour the team had piled into the



ARMY STAND



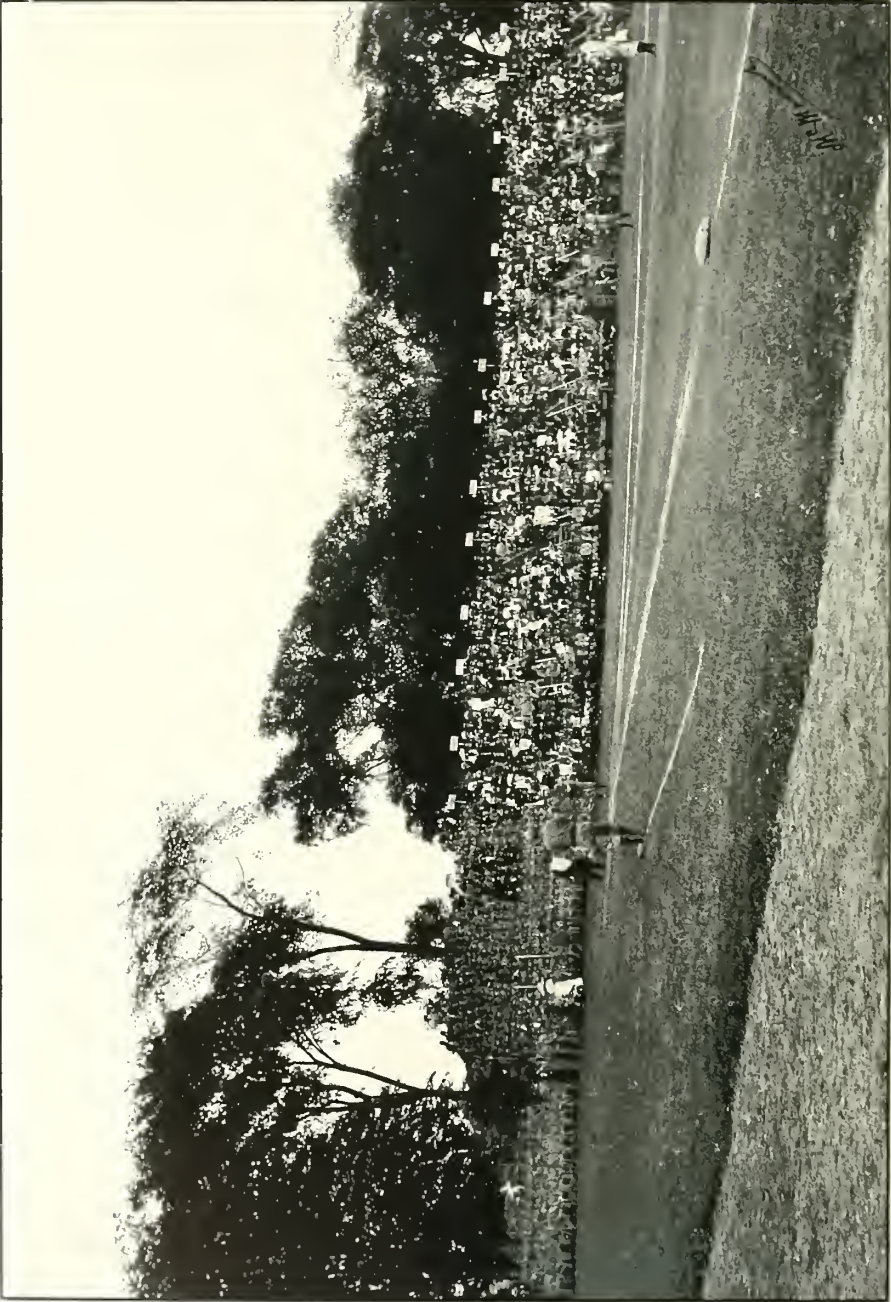
NAVY PRACTICING

waiting buses at the West Point station, and settled down in the new barracks.

About ten they went out on the parade ground for a little light practice and in the afternoon had more on the regular diamond, a remarkably fast, skinned affair which our fielders found a little troublesome after our slow grass plot. The next morning, Saturday, a little more practice, but not enough to tire the team out, and recreation in the form of a dress parade by the Pointers, and a fine sight it was,



NAVY PRACTICING



WEST POINT GAME



NAVY BENCH

The first inning nothing happened. In the second Harrison, the first man to bat, smashed out a liner that placed him safely on second, from which Lyman advanced him to third. Devers sent a high fly into Lange's hand, but before it could be thrown in the Army man had crossed the plate. Then for three innings it was a pitcher's battle, with the advantage with the Army. In the sixth, however, Hyatt got to first, Meyer was retired on a pop-fly, Mountford advanced the pitcher to third on a safe hit and made second on Surles' sacrifice. Harrison knocked out an easy one, but Irwin dropped it, and by the time it got to first the blue-gray of the Army was at each corner of the diamond. At bat was Lyman, a Hawaiian, and a function, or fifth class man. The little Hyloojian let a couple go by, then picking a good one drove a liner just above Abbott's head and out into deep center. When the dust cleared away he was perched on third and three Army men had crossed the slab. The Army stands were bedlam and over in one corner a group of faithful Navy people were giving a four-N yell and adjuring the Blue and Gold to get busy.



AT BAT

too, especially for the Navy contingent, thoroughly enjoying their novel rôle as spectators in a parade.

At two the stands began to fill and Navy took the field for a short warming up. Anderson was to pitch, and by his excellent season he had undoubtedly earned the prize. Dave Fultz issued his last instructions: the ground rules, of which there were myriad owing to the smallness of the field, were explained; Hamsch and Meyer tossed up and Navy took the field. The Pointers, all in full dress, came down with a long corps yell and the game started.



ARMY BENCH

In the seventh it seemed as if the tide had turned. Wilson, Jones and Lange filled up the bases and Hamsch hit the ball away over beyond left field. It ought to have been at least a three-bagger, but Surles by a great leap made a left-handed catch that was really phenomenal, and when Willie was thrown out at third our chance was gone. By a hit and a succession of errors Ulloa added another to the Army's tally in their half.

Irwin made a safe hit in the eighth, and by clever base stealing and a hit by Gillam came in. The Army, however, lowered our hopes by scoring Whiteside and the ubiquitous Harrison. Navy was not beaten yet, and in the ninth came



A HIT

supper we were hardly seated when the door would take some middy and carry him off to be a guest at his table in the mess hall. Soon the entire Navy contingent was out there and was being made to forget its recent defeat in the open-hearted reception accorded them by their victorious hosts. That night there was a hop, and be sure that no midshipman stood out a dance as long as a cadet had a pretty partner. Next day the entire corps turned out to say their final good-byes, and under the direction of their cheer-leader cheered each Navy man by name. As the buses rolled down the hill every blue-clad man in them made the resolve that next year conditions were going to be reversed and that whether we won or lost he would do his best to show that the Army could not outdo us in hospitality anyway.

to the bat determined to see what could be done. Jones fanned, Lange made a hit and Abbott walked. Hamsch was presented with his base and things began to look better. Hyatt, though, was pitching good ball, and while the two men that we got across were a salve to our feelings, they were not enough to win the game, and we had to watch the Army triumphantly bearing off their score board to the tune of "Army, Army, you're a wonder."

The team retired to the barracks and removed the stains of conflict. That night at opened and cadets began to come in. Each



FAITHFUL NAVY ADHERENTS

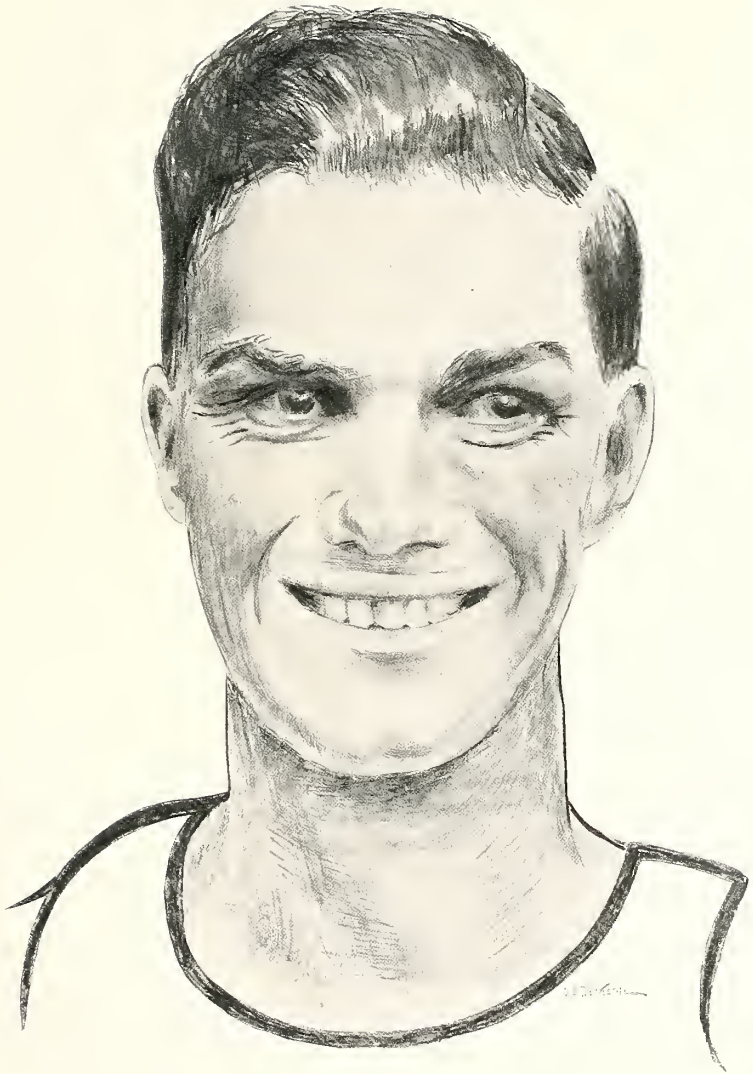
ARMY.

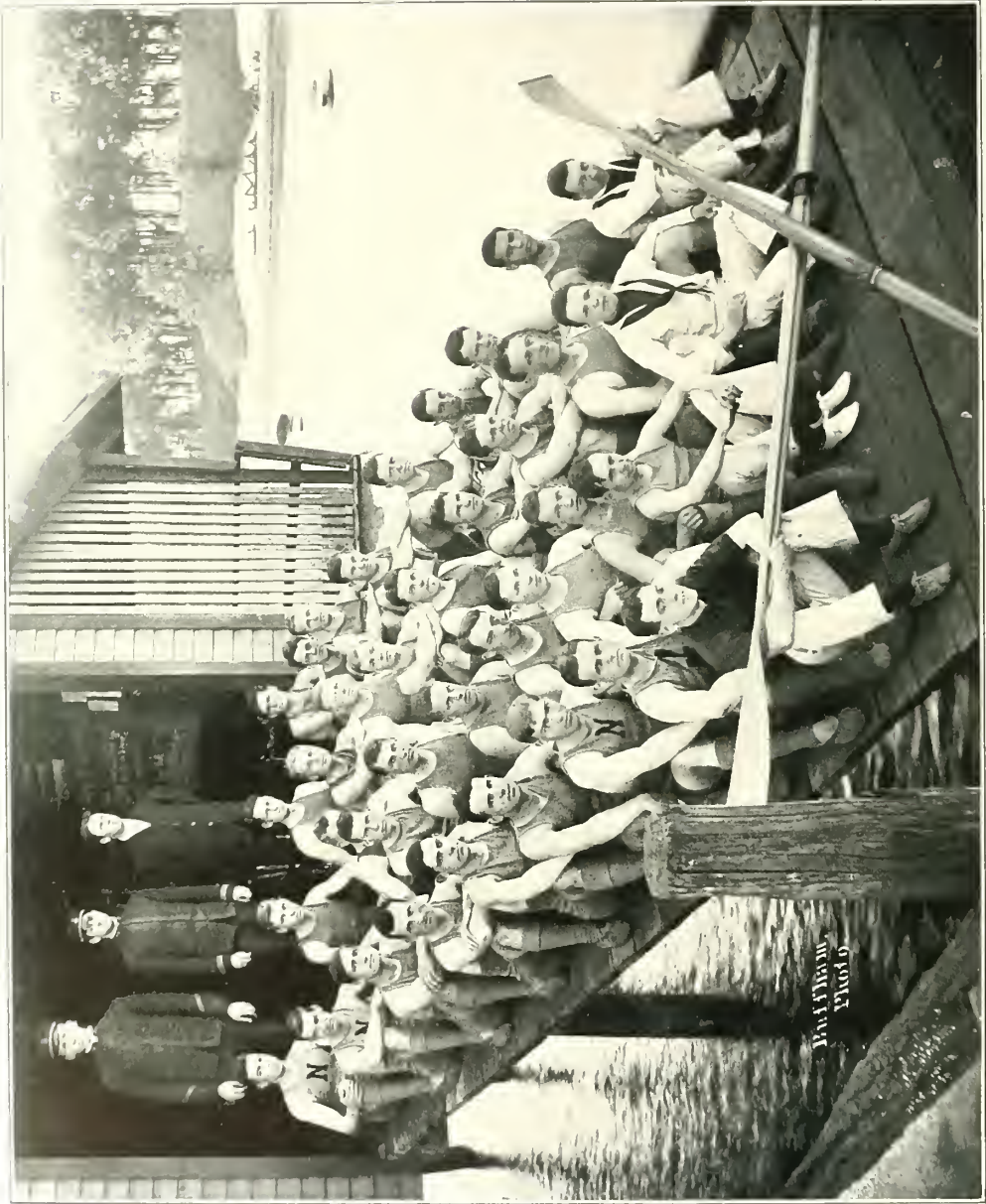
NAVY.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Meyer, 1b.	0	1	9	0	0
Mountford, rf.	1	0	1	0	0
Surles, lf.	0	0	5	1	0
Harrison, 2b.	3	2	1	0	0
Lyman, c.	0	2	9	0	0
Devers, ss.	0	0	0	3	0
Ulloa, cf.	1	1	0	0	0
Whiteside, 3b.	1	2	2	2	2
Hyatt, p.	1	1	0	8	0
Totals	7	9	27	14	2

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Irwin, rf.	1	1	1	1	1
Gillam, ss.	0	1	2	3	1
Wilson, 3b.	0	1	0	1	0
Jones, 1b.	0	0	10	1	1
Lange, lf.	1	1	2	0	0
Abbott, 2b.	1	0	2	2	0
Hamsch, c.	0	0	5	1	0
Meade, cf.	0	0	2	0	0
Anderson, p.	0	0	0	6	1
Lauphler, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	3	4	24	15	4

Three-base hits—Wilson, Whiteside. Two-base hits—Harrison, Ulloa. First base on balls—Off Hyatt, 4; off Anderson, 1. Struck out—By Hyatt, 8; by Anderson, 1. Left on bases—Army, 5; Navy, 7. First base on errors—Navy, 2; Army, 3. Hit by pitched ball—Wilson. Umpire—Mr. Kane, of National League.





CREW SQUAD



Crew

LAST February, when the call for candidates went out, seven of last year's Varsity and almost all of the Second, Third and Plebe crews showed up, in addition to a large number of new men from the Fourth Class. Work was begun immediately in the gym, where an eight-oared barge had been installed in the tank. This enabled "Dick" to watch the crews as a whole and to get the eights to rowing together before the outside work was begun. During



ROSSELL

the early part of March the Varsity crew was able to get out on the river frequently, but the Plebes were kept on the machines and in the barge until near the end of the month. After a few weeks of outdoor practice the Varsity crew, which rowed in all three of the races, was definitely selected. Right there was where "Dick" ran up against a pretty hard proposition. He had his Varsity crew all right: each man of it was a splendid oarsman and the crew as a whole rowed in form seldom seen so early in the season, but the second crew was weak, so weak, in fact, that they could not push the Varsity in a practice. Every crew, no matter how good, must have, to be successful, many hard-fought races in practice before ready to face another Varsity crew. Notwithstanding this difficulty, "Dick" turned out one of the



BRITTAİN



FIRST CREW IN BOATHOUSE

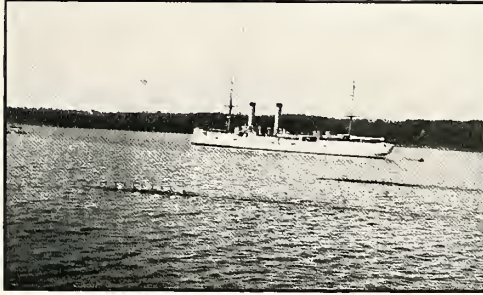
best crews the Navy has ever had. April 24th, the day of the first race, saw them in fine form, but still lacking that ability of spurting hard at the finish that has characterized our crews for the last few years. The race, a four-cornered affair between the New York University, the Arundel Boat Club and the Navy first and third crews, was an easy victory for the Navy crews. We gained a half length on New York University at the start, and

from that time gained steadily until the end of the race. Our stroke was very low throughout the race, being only twenty-five to the minute in the middle distances and from thirty to thirty-five in the last half mile. Our third crew, rowing a slightly higher stroke, easily pulled away from the visitors, and at the finish had six lengths of open water on New York University. The first boat led the third by four lengths, while New York University had a length the better of the Arundels. The visiting crews, although losing at every stroke, seemed unable to keep the stroke above thirty-one to the minute. A head wind and the fact that the Navy was not rushed at all accounted for the slow time—nine minutes one second.

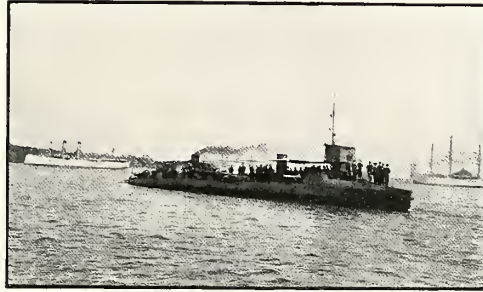
On May 8th the Navy won a man's size hard-fought race when she defeated Columbia by one and one-half boat-lengths. The conditions for the race were almost perfect, with no wind and very little current. The Navy jumped into the lead at the start and slowly increased it until the mile and a quarter mark was reached, when Columbia began to gain. The result was very much in doubt, but the Navy passed the little brick house just then and came swooping across the line in a



FINISH—COLUMBIA



NAVY FIRST AND SECOND CREWS



BAGLEY WITH CREW SQUAD



STANDISH



START OF COLUMBIA RACE

The following Saturday the Potomac Boat Club came down confident of a victory over our first and second crews, but the race turned out to be nearly a repetition of the New York University procession. Both of our crews got the jump on the Boat Club at the start, and both ran away from them in the first half mile. There the Varsity slackened the stroke, rowing just hard enough to keep a few lengths ahead of the second boat, who finished four lengths behind them and two ahead of the Potomac crew. Time, 8 minutes 44 seconds.

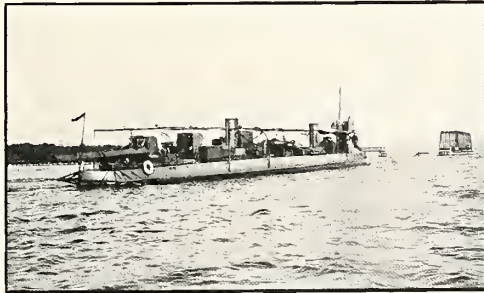
Our crews now put in two weeks of good hard practice in preparation for the last and most important race of all, that with Syracuse. Our opponents came down on Thursday, May 20th, but were unable to get in any practice on account of the very unfavorable weather conditions. Saturday, the scheduled day, was about the worst for a race that the season had seen; cold, raining and blowing half a gale out of the north. Nevertheless at six a flaw in the wind seemed to justify getting the shells in, and accordingly they were towed to the foot of the course and rowed the rest of the way. Both crews got off well together, the Navy having a little the better of it for a while, but at the half mile both were rowing even, Syracuse pulling a slightly higher stroke, and keeping beautifully together. At the mile the visitors set the stroke up still more and gradually began to draw ahead.



A NAVY FINISH



NAVY CREW IN SHELL



BAGLEY

The Navy fought gamely, but the pace was too fast. Syracuse steadily increased their lead and crossed the line a good three lengths before the Blue shell reached it. Navy had rowed a splendid race, but Syracuse had rowed a better one.



DICK GLENDON



JONAS

Although our season was not altogether a success, yet our crew was one of which we may well be proud. They labored from the start under two great handicaps: the lack of a good second crew and the want of a schedule. And that their efforts attained the results which they did was due to Dick Glendon, the finest coach on the water, and to Jonas Ingram, the greatest oarsman the Navy ever saw.







TRACK SQUAD - 1909



Track

TRACK is a branch of sport which in the past six years has risen from a position of unimportance to a place in the front rank of Academy athletics. Before 1904 we met no outside teams, and our efforts were confined to interclass meets. Since that year, however, our rise has been steady and rapid, until now we are credited with one of the strongest teams in the East, and have records which compare favorably with those of the larger institutions.

In 1909, this high standard established in the past was upheld, and the season was, as a whole, successful, though we suffered the only defeat in years in the meet with Pennsylvania. Many of the old records were broken or equaled, while the new material discovered promises great things for the future.

Most of the records being pretty high, the Athletic Association gave the green N to the men who made the best record for the season in their events.

With Capt. "Mike" Robertson as leader, preliminary training began early in the fall of 1908, and from the time the call for candidates was made, every Thursday saw a large squad trotting around the gymnasium track or plowing



LT.-COM. HINES



FLANIGAN



BOUCHER, DICKENS, DALTON—HURDLING

ing of the Plebe contestants, especially that of Dalton in the dashes, was most satisfactory.

About a month later, outdoor practice began on the new field back of the Armory. At first the weather was bad and the new track soft and slow, but with the coming of the April sun, these troubles vanished and the team began to get into form. Seotty McMasters, who joined the squad about the start of outdoor practice, was soon up to his old tricks again and had the men in tip-top shape for the opening of the season.

The first meet on the schedule was the annual interclass contest held on the 24th of April. For great and sustained interest this

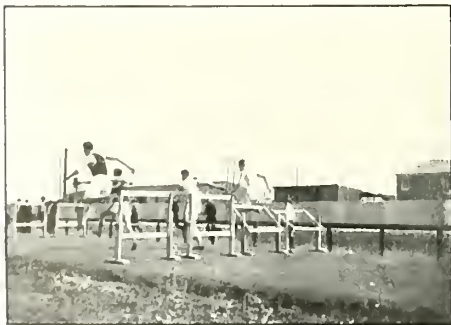
through the mud and sand of Maryland on long cross-country runs.

The first idea the Brigade had of the team in prospect was formed February 28th when the first indoor meet ever held here, an interclass affair, was pulled off in the Gymnasium. In this, no "N" men competed, as the meet was primarily for the purpose of getting a line on the new material. The result was a victory for the Second Class, with the Plebes a poor second. The show-



COMSTOCK, ROBINSON, DICKENS—HURDLING

was about the best of the year, as it was a neck and neck race between the second and third classes from start to finish. The result was undecided until the end of the last event on the card, the relay race, which 1910 won after an exciting struggle, only to be disqualified at the tape. This gave 1911 the victory by three points with 1909 third and 1912 in the rear.



HURDLES—PENNSY MEET

The next Saturday we held our first outside meet and easily defeated our old rivals from Baltimore, Johns Hopkins. From the

start the visitors had not the ghost of a show and the Navy rolled up point after point almost at will, although in a very few events there was an interesting struggle.

On the eighth, Columbia came down to try her strength and kindly added her name to our list of victories. We had to break two records and tie to win, but the final score was perfectly satisfying to every Navy rooter. Donelson, in beating out Babeok by a short half inch in the broad jump, went 22-3 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches better than his record of two weeks' standing.



MILE RUN—PENNSY MEET

us, Carey winning the 100 and the 220 in only other first we took was in the broad jump, which Dalton came out of the hospital to capture.

This meet, our first defeat in years, was the last one on the regular schedule to be held, as the following Saturday, when we were expecting an interesting contest with Princeton, rain stopped everything.

On the 29th, the day of the West Point game, 1909 came off victors in a rather impromptu class meet, whose principal excuse



HALF MILE—PENNSY MEET

Carey performed in his usual spectacular manner, tying his record of 9 4-5 for the 100 and making a new one of 21 3-5 in the 220.

Our next prospective victims, Pennsylvania, did not prove so submissive as they might have been, and, in fact, evinced quite an inordinate fondness for first place. They had to smash some of our records to get those first places, but when the earnings were over, the score showed the Navy decidedly on the wrong side. We had the right of way in the dashes, though, where the Quakers could not touch even time, and J. H. Smith the 440. The



TWO-MILE RUN—PENNSY MEET

for being was to interest the crowd watching for the fateful tidings from the Hudson to appear on the score-board.

So ended the season of 1909, successful as regards scores made and records broken, but far more so in the way of new material discovered which will carry the Navy Blue and Gold on to victory in 1910.

The Plebe track meet held during the summer had resulted in some really excellent performances, and immediately on his return Captain Donelson began to get "dope" on promising candidates. In the Interclass meet held



LEE AND HIS PROCESSION IN THE 220

on the 26th of February the Fourth Class proved their strength by snatching victory from the very grasp of 1910, and there is no doubt that they will make a lot of veterans hustle for their seats at the table this spring.

Flanigan, whom Donny with his customary astuteness had appointed to fill Hal Whiting's place as manager, has taken hold of his duties with the same spirit, interest and love of hard work that he has displayed in all athletics in which he has taken part. The authorities did not think it wise to allow us to enter the Inter-



NICK WINNING HIS HEAT

collegiate meet, in spite of Pat's earnest lobbying, but at least we can show our mettle in the dual matches down here. With Donelson, Carey, Dalton, Smith and Nicholas, we should certainly be able to make a place for ourselves way up near the top of the big universities, and if hard work and cool headwork count for anything, we know Donny will put us there.

Already the Scotelman has been hard at work on the track, filling in and getting everything in shape, and the large squad that turns out every day, and the much larger one that reports on Thursdays, bodes well. Stands have been erected so that those who turn out to encourage the Blue and Gold in this form of



A STUDY IN EXPRESSION



THE PRIDE OF MARYLAND

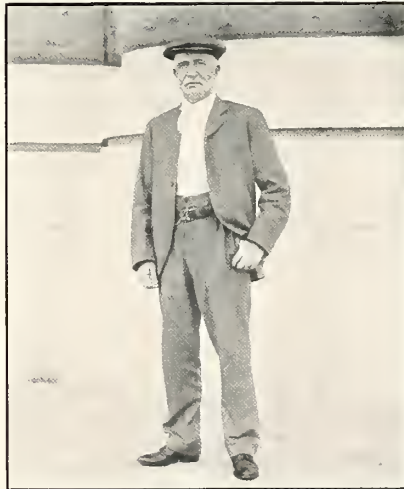
endeavor will not have to stand in the hot sun and peer over each other's shoulders.

Mention of track athletics would be incomplete without an acknowledgment of our indebtedness to Lieut.-Commander Hines, the representative for track with this year and last. He has worked for the team with all his might and has by his characteristic kindness endeared himself to every

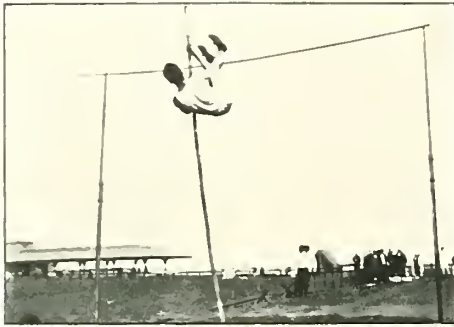


M'CAUGHEY PUTTING SHOT

man on the squad. His efforts are shown in the splendid work that his branch of sport performed last year and in the unusual interest displayed in track and field this year, and the Brigade is sure that he will be rewarded with an even more successful season this coming spring.



"SCOTTY"



STEVE "GOING UP"



COMING DOWN

Records

EVENTS.	ACADEMY RECORDS.	HOLDERS.	INTERCOLLEGIATE RECORDS.
100-Yard Dash	9 4-5 sec.	CAREY, '11	9 4-5 sec.
220-Yard Dash	21 3-5 sec.	CAREY, '11	21 1-5 sec.
440-Yard Dash	50 4-5 sec.	PURNELL, '08	47 3-4 sec.
120-Yard Hurdles	16 sec.	SHAFROTH, '08	15 1-5 sec.
220-Yard Hurdles	26 2-5 sec.	BURG, '08	23 3-5 sec.
Half-Mile Run	2 min. 2-5 sec.	SMITH, J. H., '10	1 min. 53 2-5 sec.
Mile Run	4 min. 30 3-5 sec.	RANKIN, '08	4 min. 20 3-5 sec.
Two-Mile Run	10 min. 8 3-5 sec.	CARMICHAEL, '08	9 min. 34 4-5 sec.
High Jump	5 ft. 11 in.	LAUMAN, '07	6 ft. 4 in.
Broad Jump	22 ft. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	DONELSON, '10	24 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Pole Vault	10 ft. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	STEPHENSON, '09	12 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Hammer Throw	130 ft. 4 in.	ROBERTSON, '09	166 ft. 5 in.
Shot-Put	40 ft. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	MCCONNELL, '07	46 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

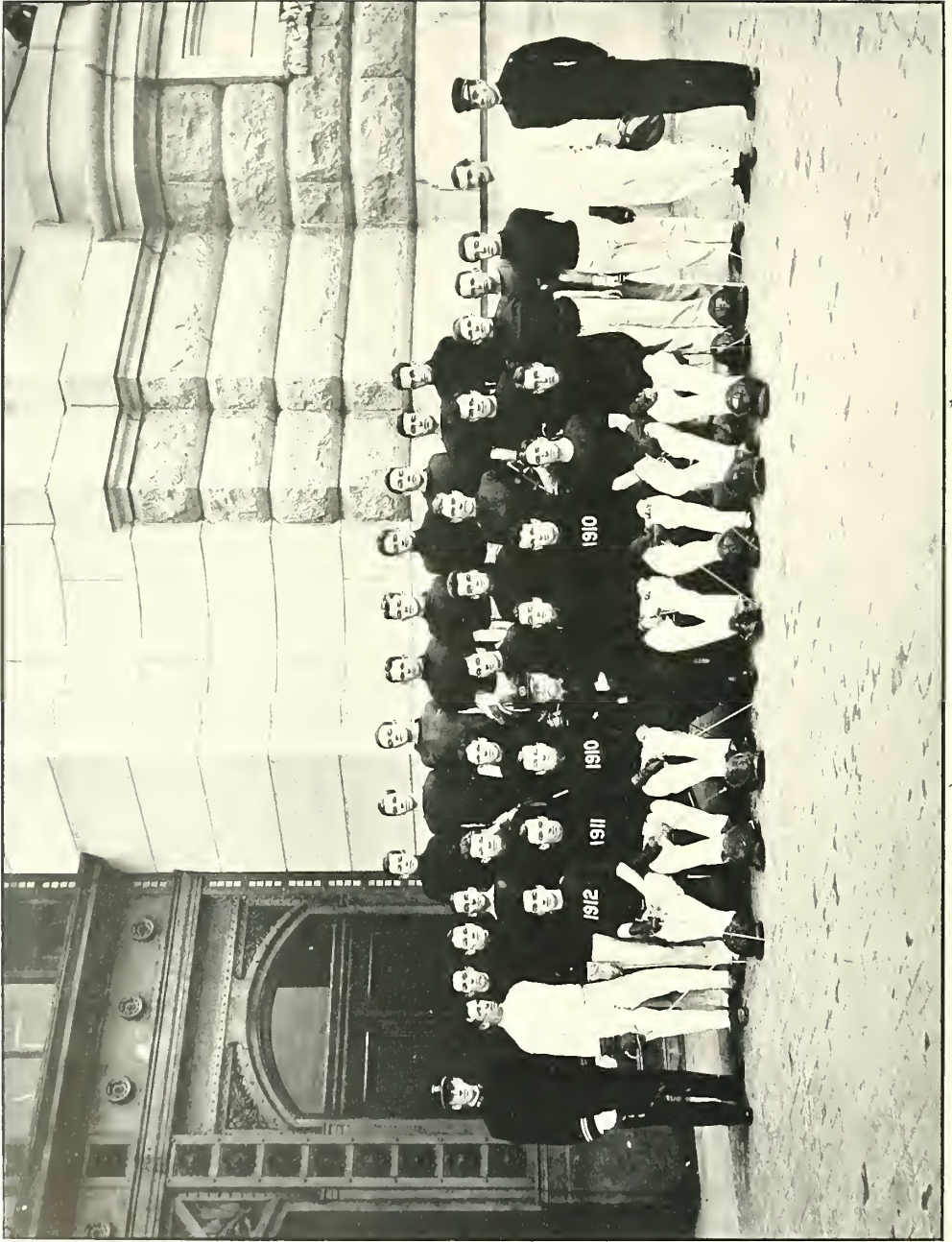


"DONNIE" BREAKING THE RECORD

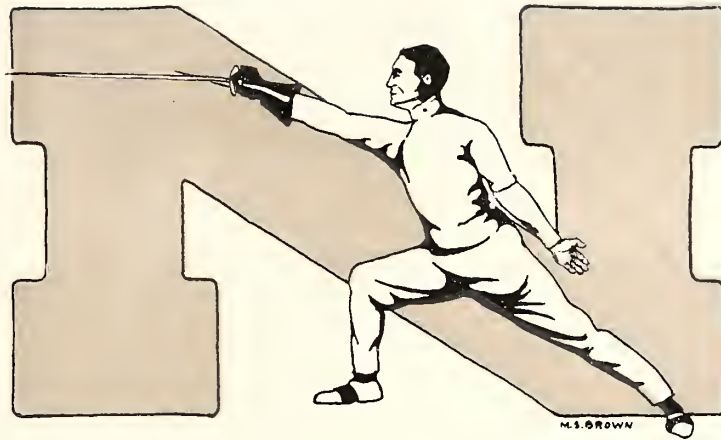


CUMMINGS BREAKS THE TAPE





FENCING SQUAD—1910



Fencing

THE lack of interest in fencing and its very limited field may be traced to two causes: one is the small amount of knowledge pertaining to it and the other is the fact that in these days of strenuous sports which require beef and brawn a feat of deftness and agility arouses scant interest. Fencing, as an exercise, is just what one has a mind to make it; it can be very effeminate, or it can be as wholesomely tiring as any other form of exercise,

but as a contest it is a competition that requires not only years of patient, arduous labor, but a mental clearness which only a perfect physical condition can bring.

Up to the last two years fencing has been conducted here on pretty much hit-or-miss principles. When Lieutenant Johnson took hold of it there was no system, there were no available precedents and each man did about as he pleased in the way of preparing for a match. Our instructors were insufficient, the team was run as a graft and things were pretty well disorganized generally. Lieutenant Johnson threw himself into the work with an ardor and patience that few men would have displayed and succeeded in establishing a definite program to be followed in training a team. Last sum-



POWNALL



LT. JOHNSON



TEAM— INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS, 1910

out until about thirty were left. These were divided among the instructors and all worked hard and conscientiously each day at their monotonous tasks of punching targets or going through complicated attacks with the swordmasters. In January Pownall and Merrill went to New York to attend the meeting of the association and there proposed the change from the six-team finals usually held to the four-team round-robin adopted this year. This required a quadrangular meet at West Point and Annapolis on March 19th, the two winners at each place to meet in New York. A new set of rules emanating from the Navy contingent was also adopted.

Captain Merrill was confronted with the task of selecting from totally green material, including himself, a team which should go up against the Army's veteran team, weakened by the loss of Sears, but still having Coeroff and Sohlberg, the two individual champions of last year. Larimer was the best man on the mat during the early season. Hall was at all times an unknown quantity, and Merrill was alternately very good and very weak. Scott, who was developed in one year, gave excellent promise which his late season performances quite fulfilled.

mer he influenced the addition to the staff of swordmasters of Messrs. Fournon and Bartoli, who, with Mr. Heintz, form the best set of instructors in the country.

The members of the squad who were likely candidates for the first team took their foils and masks on the cruise and practiced frequently, and as soon as the academic year opened Captain Merrill called for candidates. In a speech in Recreation Hall, he said: "I know that we are not a major sport, nor are we an exciting sport to watch, but people, we are one of the two sports that will go up against the Army this year, we are a sport which has lost to the Army for the last two years and it is with the idea of beating West Point this year, and next year, and the year after that I want you to come out."

The squad that responded was far too big to handle and accordingly was weeded

The season started with Princeton, a weak trio which Merrill, Larimer and Scott easily defeated 9-0. Then came a series of club and professional matches in which the team, sometimes containing Scott, sometimes including Hall, did not do very well as a whole. An exception to this was the ease of the New York Fencers' Club, a very strong team, which, though winning by 6-3, were at all times pushed so closely that it was most exciting.

After this meet Larimer developed trouble with his eye and was ordered to the Naval Hospital in Washington. His absence materially weakened the team, but gave an excellent opportunity for trying out the rest of the men. On the 19th of February Columbia was defeated 7-2, the following week Wendell captured Pennsylvania's only three bouts and the 5th of March we met Cornell. This team got four bouts out of the nine, due to their having two left-handers, and to the fact that Merrill was fencing very poorly. On the 12th, the last dual meet, we defeated Yale 8-1, Merrill losing the only bout.

March 19th, in the armory, we met Pennsylvania and Columbia, Princeton being unable to come on account of illness. Wendell was quite the star of the meet, winning all his bouts, although he was hard pushed by Scott. Out of the eighteen bouts apiece Navy won 13, Pennsylvania won 8, and Columbia won 6. The following Thursday the team left for New York.

Friday evening the teams met in the Hotel Astor and fenced the first set of bouts. The Navy trio had received every possible bit of coaching and attention that they needed and the rest was up to them. Nerved up to the highest pitch, they went on the mats determined to fight every inch and when the thirty bouts were over we had the jump on the Army and the teams stood: Navy, 10; Army, 9; Pennsylvania, 8; Cornell, 3.

After a hard night, in which excitement worsted the desire to sleep, the Navy contingent went over for the afternoon bouts. There was some delay and when they did begin the bouts Navy seemed to show the effects of the previous evening's pace, and fenced badly. Luckily we only had one bout with Army that afternoon, and a little spurt enabled us to finish the leg with 13 bouts, while Army had 12, Pennsylvania 10, and Cornell 7. The great event of that afternoon was Scott's bout with Wendell, both men having clear slates. Norm pushed him the limit for two ties, but the southpaw finally captured the decision.

That night the finals were held in the grand



JOHNSON CUP

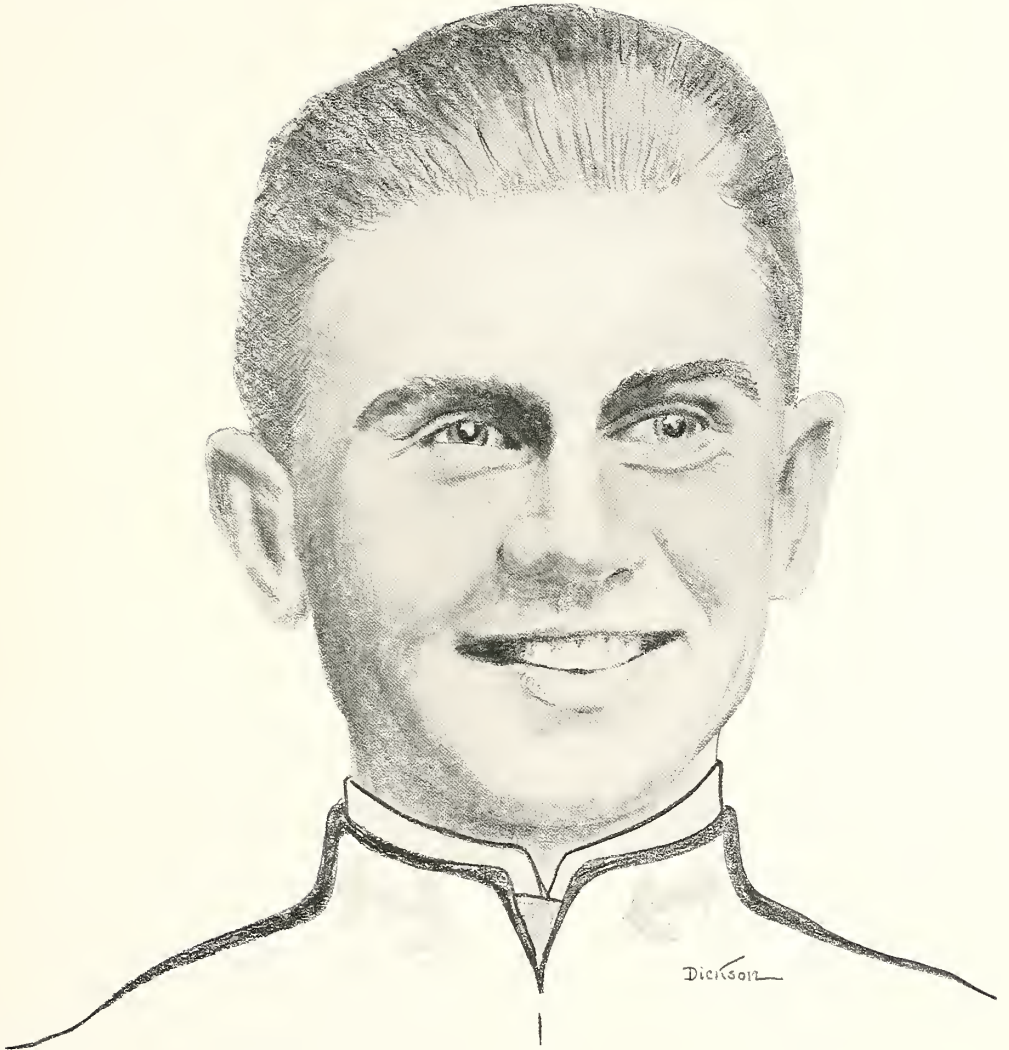
ballroom of the Astor, before a large and interested audience. The team had made up their sleep and were out for blood. Scott lost to Coeroff in a very close fight, putting Army one in the lead for total bouts and making the dual score of Army and Navy four to four. In the seventh bout Dargue was up for West Point against Merrill. The Army man was a little excited and after four minutes of rather wild fencing the judges gave the bout to Merrill. This gave us the lead again and beat Army five to four. Hall and Scott clinched our hold on the trophy by winning their next bouts in excellent shape from Espindola and Parker. Army had two more to go but couldn't win anyhow, and Navy had the honors all to themselves. A big dance followed and so ended what was probably the closest, cleanest and most exciting intercollegiate meet ever held.

It would be quite impossible to speak of the fencing team without extending the thanks of the Brigade and the team to Lieutenant Johnson. In every conceivable way he did all in his power for the team and for fencing. He offered a cup to the Plebe champion; he invited Señors Ascension and Castillo down as his guests, that the squad might see the Spanish school, and he was responsible for the team's going to New York this year, and, incidentally, for the number of grafters that went with it. When he leaves he will turn over to his successor material for teams for three years to come, picked out and developed through his care and efforts.

Assistant Swordmaster Fournon had the instruction of the team and to him is due not only their mechanical improvement (and anyone who saw the work of the team at the beginning of the year knows what that is), but the mental attitude as well, because the association with such a refined, pleasant gentleman and man's man, who worked through illness and trouble even harder than did his pupils, and who shared with them the joys of victory or the sorrows of defeat, could not help but advance them towards the goal of true sportsmanship and manhood.

Buddy Pownall, who held down the precarious and inglorious job of manager, performed his duties with the zeal and fidelity that one can always rely on him for. Capable and willing he performed the jobs of manager, assistant manager, and half of those of captain, to the entire satisfaction of everybody concerned.







RIFLE SQUAD—1909



Rifle Team

CRACK,—BANG! go the rifles and Whit! Sput! go the bullets, and far down the line at the two hundred, five hundred, or perhaps one thousand yard range the little red and white discs which mark the shots go sliding across the face of the targets. And the rifleman rolls over, touches his sight gently to fix his windage or to change his elevation, reloads his gun, adjusts his position and Bang! again the little discs flash up. Rifle shooting is a fascinating sport for those who have sufficient patience to solve the mysteries of windage, mirage, and light connected with it.

A rifle team seems to be a team which is peculiarly suited to the



LIEUT. WILLIAMS



ROESCH AND BADGER



600 YARDS

sport. The season of 1909 was the fourth season for the U. S. N. A. Rifle Team. The first call for candidates was issued on the eighth of February and about eighty names were placed on the squad. Lieutenant Hilary Williams, himself an expert rifle shot and a member of the Navy team which in 1908 won the National Match at Camp Perry, was in charge, and to his tireless efforts the phenomenal development made by our team was due.

On March 10th Hosford was elected captain of the team and the next day active work was begun when the squad crossed the Severn and spent its first afternoon on the rifle range. For nearly three weeks the squad went over every day in the week except Sunday, giving up baseball games, Saturday liberty, and fussing, for no man makes



200 YARDS

the rifle team except by the hardest kind of work and self-denial. On March 27th about half the candidates were dropped, leaving some forty men from whom to pick a team of twelve men and five substitutes.

On May 8th the first match was shot with the team of the National Guard of Maryland. It was a close match, but was won by the Naval Academy; score: Maryland National Guard, 3,044; U. S. N. A., 3,055. On May 15th the Academy team had an even closer match with the National Guard of the District of Columbia. The result was not certain until the



800 YARDS

Naval and Military Academies, and, in the Naval Academy at least, it has gained a firm footing and met with a success far beyond the expectations of those who first established the

last man on each team had fired, when it was found that the midshipmen led by four points. A miss on the part of one man would have lost the match. Score: D. C. National Guard 2,013, U. S. N. A. 2,017.

The most important match of the season was fired on May 22d with the Seventy-first New York National Guard. This match has been shot every year since 1906 and is for the possession of a trophy cup given by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Wells of the Seventy-first. The first year

it was won by the National Guard, the second by the Naval Academy, the third time by the Seventy-first again, so this season it was our turn to win and we did. The shooting was at two hundred, six hundred, and eight hundred, slow fire, and at two hundred, rapid fire. The midshipmen outshot the soldiers at all ranges, and two men outshot Sergeant Doyle of the visitors, reputed to be one of the best and most reliable shots in the world. The final score was: Seventy-first National Guard 2,452, U. S. N. A. 2,529.

On May 29th the last match of the season was shot, a return match with the Maryland National Guard, fired at their range at Glen Burnie. The National Guard proved too strong for the midshipmen and won the match by a safe margin. Score: Maryland National Guard 2,929, U. S. N. A. 2,849. This was the last match in which members of 1909 shot, owing to their graduation five days later. However, Captain Jaek had picked out the material from the other classes of which he proposed to build a team worthy of the Naval Academy.



600 YARDS



200 YARDS

The members of the team embarked on the summer cruise with the rest of the midshipmen but were detached in the early part of July. They reported at Wakefield, Mass., and remained there until it was time to leave for the National Match at Camp Perry.

CAMP PERRY MATCHES

CAMP PERRY is the real reason for the existence of the Rifle Team. From the beginning of practice in the spring through all the spring matches and through the summer work the goal of all ambitions is the National Match at Camp Perry, for it is at Camp Perry that the expert rifle shots of the United States come together, that honors are won

and that the champion rifle team of the country is determined. To win the National Match, what glory could be greater than this?

The Naval Academy team was detached from the Practice Squadron on the 9th of July and ordered to Wakefield, Mass., but owing to the necessity of changing cars in Boston it got pretty well separated and arrived in Wakefield all day Saturday, July 10th. Although generally regarded as a pleasant outing the work was of the hardest kind. By

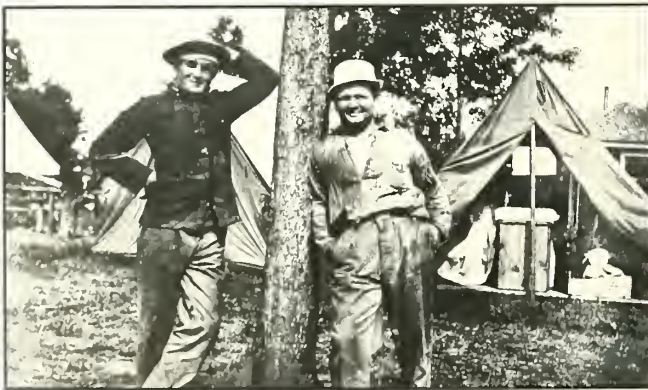


GETTING THINGS STRAIGHT

Monday the camp had been settled and all were ready to begin shooting on the Bay State Rifle Range, where, after two weeks of steady practice, the New England matches took place. These lasted a week, and though the team did not particularly distinguish itself, great

improvement was shown over the work done in the spring matches in Annapolis.

With two weeks remaining before the departure for Camp Perry, the team fairly lived on bulls-eyes, and by the 17th of July every one was ready and first place in the National Match was not by any means an undreamed of possibility. The trip to Camp Perry was made in a special train carrying the Navy, the Massachusetts



"DUTCHMAN" AND "FAT"

and the Naval Academy teams, and was enjoyed in much the same manner as the trip to "Philly" for the Army game. On Sunday evening the team arrived, pitched camp, and on Monday morning began shooting in the Ohio State Matches. The following men composed the team: Hosford



THE NAVAL ACADEMY TEAM

(Capt.), Roesch, Gibson, Brown, M. S., Ruhl, Lang, Bradley, F., Birdsall, Thomas, G. E., Badger, Bartlett, H. T., Leidel, Saunders, H. E. These matches lasted all week, the midshipmen taking places in every one. The most notable event was the winning of the Governor's Match by Roesch from some of the best professional shots in the world.

After another week of hard work Captain Jack decided that a little recreation was needed—something to take their minds off shooting for a couple of days before the big meet—so it was settled to accept the invitation of Colonel Hayes to a house party at his home in Fairmont. The trip was made in automobiles on Saturday afternoon. In the evening a big dinner followed by a dance at which the stag line was composed entirely of girls—not that there were any bricks there, but because one midshipman experienced difficulty whenever he tried to dance with more than two girls at the same time. There was a general social gathering on Sunday afternoon, and it was with deep regret that the team left in the evening after giving Colonel Hayes a four-N yell and proposing a rousing toast to the girls of Fairmont.

On Monday morning the National Matches began. At the end of the two hundred yards, slow fire, the Academy team was second and only two points behind the Navy team, which led. At the end of the slow firing the midshipmen were in fifth place, but everything was going smoothly and all expected to pull up in the rapid fire stages. At that



WATCHING "FAT" SHOOT

Expel These Also

IN THE rapid-fire match of the National Rifle Association meeting at Camp Perry last month, the score of the team representing the United States Naval Academy was thrown out because the cadets had removed the stop pins of their rifle bolts, thus artificially quickening the action and taking unfair advantage of all the other competitors.

This is, I believe, the first instance of a team of cadets cheating in honorable contest, and the individuals who have so discreditably distinguished themselves should not be permitted to defame the Academy's good name without paying heavily for the privilege.

The other day some West Point cadets were expelled for hazing (and rightly so, no doubt; I do not question the justness of the punishment)—mere boyish pranks; but here in the Naval Academy representatives is revealed the meanest type of deceit—cheating an opponent in open contest—which reaches to the very essence of manhood, for of all obnoxious beings the liar is the most intolerable. Our national academies should be cleansed of such blood; and without delay.

Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

Journal" are quoted to show the views of an unprejudiced eyewitness of the whole affair:

"Two of these rifles, with new, perfect boltstops, were rejected, after reference to the Chief Ordnance Officer of the National Match, Major Phillips. The runs made by these guns were thrown out. I saw these rifles just as they were used; the boltstops were in perfect condition and accomplished perfectly their function. When the run was finished one of these rifles was handed by Lieutenant Williams to Major Phillips, he apparently not recognizing it; on being asked what was its fault, if any, he examined it, and replied that so far as he could determine it was in perfect condition and pronounced the boltstop all right. This, you will bear in mind, was his opinion of a rifle which, but a few minutes before, he had disqualified, causing the run shot by it to be thrown out."

The brightest individual light on the team (not so awfully light either) was Roesch. In addition to winning the Governor's Match he captured the National Individual Match and broke all world's records for slow fire. In closing too much cannot be said in praise of Lieutenant Hilary Williams. The success of the team was due to his hard work and personal magnetism. As a splendid officer, a perfect gentleman, and a friend to every man on the team and in the Brigade, we give all honor and respect to "Captain Jack."

time occurred the unfortunate incident which was later the cause of so much discussion. A number of new Springfield's had been received at the Academy while the team was on the cruise and the gunners-mate at the range had, as was the custom with new pieces, filed down the boltstop. The range officer took exception to their use and caused runs shot by them to be thrown out. He further insisted on weighing trigger-pulls, making some of the team begin firing with pieces locked, and even after new boltstops had been inserted he disqualified two more pieces. The following extracts from a prominent Army officer's letter to the "Army and Navy

imprising expulsion. It now appears that their coach, Lieutenant HILARY WILLIAMS, U. S. N., before the rapid-fire stage of the match began, informed the Executive Officer of the alterations made in his rifles, and was assured by the Executive that they were in proper condition. Inasmuch as the coach and the members of the Naval Academy team, midshipmen H. W. HOSFORD, F. BRADLEY, A. H. RUHL, E. K. LANG, E. B. GIBSON, H. O. ROESCH, M. S. BROWN, H. E. SAUNDERS, J. H. BIRDSALL, R. B. SIMONS, R. H. HAWKINS, R. S. PARR, L. ST. L. PAMPERIN, A. G. ZIMMERMANN, H. T. BARTLETT, O. W. LEIDEL, R. K. AWTRY, O. C. BADGER, G. E. THOMAS (all U. S. N.), were unjustly criticized by Mr. WHITNEY, COLLIER'S desires publicly to offer them apology. COLLIER'S especially regrets having printed anything derogatory to the Naval Academy, for we have nothing but the warmest admiration for the Navy and its personnel. We believe that Mr. WHITNEY'S zeal for strict adherence to "the rules of the game" is in the best interest of all sport, but we deplore equally with him the fact that he should, through misinformation, have cast an undeserved reflection upon an honorable body of young men, members of an institution which since its foundation has added luster to the history of the Navy.

Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

The Lacrosse Team

IN the winter of 1908 the game of lacrosse, so popular in the middle west, was inaugurated at the Naval Academy. The Thursday afternoon cross-country hikers were more than a little responsible for its first squad, but once started the virile qualities and the real interest of the game soon brought it into the serious regard of a small number of enthusiasts who worked hard and conscientiously at it all spring. These faithful players were rewarded for their labors by the creation, for them, of an orange L.N.T. This meant much, for it showed that the Athletic Association was in favor of the game and meant to encourage it.

The next year more interest was aroused and a goodly squad turned out. With many of the old team as a nucleus, Captain Welsh began to select his material, and soon had an aggregation which was most creditable considering the very small amount of experience which they had had with the game. After a few weeks of banging each other about the heads with their overgrown tennis rackets, the team sallied forth to meet Johns Hopkins, of Baltimore, great admirers of the game and for five years the intercollegiate champions. We were defeated, but the way our team played an uphill game, tiring out their more experienced opponents in the second half, showed the Navy fighting spirit. In the second game we were again beaten, this time by the Mount Washington Club, composed of former Hopkins stars; their superior skill



ALEXANDER



"DOC" BRANHAM



"GUS"



START—HOPKINS' GAME



"ALEC"

more than offsetting the improvement Navy had been making since the Hopkins match. This improvement continued so steadily that in our next game the Mount Washington Jr.'s were beaten easily by a score of five to one.

The big game of the season, though, was that with Harvard, as this college held the



LACROSSE TEAM

championship of the North. In addition, we had so many contests with Harvard in other branches of sport that every one was glad to see a new one added to the list. Crimson came down to give us the hardest fight they could put up, and Navy went out on the field determined to win or know the reason why. In the first half there was little to choose between the teams so far as skill went. Both teams were doing extremely accurate and heady team work, Harvard



LACROSSE SQUAD

seemed slightly faster while the Navy played a more aggressive game. At the end of the half the score stood two to two. In the second half, however, Navy came out with blood in its eye, and in a very short time had set a pace that was too much for the sons of John Harvard. Crimson was kept on the defensive throughout the last of the half, while some very pretty goal shooting added four to our score. Our opponents had made one, so when the game ended the



RUNNING IT DOWN

The last game of the season was with Baltimore City College. We had scheduled a match with Columbia, who had an excellent team, but as they were forced to cancel their Southern trip we had secured the Baltimore bunch as a makeshift. Navy again showed their endurance, and after a rather strenuous game came out victors by five to two.

Much credit for the successful spring is due to Mr. J. Allan Dill, a former Hopkins captain, who coached our team, and to "Pee-wee" Welsh, our diminutive captain-manager. The Athletic Association gave the following men the L.N.T: Welsh, '09; Webster, '10; Hibbard, '11; Alexander, '10; Branham, '10; Gray, '10; Richardson, '10; Young, '10; Douglas, '11; Ford,



"G'S" MAKES GOOD

'11; Hill, '11; Perley, '11; LaMountain, '12. All of these except the first three are still at the Academy, and with increased interest and "Doc" Branham as captain, there is no reason why we should not have a team that will stand as high in its sport as basketball and gymnasium did in theirs.

The great trouble lies in the number of men required to play it, as it necessitates large guarantees to visiting teams, and lacrosse has not yet reached the rank of a major sport as far as dividing the money appropriations goes. However, Alexander has gotten some excellent games on his schedule despite this handicap, which is partly due to the sportsmanship of several colleges. Branham is working hard, and nothing but the ban on mid-week games stands in the way of the development of this sport, which, though still young here, already has won a deserved place because of the qualities of strength, endurance and skill which it brings out.



The Basketball Team

THE basketball season was the most successful in the history of the game at the Naval Academy. We won the Southern championship—the biggest thing we had a chance for,—every game on the schedule save one, and scored nearly three times as many points as our opponents.

The opening game with Baltimore Medical College showed material, but a woeful need of development. The next, against Pennsylvania, we lost. Neither team was as yet in any kind of form and the game was scarce a fair criterion of the merits of the two. As it was we out-scored them on field goals and excelled them in floorwork only to lose through too much fouling. Christmas week games, which we had scheduled with Columbia and New York Universities, were cancelled. By not being able to play these two games—especially the one with Columbia—we lost our chance for a high standing, perhaps the highest among Eastern teams. The two weeks were put in in the best sort of practice, and it was at this time of the season that the team "struck its stride."

We won easily from the strong C. C. N. Y. team, and two weeks later met Georgetown in the biggest game of the year. The contest was even and hard-fought until toward the middle of the second half, when the Navy braced and by perfect team play threw goal after goal,



BRANHAM



BASKETBALL TEAM



LT.-COMMANDER
TRENCH



BASKETBALL SQUAD

play us. As a reward for their excellent record the team was awarded an "N" in place of the usual "B.N.B." It would have been N* had we had the chance.

In Captain "Billy" Wills we had a guard of all-American calibre. A tower of strength on defense, down the field repeatedly on dashing offensive work, a head full of basketball—and a born captain. Wenzell was the best of the forwards. His record of 58 goals in 10 games will be very hard to surpass. Douglass, Jacobs, Abbott and Hill all played well—team work was the Navy's strength. It is noteworthy that every man outscored his opponents in the season total. The credit for the wonderful record is chiefly due to the coaching of "Billy" Lush—without him it would have been impossible.

The season summaries:

NAVY 28	— BALTIMORE MEDICAL COLLEGE	23
" 16	— PENNSYLVANIA	19
" 36	— LOYOLA	10
" 29	— CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK	21
" 42	— MANHATTAN COLLEGE	5
" 37	— GEORGETOWN	25
" 53	— SWARTHMORE	16
" 51	— VIRGINIA	6
" 52	— DELAWARE COLLEGE	5
" 33	— ST. JOHN'S, OF NEW YORK	16
" 65	— ST. JOHN'S, OF ANNAPOLIS	11

142 OPPONENTS

Average score per game—NAVY, 10; OPPONENTS, 15.

winning by twelve points. Swarthmore, our next opponent, had just the week before beaten the Army by a single point, so this game was looked to for a comparison. Navy, 53; Swarthmore, 16! The personnel of the Swarthmore team was the same as against West Point. The remaining four games were won by decisive scores.

The team did not have a schedule that did it justice. We believe that we could have defeated any team in the country—principally the Army, who refused to



"BILLY" LUSH

The Gymnasium Team

M. S. BROWN '10

THE success of this year's gym. team has been phenomenal, even among the striking array of successes that our minor teams have carried off in the last year. Handicapped by the loss of several of his ablest veterans, Captain LaMont turned out an aggregation which whipped to a standstill every team that would come down to meet them. On every apparatus the superiority of the Navy has been so apparent that there can be little doubt as to their right to the title of collegiate champions.

The season included the hardest schedule in the East, comprising the winners of the first six places in the Interecollegiates of last year. Of these, Navy defeated Yale, Pennsylvania, New York University and Rutgers by safe margins. Princeton and Columbia were unable to come to Annapolis as arranged, but were easily defeated by Yale and Pennsylvania, respectively, so we could probably have done the same. Yale, whom we defeated by a score of 31 to 14, later won first place in this year's Interecollegiates, held at Princeton.

The cause for the success of the season is largely due to the untiring efforts of our coach, Mr. Maug, whose knowledge of, and ability in, gymnastics is unequaled. The Navy Athletic Association realized this year the value of the gym. team, and, together with the Midshipmen's Association, offered welcome support and encouragement by means of training tables and appropriations for additional



KILDUFF

meets. It also supplied the team with new and extremely attractive uniforms which enabled our men worthily to represent the institution.

Captain LaMont won fifty-six out of Navy's total score for the season of one hundred and thirty-one points. His work on parallel bars, side horse and hori-



GYMNASIUM TEAM





zontal bars, stamped him as one of the most finished amateurs the country has seen—certainly the best the Academy will put out for a long time. Kieffer found time between pictures to exhibit several mighty fine fashions in tumbling, and Gillette tied him in number of points won for the season. Byrd was a star on the rings, and his graceful work brought in a total of fifteen points in the four meets. Zacharias, Bates, Waddell, Clark and Refor also won honor and points for the Navy in more than one match.

At the end of the season the regular inter-class gymnastic meet was held, the third class coming out winners, although LaMont, winning all the points for the First Class himself, was close enough to give them a bad scare. The second and fourth classes were badly to the rear.

The finals of the intercompany boxing attracted a great deal of attention, and Dick Myers proved to be a star performer. Winning the light-heavy by default, he stepped into the heavy-heavy and in the finals was pitted against Reinicke, last year's champion, who outweighed him twenty pounds or more. The Redhead was out of condition and though he showed better staying powers Dick's powerful blows and heady attacks gave him the decision. Another mighty interesting bout was that between Lapham and Hein. A more evenly matched pair would have been hard to find, and though Lapham fought with all there was in him the decision of the judges in favor of Happy Hein met with general approval.

SCORES—1910

January 29	Yale, 14; Navy, 31
February 19.....	Pennsylvania, 15 2-3; Navy, 29 1-3
March 5	New York University, 8; Navy, 37
March 12	Rutgers, 14; Navy, 34

The Wrestling Team

FOR the first year in the history of this institution wrestling as a sport assumed a definite standing in the sphere of the athletic teams. Previously wrestling was participated in only as an inter-company affair, with points given to winners to count for the Brigade Flag. There were no outside meets. Last year a team was formed and one meet was held with outside teams. Pennsylvania came down and met us—she returned home defeated. That one victory was an incentive for this, the following year. A four-match schedule was arranged by Manager Kilduff. Gilbert was elected captain.

The call for candidates in the early fall brought forth a good-sized squad and the preliminary training was started. The squad applied themselves conscientiously and worked hard, and it was only after the strongest kind of competition that many of the contestants secured their positions on the team. The squad was weeded down and there remained: Elder at 115 pounds, Knott at 125 pounds, Gilbert at 135 pounds, Schofield at 145 pounds, Sowell at 155 pounds, Weems at 175 pounds. Loftin, our heavyweight, was splendid, but on account of injuries did not participate in all our meets, as did the others.

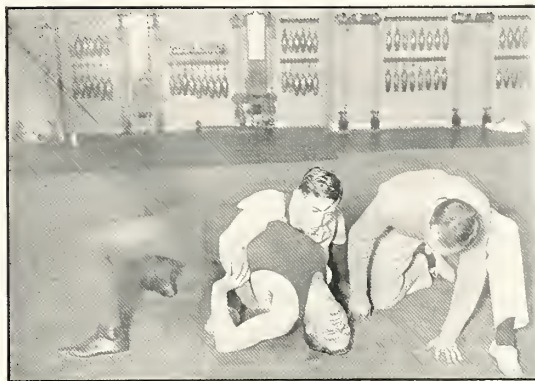
Our first wrestling meet was held with Pennsylvania on February 5th. It was an easy victory for us, as we beat them 6 bouts to 1. Our second meet, on February 19th, was with Pennsylvania State. We beat them 4 bouts to 2, one bout being a draw. On February 26th we met Lehigh and beat them 5 bouts to 2. On March 5th we suffered our only defeat of the season at the hands of Princeton, who beat us, after the hardest match of the season, 4 bouts to 3. In justice to our team it must be said that in the heavyweight event Richardson, the sturdy fullback of the football team, filled in the position on only one day's training. Our season's record therefore stands with three victories to our credit and only one defeat, a very



WRESTLING TEAM

credible showing for our first year at this sport.

Elder had a clear score of victories to his credit: Schofield and Sowell were great in their respective weights: Weems was a Trojan, and though weighing only 163 pounds met men of the 175-pound class, winning every event in his weight. In the Lehigh meet he entered the heavy-weight event after winning at his own weight, and though he was outweighed by over forty pounds, his man could not throw him, although he did get the decision on points.



SOWELL AND WEEMS

Mr. P. Steffen, the wrestling instructor, worked hard and long with the team, and no little credit of our successful season is due to him.

Wrestling is a man's game and develops sand, grit, energy and determination, as do few other sports. As all of these are attributes so essential to our chosen profession, we hope that this year is only a prelude to a long and successfully established sport in this institution.

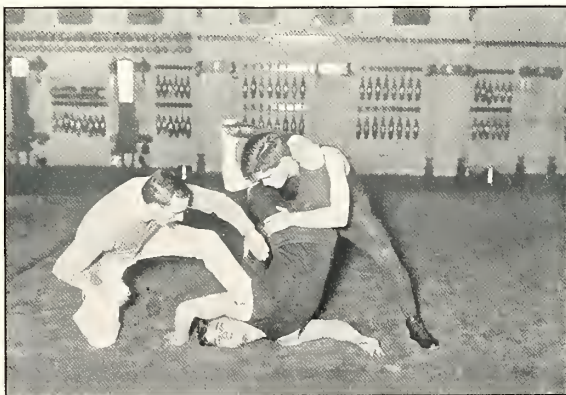
The summary of the season is as follows:

February 5.	PENNSYLVANIA	1	NAVY	6
" 19.	PENNSYLVANIA STATE	2	"	4
" 26.	LEHIGH	2	"	5
March 6.	PRINCETON	4	"	3
TOTALS		9		18

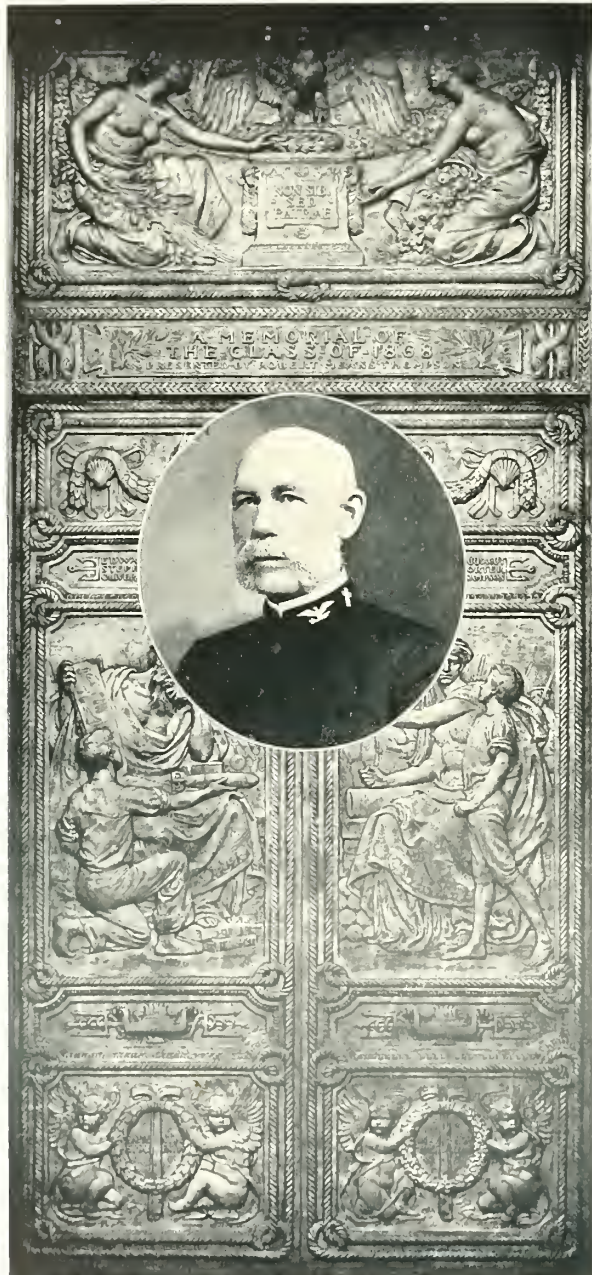
Permission could not be obtained to enter the Intercollegiates, which was unfortunate, for we feel sure, had we done so, that the wrestling team would only have added to the exalted position that this institution holds in the athletic world.

The record of the individuals stands as follows:

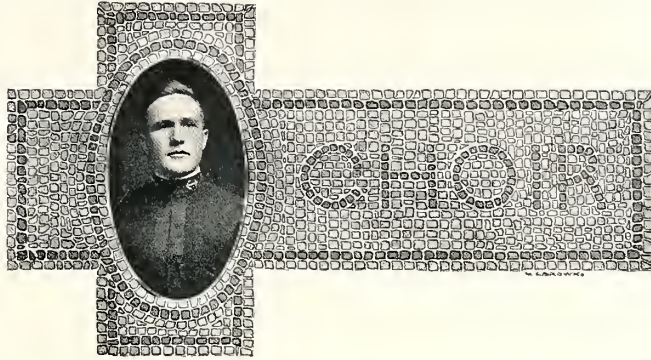
	No. of bouts			
	entered	Won	Lost	Draw
ELDER	4	4	0	0
KNOTT	4	1	2	1
GILBERT	4	2	2	0
SCHOFIELD	4	3	1	0
SOWELL	4	3	1	0
WEEMS	5	4	1	0
LOFTIN	2	1	1	0
RICHARDSON	1	0	1	0



ELDER AND SOWELL



Chaplain Clark

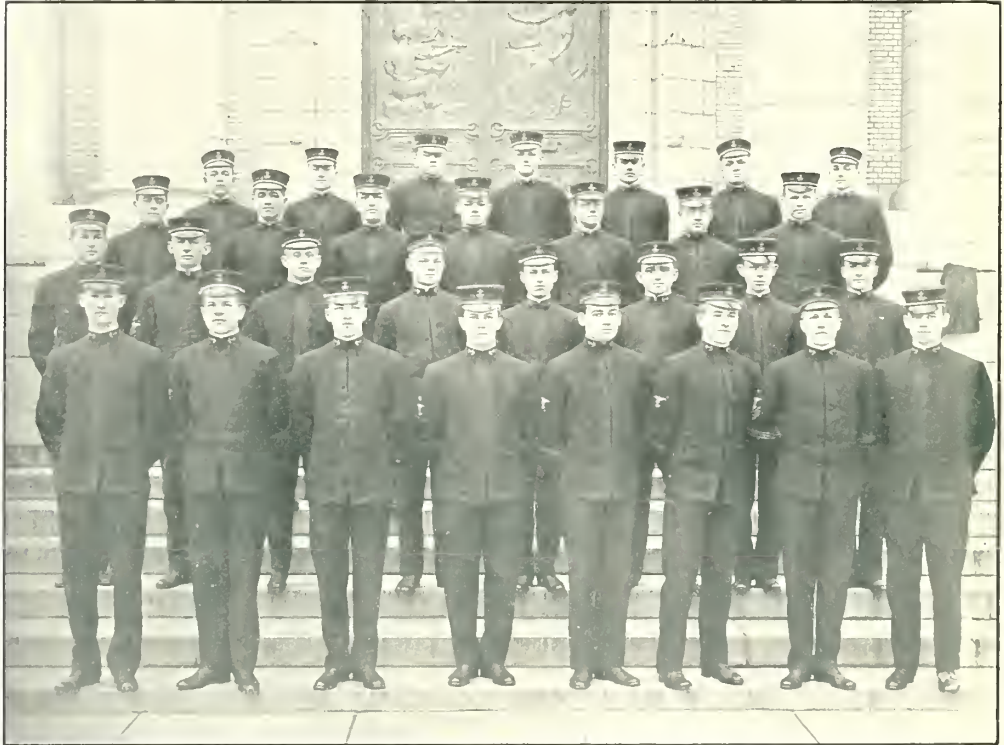


THERE was a time—and it is within the memory of those now at the Academy—when the choir was grouped about the organ, off at one end of the temporary chapel, where, if they wanted to be noticed—which they rarely did—they had to sing like all possessed. Now, following the general upheaval of things and conditions, the choir is put out in front of the whole audience—pardon us, we meant congregation—and absolutely the only time they aren't noticed is when they are singing.

It is said that high authorities, having heard the small Bedlam set up by the choir in the old chapel, designed the new one so that the sweet songsters would have to sit up and keep quiet. They do. One can hardly imagine anything more quiet and absolutely noiseless than that same choir. Once in a while, if Professor Zimmerman comes to the point of his story at the same time he reaches the pianissimo part of the "Te Deum," Dutch's wild cackle will startle the audi—congregation, and Bill Young produces some weird effects as he rambles over the scale in a leisurely search of the key. Then, too, after hop nights Bryant and Romeo split the zenith and nadir respectively in their impassioned solos, but these are all exceptions. The main fact remains that the choir as a whole could take lessons in noise-making from a Chesapeake Bay oyster.

Not that they do not possess voices, and excellent ones, too! Far from it! Just look at the gentlemen on the left: Kilduff, Robottom, Chevalier, Brown, Wellbrock—dear me! How many of them seem to have been in the old Seventh! You say Mr. Clark was in the Seventh,

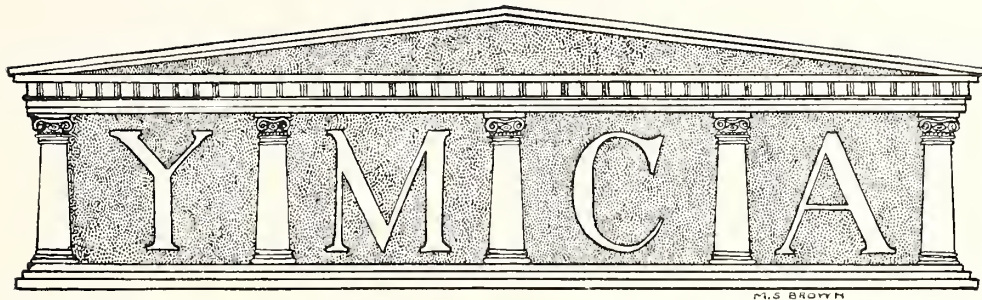
too? What an odd coincidence! But then there can have been no favoritism, for were they not all put through a rigid examination by the impartial Wellbroek, who relentlessly crushed budding ambitions by putting down G's, P's and V. P.'s in the back of a hymn book after the manner of the immortal "Half Check?" Of course they were. If they do not wish to sing they have good reasons. The front row doesn't sing because people would hear them better—



CHOIR

I should say more,—would hear them more if they did than if they didn't, which you must admit is a logical reason. The middle row doesn't sing because they might throw the front row off the key. (If there is anything in this world that could throw the front row farther off it is that middle row.)

Sir! The rear row do not have to sing. They are friends of Mr. Clark.



OFFICERS

President: MILLINGTON B. McCOMB, '10

Vice-President: AUGUSTINE H. GRAY, '10

Recording Secretary: JOHN A. FLETCHER, '11

Corresponding Secretary: BERT M. SNYDER, '11

Treasurer: HENRY M. KIEFFER, '12

Bible Study: RUSKIN P. HALL, '10

THE purpose of the Association is to help the midshipmen lead an upright Christian life and to show that such a life does not mean being "goody-goody." Its principal activities are the weekly meetings and the Bible study classes. Every Sunday after supper a meeting is held lasting about one-half hour. At almost all of these there is as a speaker some man of ability along religious, social or educational lines. It is in these meetings that the growth of the Y. M. C. A. is most evident. When 1910 entered the Academy an upper classman who attended was somewhat the exception, while every meeting held this year has been well filled, and on some occasions practically the whole Brigade has turned out.

Bible study has also made great strides in the past year—thanks largely to the zeal and ability with which Dr. Carpenter conducted the leader's class, and to the energy of Hall in organizing and managing the classes.

Those taking part in this study are divided up into about thirty groups of a dozen each, care being taken to make each group congenial. On Friday evenings the leaders meet in a normal class, where the topics for the coming week are discussed.

The Y. M. C. A. also keeps the reading room supplied with papers and magazines; furnishes a library of books for the cruise; and provides entertainments on Saturday evenings when there are no hops or sports. It is due to the support of the Association



OFFICERS OF Y. M. C. A.



SOME OF THE BUNCH AT NORTHFIELD

many of whom had to work their way to get there, had its effect, and the large proportion of delegates who were "letter" men and social leaders in the different colleges was very noticeable.

There was also a lighter side. When asked for something distinctive of the Academy we had a relay pie race with seven men on a side, while an appreciative audience of over two hundred urged us on. A summary court-martial held the day after our arrival found Fletcher and Perley guilty of premeditated fussing, and in pursuance of the sentence they were thrown into the duck pond with due ceremony. In the track meet we developed some unexpected talent, especially in the slotput and the rough-house events such as the three-legged, sack



NORTHFIELD DELEGATES

and obstacle races, but it was in baseball that we particularly shone. We worked our way into the finals and were finally beaten by a score of 2-1 only, by the Yale team, composed almost entirely of "Y" men. The memory of our whole stay at Northfield is one of days pleasantly and profitably spent. The foreign cruise will, of course, prevent any such trip this summer, but we trust that interest in the Young Men's Christian Association will not flag and that under its new officers the Association will continue to grow and to prosper.

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DRILLS

M.S. BROWN.

DRILLS form a very important part of the curriculum at the Academy. It is at drill that we crystallize the theoretical knowledge of the section room into the practical knowledge that comes from actual experience. The day's drill ends the day's work, and reduces by one the number of "days" chalked up behind the door. Many and varied are the things we do at drills, and many and varied the things we may learn from them. Every department, except English and Dago and Math., has some special form of torment it is pleased to call a "drill." From crawling through dirty boilers in steam to marching at Dress Parade to the tune of "Anchors Aweigh" or "Ready About." From the Plebe's first attempts to twinkle his toes to the "one and tu" of the professor from Baltimore to pulling on a young sapling at cutter drill, or doing bayonet exercise and sitting up equipped in heavy marching order. Between these are drills, drills, and still more drills.

Promptly at 3.40 on week-days and at 10.05 on Saturdays the gongs ring, the bugles sound their unwelcome ta ta, t'ta ta, and some seven hundred and fifty odd midshipmen fall in on the terrace to be marched to their various tasks. During the winter months steam drills take up a good part of the time. These are perhaps the most instructive drills we have, comprising, as they do, everything in the mechanical line from blacksmithing to getting a ship under way. Youngsters are initiated into the delights of chipping and filing blocks of iron—as often pounding their thumbs as the ends of the chisel. They must also become skilled smiths and be familiar with ways and means of tempering and forging iron and steel. The Second Class make boilers 'midst a clamor so deafening one can't think, pour moulds and run lathes, while the weary First Class man is

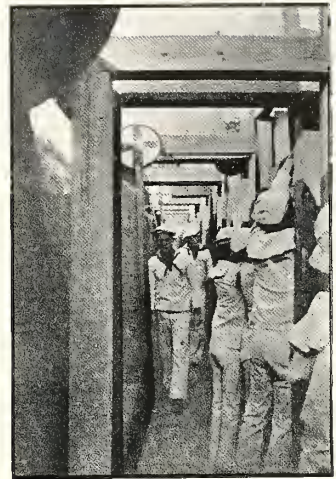


PASS IN REVIEW



SUAM BATTLE

taught to run larger machines, shapers, planers and the like, to take indicator cards, to run turbines and gas engines and the thousand and one various odd engines and machines that are found on shipboard. In addition to the drills in the steam building, each company spends about two weeks in the engine-room of a monitor. Before it has finished it will have crawled through the inside of boilers, started fires and shoveled coal into furnaces, traced the course of steam through valves and pipes, peered inside the main cylinders and climbed over the tops of engines in a temperature of 120 degrees or more to examine oil leads and cups—it will have run engines and auxiliaries and in fact done everything doable in an engine-room. And to see a midshipman at a hop in the evening resplendent in full dress and brass buttons, oscillating joyously to “The Dollar Princess” or “Cin-bin-bin,” who would think that that same midshipman had spent the morning crawling around the tum-tum of a boiler, examining tubes, tube sheets and grate bars, and emerging with hands, face and clothing covered with soot and grime?



ON THE PITS

In the fall and spring the rifle range claims many of us. To the under classmen in the pits this means a chance for a peaceful smoke undisturbed by thoughts of O. C.'s and the like. To the upper classman firing it brings a chance to qualify as a marksman and to win a medal to wear on his manly bosom. Rifle shooting is always interesting, and what with the chances for pot shots at chickens wandering around the range, target practice is probably the most popular



HEAVY MARCHING ORDER

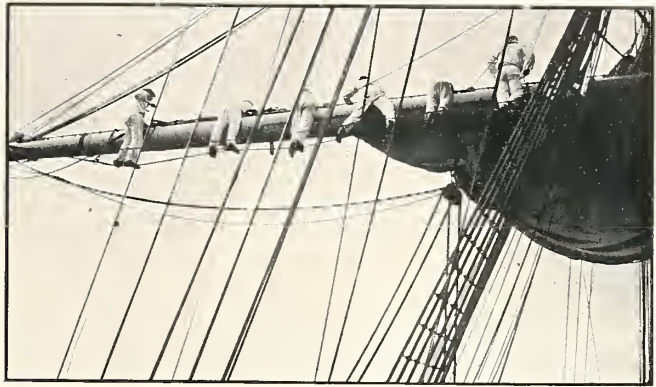
of all our drills. The Ordnance Department has many other pleasures in store for the unwary. The gun shed can be the coldest place this side of the North Pole, and many have been the frozen feet and ears enjoyed while studying the insides of a torpedo, or the toes smashed by some one's dropping a drill shell at the loading machine. In addition to these, we lay mines in the harbor to blow up the unwary oyster fleet, or shoot torpedoes at classmates in a dinghy 1,000 yards away, greatly enjoying the fumes of the calcium carbide torpedo torch when the torpedo must be recovered.

It used to be a Plebe rate to pull a cutter—the



STEAM TACTICS

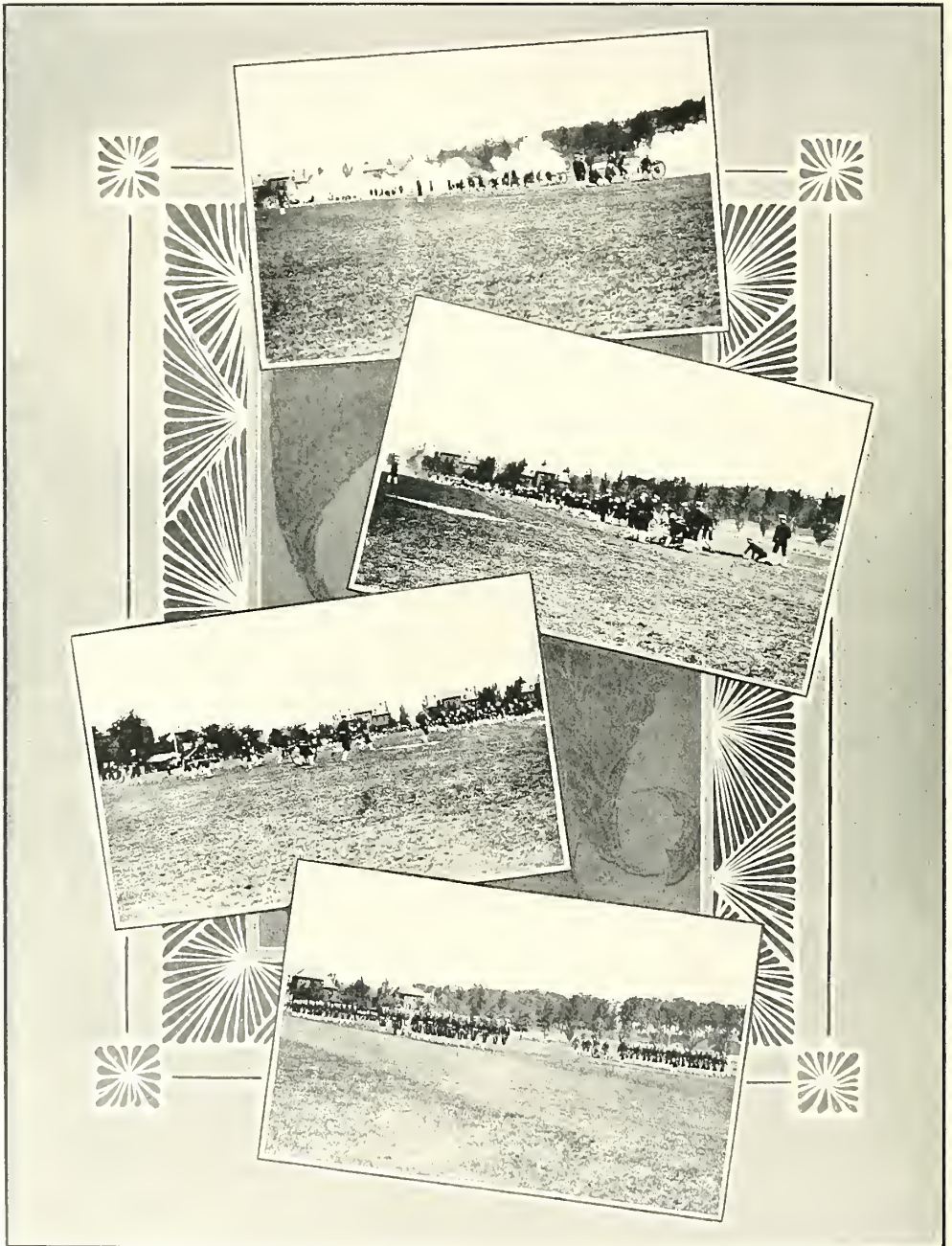
youngsters being in charge —while the First and Second Classes enjoyed themselves running steam launches. But this year things have changed, and we all get our turn at the oars, much to the disgust of the First Class man, who considers himself above such tasks as pulling an oar in a cutter while Plebes sit in the stern sheets. More pleasant is the instruction in handling cutters and small boats under sail. Tacking and wearing and various other evolutions keep one busy, and woe to the unlucky midgy who doesn't make his landings to suit the officers in charge of the drill. Signals play an important part in the seamanship drills. At these we learn to wig wag and semaphore, read the many colored flags of the navy and international codes, and to understand the winking red and white lights of the Ardois system, that on the cruise we may be able to translate the various messages that are sent to and from between the ships of the squadron.



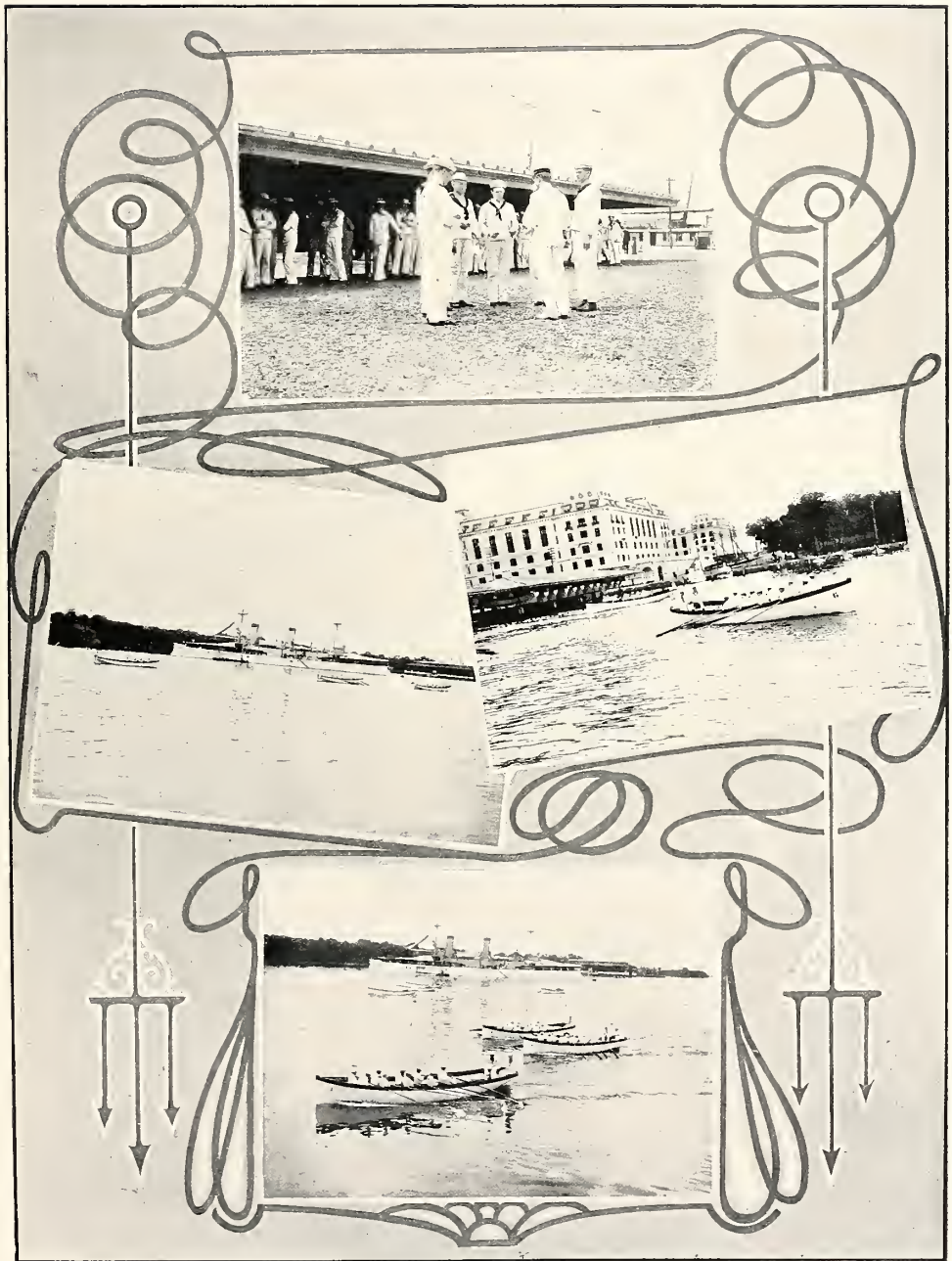
GOOD OLD SAIL DRILL

The First Class drills are of a more practical nature than others. They include about three weeks of electrical engineering and some time at hydrographic surveying. In the electrical laboratory we run motors, investigate switchboards and systems of turret control, trace wirings of engine-room and steering telegraphs and helm angle indicators, learn the wireless code and tackle the mysteries of the closed and open circuits, antennæ and induction coils, and woe to the unlucky one who pulls a switch, throws a lever or loiters behind switchboards "to see what happens." In navigation, the First Class make a survey of a portion of the Severn River. White signals are built in various places for us, and many hours are spent in carrying twenty-five foot poles, pins, battens and other weird and wonderful contraptions around the countryside. Parties take soundings, measure the tides and "occupy" stations. Then we go in and make a chart from our survey of the "Crabtown Flats."

One would scarcely regard dancing as a drill, yet such it is at the Academy, and Plebes enjoy it daily during the winter. Perhaps the professor from Baltimore has his troubles directing the graceful (?) steps of his unsophisticated pupils, and much running does he get because of his marvelous distortions of the English language. But he knows his business, as most of the girls who come to our hops will tell you. Plebes also have drills in the gym which straighten out curved backs and rounded shoulders. They go to the armory for instruction in



ARTILLERY



CUTTER DRILL



GUN SHED

Carrying laundry bags containing our duds, we go to the armory and attempt to stow them in the knapsacks and haversacks provided. It seems a hopeless job, but finally they all go in, and the companies equip and enjoy (?) rifle drill and setting up carrying bound about with knapsack, haversack and canteen. But the most spectacular and showy of all drills is Brigade Infantry. This, while not so interesting to the Brigade, sends a thrill of delight and patriotism down the spectator's back. Take a dress

parade, for instance, when the long blue line stretches down the field, at parade rest, while the band marches down its full length and back again. "Bring your battalions to attention, sir," sings out the adjutant, and "Battalion attention" comes from the battalion commanders.



CASUALTY

the use of sword and canes, and are daily admonished by Old Heinz or Corbesier to "assume de guard! one hein!" or to "Shtiek it in, and turrin it around" to the accompaniment of many bloodthirsty gestures.

In the Discipline Department we have infantry and artillery drills galore, setting up bayonet exercise and heavy marching order. This last comes once a year, and is in verity an invention of the Devil!



GUN SHED

The white gloved hands snap back to the sides, pieces are twisted 'round to the order, and the blue line stiffens and stands rigid as the echoes of the "Star-Spangled Banner" come ringing back from the hills across the Severn.



ABOUT that time of year when the soft wind blows in your wide-open window, bringing sweet smells of green trees and soft grass, and the birds begin to wake you up in the mornings; when you spend all study hour listening to the band, or start in to bone and wake up with the sound of the bugle in your ears; when you feel weary in body and soul, ready to throw your books over the sea-wall and jump in after them yourself—then you may safely say that June week is near.

June Week! A name to conjure with! To the Plebe it means the end of his ephrysalis state; to the Youngster the increased importance of being a Second Class man; to the Second Class man the near approach of the time when he will be smoking his pipe and wearing a matter of a gold stripe or two around his sleeve; but to the First Class man—what doesn't it signify? The reward of four years of labor, of worry, of struggle, of pain, compressed into one short week, already full to overflowing with drills and exercises, is it any wonder that the average First Class man's expression at that time is one of happy idioey?

The exams are all over and whether we have "busted" or not we dismiss all thought of

them from our minds and enjoy ourselves every minute of the time. We go out and yell frantieally, that the baseball team may "put it all over" the Army, and that night we take in the hop for the cadets. When the Board of Visitors are due we go out to the field to receive them and then have them, instead of admiring our stalwart forms, pass down the line discussing some other subject with the superintendent. We go to dress parade, and our company marches out, heads in air, before all the Brigade, to receive the



BOARD OF VISITORS



REVIEWING THE BRIGADE

strewn with the dead and dying, all of whom seem miraculously to have fallen in the most comfortable position possible.

Between times we walk and talk under the big shade trees, go sailing, take canoe trips, and stroll along Lover's Lane at night while the band plays.

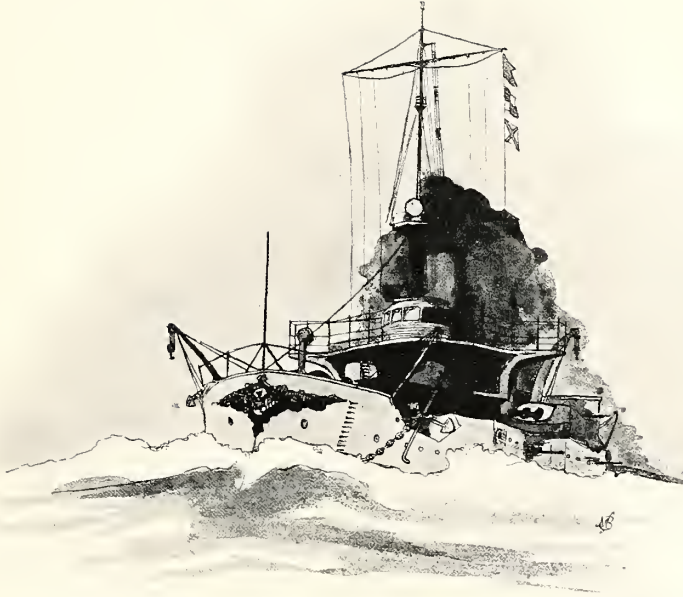
So the time slips by until the night comes, when we go to the Armory and thread our way through the mazy german, tasting moments of bliss that are worth the waiting for. Dimly realizing that it is the end, we fall in "without arms, in charge of the Cadet Commander," march past the Brigade and seat ourselves to listen to the Secretary's speech. Mechanically we go up to get the precious sheepskin, and, before we know it, we have sung the class song, given three cheers for those we leave behind us, danced the snake dance and are "mingling with our friends."

colors from the hands of the fair maiden for whom we give: "Three cheers for the young lady who presented the colors!"

We have infantry and artillery drills where we make glorious mistakes which nobody sees but ourselves, we shoot and fence and maneuver boats for the benefit of the assembled multitudes. We invade the Steam Building and gravely hammer, file, and machine on stock eastings finished long ago, and kept in store for June Week drills. We fight sham battles, charge and counter charge, till the red ink soaked ground is



JUNE WEEK FEMMES



THE CRUISE



THE end of June Week, the last good-byes said, torn finally from her smiles, and stowed along the sea wall with clothes bags and mattresses, we looked at the ships at anchor and began to speculate about First Class cruise. We were rudely awakened when we boarded the flagship and Pule's raucous voice bade us: "Bear a hand and stow your lockers!" Shoes went into Admiral Dewey's sideboard, Bull and Cube where once reposed the classic silver service, everything in orderly confusion. Two days of lingering farewell in Crabtown and we were off! Down Chesapeake Bay sailed the pirate squadron, Olympia, Chicago, Hartford and Tonopah, on our last summer cruise—with 1910 at the helm.

The first port was Old Point. Madly we tore ashore on our first liberty. Dinner and hops at the Chamberlain or on the Post, something doing at Norfolk or Newport News, and June Week was almost forgotten.

The heavy, hot summer hung like a pall over us as we sailed between the Capes and began to feel the long ocean roll on a northward course. Out of the heat and the dead, lifeless calm we steamed up the coast to Block Island Sound. Soon we felt the list of the tide



THE FLAGSHIP

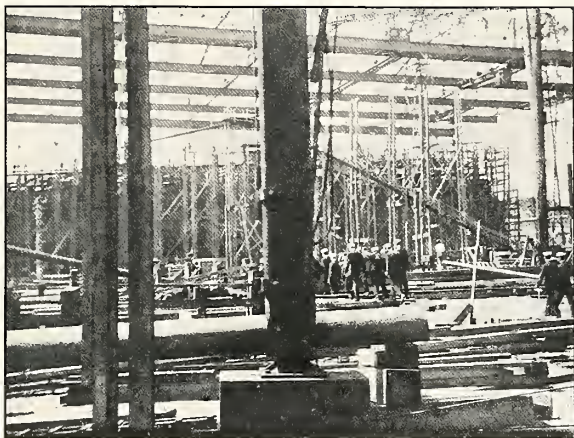
off Race Rock Light and the Boy Navigator of the Olympia reported, "New London light off the starboard bow, Sir." Many times we anchored there at the mouth of the Thames. The Griswold on one side, her lights shining an inviting welcome: on the other the Pequot cottages; and barely hidden behind the point—Ocean Beach. Up the river, behind a veil of heavy smoke, New London: the Crocker House Grill; and the way to New

York. Six happy weeks we spent in New London—this our routine. On Monday morning up anchor for Gardiner's Bay, where every day until three we drilled and took berth deck sights. At three it was "out all boats" for sailing races, or over to the beach for a swim. Friday morning the squadron again headed for New London, and we were in for a week end. For the Admiral's order read, "From Friday noon until Monday morning there shall be as little work and as much relaxation and recreation as possible." About four o'clock Friday we dropped anchor in New London

and proceeded to carry out that order in, and with, spirit. The first boat ashore saw, besides the paymaster and Injun Joe, "Cudge" and "Clip" (The Heavenly Twins) headed for the Crocker House: "Win" with his ever faithful chaperon sailing for "Blondy"; "Penny" bound for his fiancé and the "Spig" for "Lucile." Thus the party musters in the New London launch, the coxswain shoves off and the Officer-of-the-Deck leaves the gangway. Suddenly there is a wild whoop, out of the Admiral's cabin rushes the destructive "Pug," blouse in one hand and cuffs in the other, bowls over the captain, throws a kiss to the Officer-of-the-Deck and makes a flying leap for the launch. All the "Beach Combers" being aboard now, the steamer makes the best of her way to the landing. On deck "Rusty," who has relieved Stolz as an accommodation, sends word to the Mate of the Deck that if "Billy" Barrett will muster his belated fussers he can have a boat for the Griswold. The resplendent ones shoved off, quiet reigns on board the flagship—broken only by the low strains of "Tubby's" guitar, "Rusty's" raucous calls on deck, and the moanings of the July conduct grade, for there is nothing sleepier or bluer than the ship on liberty days.

Just before supper "Mary" and "Pedro" come back from their trolley ride, bringing first tidings of Tom's wild doings ashore. A few more drift aboard for supper, after which the ship is again deserted.

To the dance at the Griswold the fussers; up to New London the hard guys; out to the beach "Tom" and the "Studuc." Everyone has taken a happy spirit



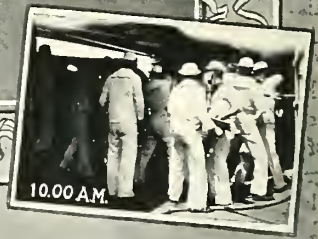
"WE VISITED FORE RIVER"

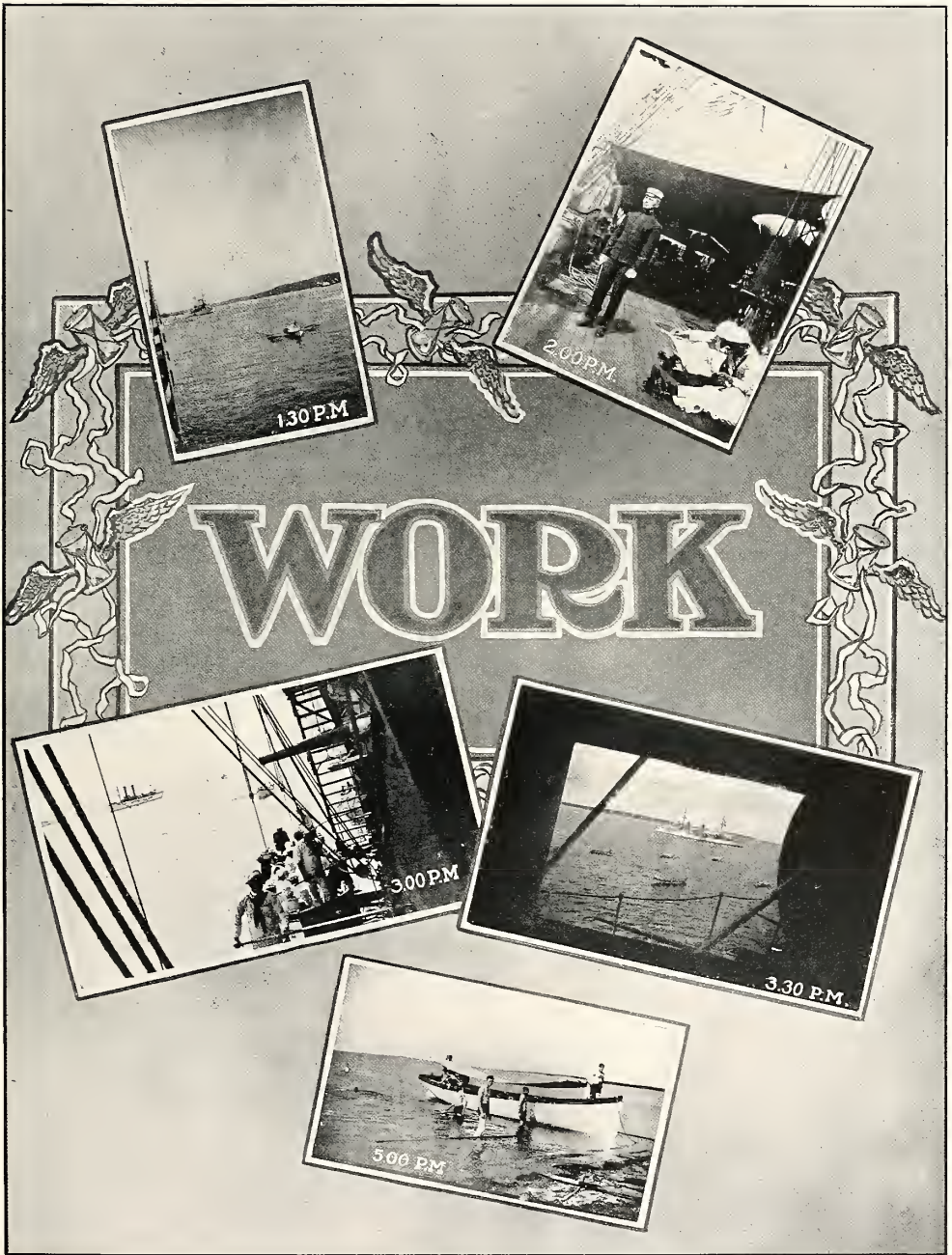


BOSTON HARBOR



A DAY'S







CONSTITUTION'S GUN DECK

The Officer-of-the-Deck, well along in the midwatch, starts from his reverie at the approaching *puff puff* of a shore boat making a landing alongside the anchor chain, but being wise from long experience he makes no move and from the gangway watches a familiar figure clamber up the bow and stealthily creep down the forecastle. He knows that there will be a howl below as every man is awakened in turn, for the tardy one has left his hammock in the "Lucky Bag" and is hunting for the Mate of the Deck. Yet knowing this the O. D. feels easy as he paces his post, for "Tom" Nicholson, the "Pride of our Navy," is at last safe aboard and all is well!

After a parade and review by the President at Norwich, the fleet got under way for the "yachting" part of the cruise. The first stop was at Boston, where we inspected the chain foundry, the rope-walk, and made a tour of the Fore River shipyards at Quincy. Then came Gloucester and more parades, the delicate aroma of codfish permeating it all. Then Portsmouth, dreary place, and after that Portland. We were the first cruise to stop there; may we not be the last! Our reception was warm and most enthusiastic; the Portland Club, the Town Hop, the absence of a parade—all contributed to make our stay there one of the most enjoyable times of the cruise.



IN THE NAVY WAY

ashore where he listed and all meet the last boat with different tales of a big liberty. There are rough liberties and smooth, but the best of all is the "big" one. And of these are the tales heard aboard the last boat. "Happy's" wild tear, "Win's" latest stunt, "Pug's" heroics, the "Studuc's" fussing, and, wondering where "Tom" is—we come back from liberty a happy crew. Aboard again, each finds his hammock somewhere in the scuppers and is tired enough to turn in, though knowing that it is useless to hope for sleep as yet. A few belated ones trying to get back noiselessly, the harsh tones of the O.D. as he rags them, and once more stillness settles over the ship.

Bath next, and that place not only marks the beginning of the end, but the people there make one feel that he is on leave already, so open-hearted and hospitable are they. Bar Harbor we found quite the opposite, and our reception was as chilly as the weather. From there we headed southward, bound for September. A brief stop for that combination of coaling and dancing peculiar to Newport, and we set our course for Crabtown, homeward bound for the brightest time of all the years—First Class Leave.



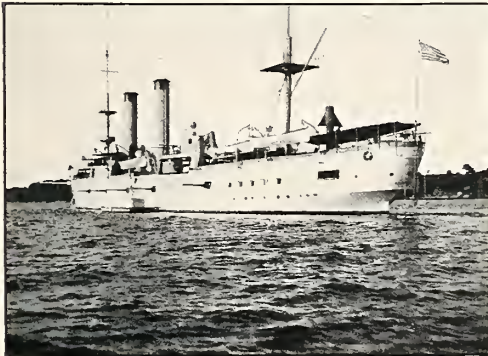
“**Q**UARTERMASTER! quartermaster! chief signalman! Haul taut signal halliards!” The querulous voice rang out over the decks of the U. S. S. Chicago, where a swarm of earnest, perspiring young men were clawing over huge piles of bags of clothing and throwing things right and left, chewing on frazzled ends of clews or lashing up brand new hammocks as soft as boiler plate.

The summer cruise had begun. We were at last on the good ship “Chi,” the “home,” embarked for three months, with what vicissitudes in store for us we knew not, but with September leave at the end to cheer our ever-failing hopes.

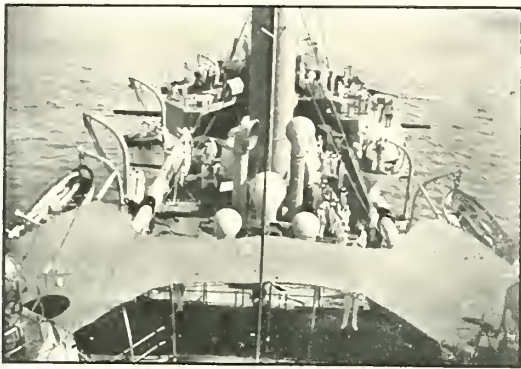
The next Monday, after the fussers had had one last long Sunday, it was good-by to old Crabtown, and we steamed down the bay on our first-class cruise, our last as midshipmen U. S. Naval Academy. How we took in the sights of Norfolk, devastated the hearts of the fair ones at the Griswold, and played havoc generally along the New England coast is told in other pages of this book.

We, of the Chicago, were pretty well occupied on board most of the time, but while not actually engaged in pulling running boats, stowing hammocks, coaling ship, standing watch, working Nav., dismounting guns, standing at quarters, clearing the deck, writing up note-books and rhinoing, really had quite a good time.

We turned out at 6.00 A. M. with the Mate of the Deck’s fencing foil tickling our ribs, lashed with seven neat and equally-spaced turns, stowed our hammocks by 6.14.99 W. T. and then worked a little Nav. before breakfast. After the bounteous product of Jack’s genius, for a change we tried a little more Nav. until the Mate of the Deck’s cries sent half the ship’s company on the bridge to help with the practice signal and the rest on deck to flemish down gear. Of course, the “extra duty squad”



THE “CHI.”



GETTING UNDER WAY

as a place of residence, and then more drill. While one division spent its time inventing dotters, the engineering detail seized all the camp chairs except the four Freddie occupied, and read "21 days" with much care, while the others amused themselves semaphoring or overhauling the boat gear. When release "busted," it was "out all boats," and we laboriously rigged out all things floatable except the steamers, rowed around half an hour, sailed a few minutes, and then as laboriously hoisted everything again.

Then we had a little setting up and more exercise on the bridge with the flags before supper, and afterwards, as soon as the prunes and the weiners had disappeared, Dutch entertained us with his orchestra—while we feverishly worked Nav. At taps, of course, after such a day, we were loath to turn in, but usually most of us sought our hammocks sometime before eleven, perchance for an "all night in," to snooze until the thud of squilgee handles on the deck above roused us from a last beauty sleep.



PARADES WERE OUR SPECIALTY

in the washroom and "Rouge" asleep on the table were not disturbed. As soon as the 1.5's had been impartially distributed for good work with the flags, we had a little setting up, followed by a sprint around the deck, before taking the battery to pieces to remove the rust from the locking lugs. If we succeeded in putting the guns together before noon, we filled in the time before dinner taking a gundeck meridian attitude, and listening to some of the "Goodness Jakes" with their Yiddish. After dinner, a short smoke in the 15 sq. ft. of the port sponson while Saek, Dutch, Petoskey and Sing Sing Sid discussed the merits of the "Chi"

Such was the daily round of pleasure. Of course, it was not always so strenuous. During the long weeks at Gardiner's Bay, boat drills and races were much in evidence, and we often spent half a day cleaning out the boats and swimming on the beach or leading the best sailors of the other ships a merry chase around the fleet. Two or three times, on Thursday nights, the Executive and Bill arranged entertainments, dancing, singing and boxing, with music by the famous Metzenberger Orchestra. On Saturdays, a large squad of deadheads went ashore in the morning to play baseball, and the rest of the day those not on liberty went sailing with McComb.

The climax of the fun-making, though, came on the last Saturday of our stay in New London. Then, as a matter of course, after the other ships had had their "teas" and "at homes," we gave a hop that far outdid them all. On the great day, the fair ones of the Griswold and Eastern Point were brought on board to an



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AFTER much argument and discussion as to whether the class supper should be before or after leave, the committee realized that the supper would be such that no leave attractions could compare with it, and they therefore allowed us to have it at the last—provided they got the money in the beginning. By six o'clock on Saturday, September 28, 1908, most of the class was already assembled in the lobby of the Hotel Belvedere. As each new arrival entered he would be overwhelmed by a laughing, hand-shaking mob of his happy classmates.

"Where's Mac?"

"Did you see her this leave?"

"Heard Nick's latest?"

After shaking hands with the bellboy eight times the newcomer would find his roommate and together they would pile into the elevator for their room, each yelling about what *he* did on leave and paying not the least attention to what the other fellow was saying. A bath, a quick shift, and then, smiling and wolf-hungry, the crowd began to gather in eager anticipation before the closed doors which were all that stood between us and the feast we had been looking forward to for over two years.

The band was late in arriving and took even longer to reach the tenth floor since, owing to the discrepancy between the size of the bandsmen and of the elevators, only two could be carried at a trip. Finally all got up; we crowded around the doors while the last touches were given the tables, then with the class march booming forth we trooped into the promised land.

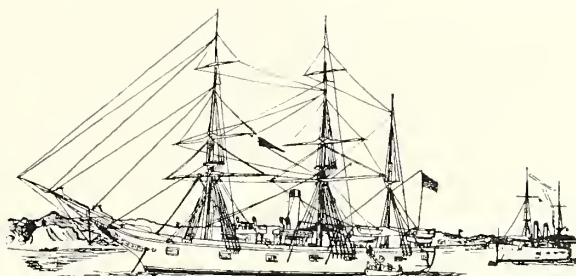
It was a joyous sight that met our eyes; the big room hung with class colors, cozy, candle-lit tables in the form of a great '10, and on the raised platform the long-awaited band. We seated ourselves long enough to have the picture taken and then with a shout rose to Tubby's toast. He toasted from his heart as a man should: "The class; the jolliest, the truest, the best-hearted bunch of fellows that ever got together." As one looked from one group to another one could not but join in the sentiment. Our brand new class song

entertainment, the like of which was never before seen on sea or land. The quarterdeck, where Mrs. Bullard and Reifsnider graciously received, was embowered in the gay flags of all nations and festooned with beautiful greens with their unobtrusive thorns, while all the bright work, polished diligently with talcum powder, shone like mirrors. Below, the gun deck, also gay with flags, was a scene that would have brought envy to the heart of a Delmonico. On deck, to the narcotic strains of the Griswold Orchestra, fair maids and brave midshipmen waltzed and hopped and fussed until six o'clock and the borrowed steamers of the fleet came to take them all back to shore.

After that there was no question in the fleet as to which ship could give the best entertainments: the Chicago, in spite of her faults, was the leader of them all.

It was while we were sojourning in Gardiner's Bay that the Black and Bloody Rowdy Muttoncers formed their dreadful band, with felonious intent on the good ship "Chi." After their blood bound pact had been signed, only an accident saved the H. S. from a horrible fate. Under the leadership of that red-handed villain, the Muttonous Chief and his aides, Long Four Gun Fighter and Bloody Skip, Most Noble Chief Executioner of the Plank Walkers, the Muttoncers were all assigned to their duties, carefully rehearsed for that fateful night, when the officers were to be firmly bound to the anchors weighted with note-books and dropped overboard, the plug pulled out, the magazines blown up and the doomed ship sunk in the deepest hole in New London Harbor. The horrible plot was only frustrated by one of the divisional officers coming on deck one night at an unearthly hour and overhearing the Mutt Chief giving final instructions to Vasco de Gama and the Keeper of the Death Knell:

"Now, just at eight bells, see, when de Bucko Mate and de Dynamite Demon blow up de boilers and de rest tend to de oppressors with de anchors, us and de Hidden Treasure Keeper pinch all de vile demon Rum on board and den we all escape in de punt. See? Alright."



THE OFFICIAL SHIRK



IN spite of many dismal forebodings about a cruise on a windjammer, things aboard the historic old ship were pretty good after 11; we had a congenial bunch in all classes, especially the First, and it is the crowd that makes the ship. Many anticipated bugbears never appeared and First Class quarters were excellent. A water cooler in the steerage gave that sense of seniority which recourse to the common scuttle-butt prohibits, and the leather couches below decks were always full—of many things. After meals a merry crowd gathered there to smoke and joke and sing the little ditties composed by the irrepressible Spuds. Even the study parties held by "Savez," with "Square-head" and "Rosy" as assistants, for the benefit of the unsat in mechanics, were turned into happy meetings, where the wooden men not only learned something, but also drew considerable enjoyment out of running each other and their profs.

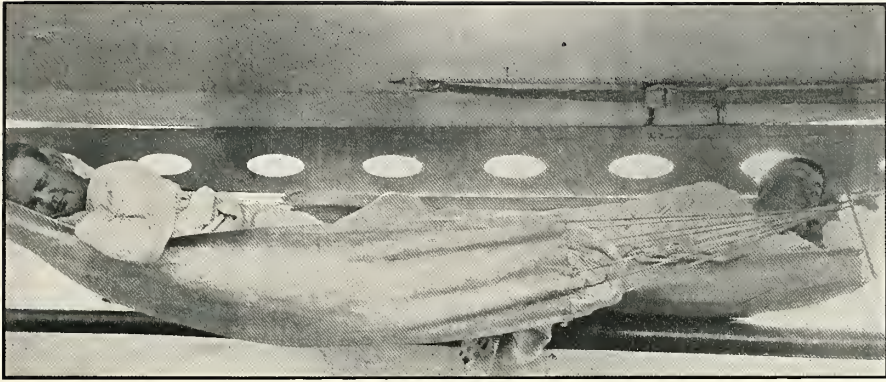


THE BLACK MARIA

Sundays, class messes were permitted and we were seldom without some visitors from the other ships, come over to partake of our famous dimmers and imbibe there with a little of the real saltiness of the good old ship. Baseball parties ashore, sailing trips with the whaleboats and fussing expeditions were, of course, sources of frequent enjoyment, but the most pleasant



LOOKING FORWARD



FAT SLEEPS IN

memories of all are the Fourth of July dinner, the Regatta Day at Gardiner's Bay and the Tea Fight aboard ship. On the last-named occasion we had worked hard to transform the ample quarterdeck of the old ship into a veritable bower of greenery and bunting, with the half-deck below screened off as a refreshment café, where the "King's Guards" served sustenance in the form of liquids and solids. Above, the light fantastic was merrily danced to the tune of the wardroom pianola. The officers assisted in every way possible to make a success of the affair, lending paraphernalia and entering heartily into the spirit. The Exec., as always, was full of kindness and helpful suggestions. The time passed but too quickly, and when the last visitor had been helped into our borrowed steamers the ancient vessel looked lonely and deserted, while the crew, who had been looking on from forward with approval and keen enjoyment of all the charming faces and musical laughter, left their places slowly and regretfully to man brooms and sweep down the last vestiges of that happy event, the Hartford's tea.

The Fourth of July dinner was held, for the First Class, in the steerage, the long, standing tables being decorated with wild flowers and spicy boughs (another suggestion of our Exec.), turning the narrow compartment into a perfect banquet hall. The mess-boys had been carefully instructed so that instead of the usual



THE FOURTH OF JULY DINNER

slap-dash method we were used to there would be genuine serving. All preparations completed, the bunch sat down, some fifty strong, including guests from all the other ships, and a merrier crowd could not have been found. The dinner was of several courses, including a dozen desserts—midshipman's gauge of a dinner. With the coffee and cigarettes we had songs, the guests from the other ships singing their parodies of topical songs, the words hitting off peculiarities of their own vessels with great aptness. Then we gave them selections from the Hartford's ninety and nine verses as composed by "Lambphace" and "Spuds," with "Bobby" wielding the baton. Finally the good time over and the fun giving way to a moment of seriousness, we rose and sang with full hearts



U. S. S. LUSITANIA

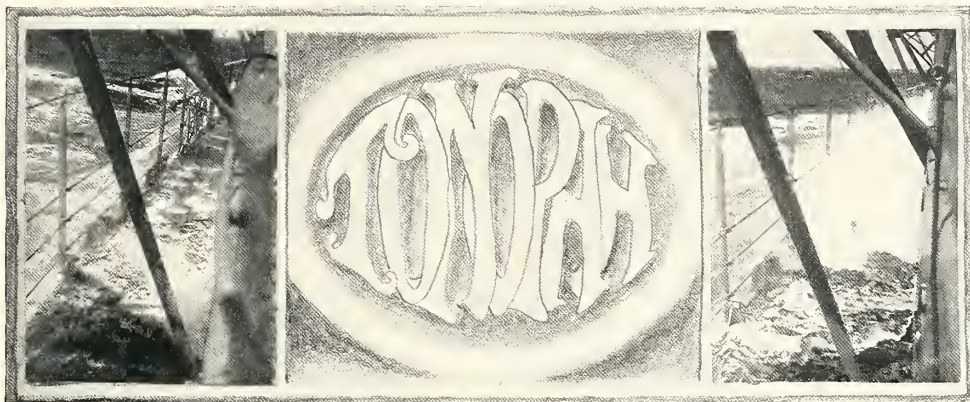


LOOKING AFT

the class song, forgetting all discords of music in the sentiment of the song.

Not long before our departure for the North a Regatta Day was held in Gardiner's Bay, in which the windjammer Hartford distinguished herself: her barnacled sailor lads winning all but one of the five classes of pulling races, with second place in the last race, and losing but one out of the same number of the sailing races. This against entries from all the other four ships of the squadron. The squadron commander published an order of commendation for the sailor-like way we had handled our boats and took the same opportunity to congratulate us on the excellence of our signaling.

With this proud record behind us we returned to the Chesapeake, enjoyed a few last boat parties at Solomon's and finally tied up at the old Santee wharf. Next day we drew our amounts available and left for that culmination of joys, First Class Leave, resolved that our last cruise had been one of great pleasure, some worth, with a little drop of gall to flavor the whole.



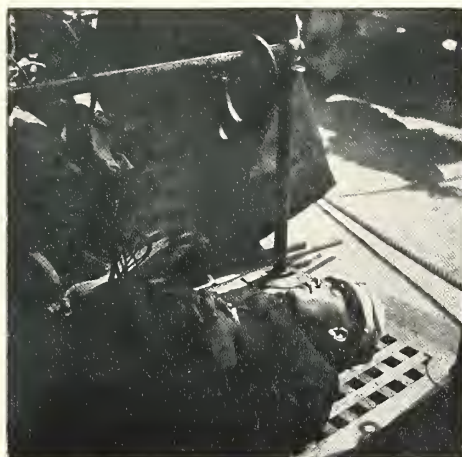
WHEN the detail to the different ships was posted those assigned to the "Flat Iron," remembering her past history, set up a dismal howl, which was joined in by six more first classmen, transferred at the last moment from the Olympia. After a careful study of the list of duties to be performed and the number of men available, it was figured out that we would be on duty or at work for an average of twenty-eight hours out of every twenty-four. Great was our joy when the first detail was posted. No watches at night or on liberty days except for the officers of the deck and signal watch.

After two days at anchor with good liberty and no work, the Crab Navy got under way and steamed to Solomon's. The authorities, fearing that if we were allowed to land at this gay and fashionable resort the New England coast would no longer have any charms for us, kept us on board.

After a touch of Norfolk weather such that it was scarcely necessary to start fires in the boilers in order to get up steam, we left for the cooler waters of Long Island Sound. The trip up was calm and uneventful—fortunately. The



FLEET AT BATH



"SKATE" TAKES A NAP



WHERE CLEANLINESS IS
NO VIRTUE

course steered showed that not in vain had we studied curve tracing, and to the especial joy of the First Class, as soon as we arrived in Gardiner's Bay we proceeded to swing ship. From then on for over a month it was week ends at New London and the rest of the time at Gardiner's Bay. For about ten days it was work, work, work, until we began to think that the ship was living up to her past reputation. One evening we tore ourselves away from our note-books for a musicale in which a squib song setting forth our grievances was sung for the special benefit of the officers. The effect was magical, from then on we had a happy ship: Note-book work was cut down, boat drills became a pleasure, ending as they did with a long "Flemish" ashore, with nothing to bother us except a few million green flies. About the middle of our stay here a happy bunch of mutineers, exiled from the "Chi," came to the Tony and pounded the skate club.

Fame followed our social affairs. Our tea-fight, the first in the fleet, was caricatured in a New York paper. And as for the Parade at Norwich, in every railway station in Connecticut were posters advertising the great military parade, headed by the battalion of U. S. Midshipmen. The staff was appointed from the Tony, "Tim" Byrne being four-striper.

When we left New London we headed up the coast, visiting all the shipyards and incidentally every coaling station. In Boston we had a week of fine liberty cut short by orders to proceed to Gloucester to take part in another parade, and to see the inspiring (?) pageant. Here again the Tonopah's company headed the procession. Gus Gray was four-striper and Davy three-striper, but both were eclipsed by "O, see Charlie, right out in front!"

Bath was our next stop. Here another parade was advertised, but to our dismay (?) called off. A brief stop at East Lemoyne to coal, two stormy days at Bar Harbor and then we began to roll along towards the South in a manner that caused a great number of cases of ptomaine poisoning, indigestion, etc. One week end at Newport (to coal), Solomon's again, a day spent in admiring the academy water front, and then LEAVE!

So ended the cruise of 1909. In future years it may pale before a three months' trip abroad, but in all our hearts there will be found a very warm spot for the last and best crab cruise.



COALING SHIP



followed and the fact that some sang the words twice over, some the chorus, some improvised, and all finished two bars ahead of Clark and Fagan, in no way affected the ardor and spirit of it.

Then we set to. The feed—in many a long year to come, in many a dreary cruise at sea when our best friends shall be hardtaek and canned willy, we shall have it to look back on and to dream of. The beautifully rendered music echoed the all-pervading jollity, and now and again “Anchors Aweigh,” or some other air of stirring memories, would bring us to our feet with a yell. In the interludes some one, either one of the committee, primed and full of his prearranged subject, or some impromptu speaker, equally primed and full, would arise to propose some toast, serious or ridiculous, each man’s appearance being greeted with applause that was only exceeded by the ovation which he received when he sat down.—And yet the only personal mention in the paper next day was: “John H. Wellbrock, the popular class secretary, responded in characteristic style.” Do they know it, even in Baltimore?

And so proceeded the supper, until, as the blue haze of the cigar smoke grew thick, the roomful broke up into small groups, in the middle of each some would-be raconteur telling the latest, or giving a faithful imitation of Dippy on the bridge, while his listeners laughed in lazy appreciation. Finally when the last drags were taken, and the last glasses clinked empty, we sprang to our feet as the band started that air whose first lines were then not far from appropriate:

“Oh, say, can you see,
By the dawn’s early light—”

When the last roll of the snare had died away we filed out of the banquet hall to spend our last night as free men.



...to make 2.5
...required in their studies. John
H. Wellbrock, the popular class secretary,
who was also in charge of the banquet
arrangements, took a look into the future
when he responded to the toast “After-
ward” in characteristic style.



HOPS

WHAT laborious efforts you used to take with the unpretentious graces that God has given you with the hopes that you would appear passingly attractive in the eyes of some fair lady! How many times have you vividly cursed an obstreperous tuft of hair which your fond eyes imagined to be spoiling the irresistibility of your ensemble? Then how many times did your sparkling wit and pleasing presence make their mark? Don't smile when he begins to count on pudgy fingers—he who believes that he speaks speaks the truth. But there are fussers and fussers. Some stagger under a load of ego which blinds them to the barely concealed "haw-haw" which greets their efforts. They fuss for a purpose, choose the object with an eye to self-aggrandizement, professionally and socially, and drop the old for the more promising new as unceremoniously as one would kick an old hat into a corner. Then there is the gay, happy-go-lucky, inconsequential fusser who wades in whenever he likes the looks and never gets nailed for six consecutive with a 4 x 8 x 2 trebly baked brick. With him friendship may demand sacrifices, but—! He doesn't mean anything he says any more than he cares what he says, and if perchance he is taken seriously the joke is on, or rather our sympathies are with, the taker. He is the twentieth century descendant of the dashing, fascinating, bewildering, passionate-love-making seventeenth century courtier. Watch him—he's a lark. And then we have the heavy, laborious, drip-goo-and-mushy type. The ink runs thick at the thought. Avoid, but if you can't avoid, keep him at the end of a long pole. The wise Red Mikes deserve a worthier pen than this so we'll give them the medal and salam. You have seen all these types at our hops and have seen their methods. 'Tis hoped you've acquired knowledge. It hardly behooves us to discuss the feminine types—besides, there are too many. Their indispensability is admitted, their attractiveness is undoubted, but don't let the laugh be on you. Well, when Eolus has let loose upon you his imprisoned winds and you find yourselves in the four corners of the earth dodging for cool spots on a sizzling deck or chewing ice off your moustache perhaps then you will remember with a degree of pleasure a girl or two at a hop or two back in old Crabtown. If tenderly wooed, memory will tell you the whole story and the intervening time will show you how deaf you were to Opportunity's knocking. Don't regret, or if you must, why—be careful when you return to civilization.

The year was a success as far as it went. Lent had dragged its



I LOVE MY HOP - BUT
ON YOUR TERRACE!



HOP COMMITTEE

weary length almost to an end when all hopes, expectations, and anticipations were held up with a bump, and unpleasant realization stared us in the face. Having trained as a camel the easiest answer was to become a long-distance Red Mike, but many refused to follow the wise. Silence generally gives consent, but a silence takes away even that which has been given.

Poor Cupid!

Boy Committee

R. W. CLARK, <i>Chairman</i>	1910 New York
L. F. REIFSNIDER	1910 Maryland
B. R. PEYTON	1910 Mississippi
E. W. SPENCER	1910 Illinois
G. DE C. CHEVALIER	1910 Massachusetts
M. L. DEYO	1911 New York
H. S. McK. CLAY	1911 Pennsylvania
J. L. RODGERS	1911 New York
R. E. BYRD	1912 Virginia
A. S. MERRILL	1912 Mississippi





MASQUERADERS

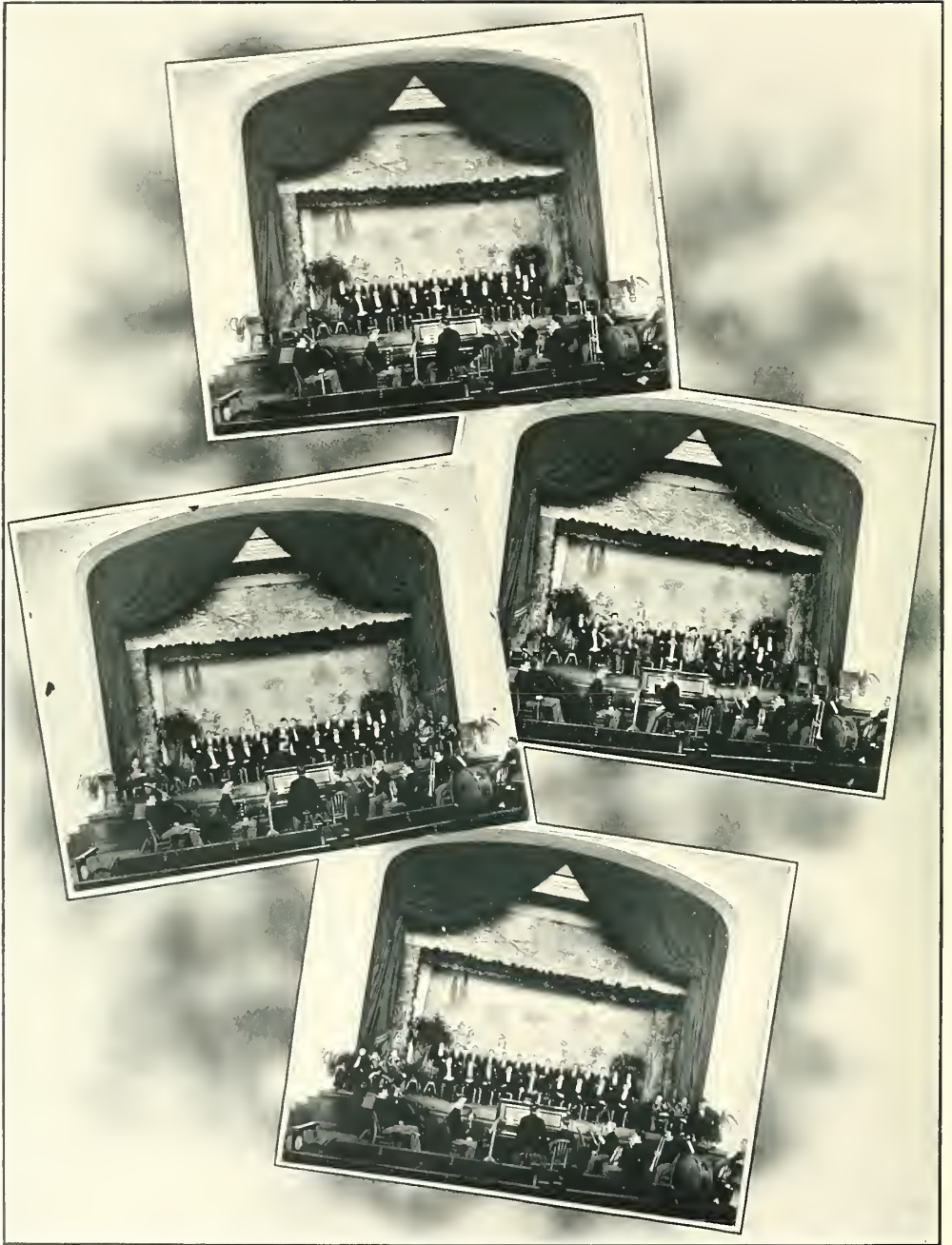


As a fitting ending to their third year and to 1909's last the Masqueraders outdid all their previous efforts and presented as their spring show the dainty comic opera "Gretchen." The play itself, the acting, music, costumes, and scenery were all excellent and received an enthusiastic welcome from the audience.

Porter, Van de Boe and Clark joined forces and succeeded in producing an interesting play, sparkling with humor, which held the attention of all until its happy ending, when the numerous loving couples were united and Prince Heine of Mecklenberg-Schlitz supplied, through his daughter's marriage, with the wherewithal to continue his riotous, royal life. Dunn, Townsend, O. C. Greene, Howell, Gay and Fagan set the lyrics of Porter and Clark to tuneful and catchy music, while Professor Zimmerman rendered invaluable services in arranging the music and coaching the choruses.

Van de Boe as the Prince was as comical as usual, while Bobby Clark as Gretchen, his daughter, made a most fascinating heroine. Chapline and Spencer as Gretchen's flirtatious school chums set the hearts and brains of all the men awl with beauty and coquettishness. Chappy and his "little dutchs" made the hit of the evening in the "Wooden Shoe" song, while Clark, Meyer and Jones also called forth pronounced applause.

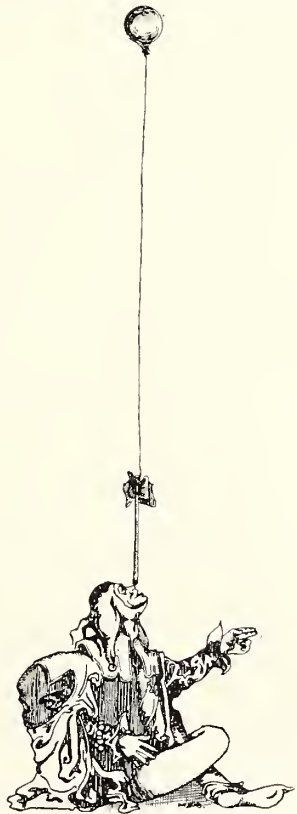
There was not a dull moment in the play, and all the Masqueraders from the leading spirit, enthusiastic Bill Porter, down deserved and received the greatest credit for producing the most successful and original comedy ever presented by midshipmen.



MASQUERADERS

On New Year's night the Masqueraders, under their new leader, Rob Clark, appeared in their annual winter show. The usual black-faced comedians were dispensed with and Clark's clamoring clan of choristers and clowns, in evening clothes, danced and sang themselves into another success. Clark, Bryant and Deyo won the house with their good voices and tuneful songs, while Vincent Meyer's rendering of "If I were King" showed real talent. The guitar and mandolin medley by Ralph Meyer, Dodd, G. A. Smith, Wick and Ellicott also received much applause, and the whole cast created an impression which augurs well for the spring show.

Clark, Pendleton, Field and Meyer are now at work on the musical comedy which will be presented in June. It is to be in two acts and will be entitled "Does Money Talk?" The music is being written by Howell, G. A. Smith, Dodd and Clark, and the Brigade is expectantly looking to Bobby for an even greater success than last year.



Burial of Math^{and} Skinny.

Dickson



THE Court-Martial of Math and Skinny, presented in the Armory by the First Class, June 1, 1909, was an attempt at the revival, in a revised form, of the old academy custom of having a burial of Math and Skinny given by the graduating class as a token of the completion of their academic course.

The opening scene represented the Judgment Room in Hell, where the Devil sat on his lofty throne and pronounced awful doom on the poor damned souls of the officers and instructors for their many iniquities in life. At every sentence, the demoniacal mob roared their fiendish delight. In the midst of the proceedings, a petition was presented, asking for the

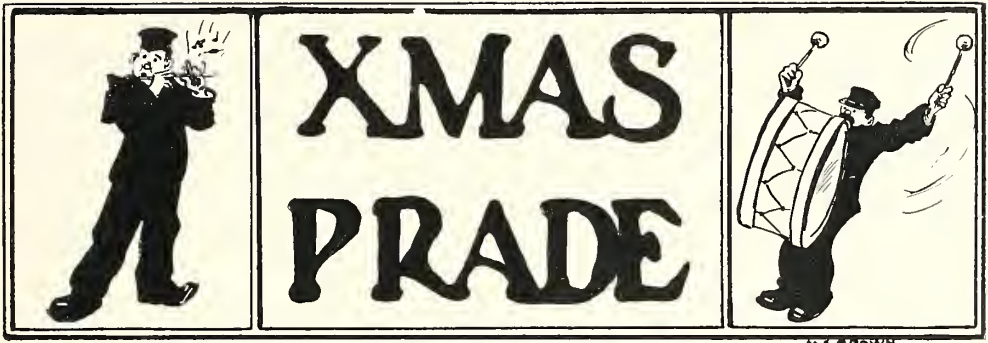




court-martial of the two monsters, Math and Skinny, for their heinous conspiracies against the Class of 1909. The Devil willingly complied with the request, and convened a court, with John Paul Jones as President, consisting of all the heroes from Nero and Don Quixote to Captain Kidd and Roosevelt.

The court being assembled, the prisoners were brought in and the trial was begun. The inhuman appearance of the accused wretches, and the varied and damning evidence of the witnesses, took away every shred of pity from the hearts of the weary spectators, so that with satisfaction they heard the sentence that condemned the prisoners: "To be delivered to Davy Jones, and by him drowned in the deadly waters of the Styx." Amid loud acclamations by the mob, the Devil, the court and all now adjourned to the sea wall of the Styx, where Davy Jones and his piratical crew were ready for their gruesome task. The two victims were hustled into Charon's waiting barge, willing hands pulled her out into the stream, and soon two sudden splashes in the darkness told the story. Then, as two big barrels floated off down the eternal current, imprisoning the two lost souls, the Class of '09, redeemed at last from their hideous bondage, trooped back to the light, firing guns, singing the class song, and chanting that hymn of joy, that pæan of gladness, "No More Rivers to Cross."





THE annual Christmas Parade means more to the First Classmen than mere disporting in costume and laughing at each other's appearance and antics in outlandish rigs; it brings home more poignantly than ever New Year's or the semi-ans, the fact that we are on the



RUSTY AND HIS WATCHFUL EYE



THE HULA DANCER

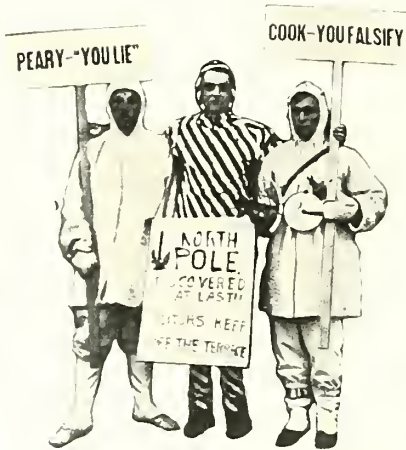
short leg of a long cruise. Possibly the reason for so strong a realization of this fact lies in the songs we sing on this occasion, the time-honored "Out of the Wilderness," and the Christmas carols, composed by class talent. At any rate the pleasure we take in our parade is immeasurable,





and the under-classmen also enjoy the circus, the Second Class looking on with an appraising eye, already feeling within them a burning ambition to excel, when their time comes, all previous shows.

For our P-rade Caruse Spencer was High Mogul and filled his office with great eelat.



COOK AND PEARY

The usual poster, with an alluring catalogue of attractions, was printed in many-colored inks and many-sized type and distributed far and wide. On the eventful morning we foregathered early at central stations where grease paint and burnt cork were plentifully applied. The heterogeneous characters having been arranged in some semblance of order, we started off, the band in the lead, playing old-time pieces. First all the floors of Quarters were circled, the line in its tortuous progress looking like a new variety of jim-jams. At the corridor corners the hastily awakened under-classmen crowded, to gaze upon this phantasmagoria and to laugh at some dimly familiar form in the dancing, frolicking line. From Quarters the P-rade wended its way past the Officers' Quarters to the Armory, where a

Class Christmas Tree had been erected, with appropriate gifts for each man. This innovation was well received and is a stunt worthy of future development into the star feature of the celebration.

Quite as professionally as any of Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, our parade exhibited





both group attractions and individual performers. An entire Spig army, consisting of a Brigade Organization of officers and one lone private, charged and maneuvered about with

proper spirit; the Anne Arundel Hunt Club mounted on fiery steeds of wood proved a great hit, and the wild animals and monkeys roared and chattered about, being restrained only by Big Rouge the trainer, a hard-looking customer in an airy suit of corduroy trousers and red ochre. As for the three Yids—well, if they do not operate soon under the sign of the Three Gold Balls it will be for the reason that the Navy is more profitable for high finance; at least, one of them is rumored to have found it so.



ROUGE AND HIS PETS

Beautiful Cleopatra was there, casting languishing eyes on imaginary marks (E. Z.), and likewise present was a hybrid lady, something between a Salome and a Hula-girl.

The affair was a joyful medley of noise, a rough-house to music, and as such delighted both participants and spectators. With the last present gone, the last



HUNT CLUB



song rendered in multitudinous keys, the clowns, chorus ladies, and others, beat a quick retreat to efface the evidence of their dissipation, and to make ready for the next occurrence, the rag-time Christmas morning breakfast formation, when the Plebes, in misfit uniforms, take command, and square accounts with their pets in the upper classes.



Elements of Section Room Tactics

BY ONE WHO STARRED

THIS brief article is intended for the use of the midshipmen at the Naval Academy. Its purpose is to acquaint them at the outset with the principles which underlie the attainment of a 2.5. Too many of them never reach this desired figure, and it is hoped that this may give direction to the zeal and the energy abounding in our midshipmen and result in the discovery and invention of new ways of extracting a high mark from the instructor.

INTRODUCTORY

The section room is a battleground on which a contention takes place between the instructor and the midshipman. The birds, the beasts, and even the little fishes have their physical battles, but this differs from them in being a battle of wits. It is the aim of the instructor to find out how little the midshipman knows about a subject, and it is the object of the midshipman to conceal this lack of knowledge. This operation is a mighty game of skill.

Strategy and Tactics.—"In time of peace prepare for war." Before going to recitation we may calculate the number of subjects, and, knowing where we come alphabetically, or where we stand at the board, we may estimate the probable subject we will draw and bone this subject. This is strategy. After we arrive at the recitation, tactics will come into play so to attract the instructor's attention at the proper moment that we may be given this subject.

Principal Objective.—In order to obtain a mark it is necessary that we know one subject and know it well. Here the principle of concentration is seen. Concentrate on one subject and know it well. This is almost axiomatic.

Speed.—This may be divided and discussed under the heads of "Speed in writing name," "Speed in writing subject," "Speed in reciting." The first subject in the lesson may sometimes be secured by writing your name hastily at the top of the board, finishing first, facing about and giving a slight cough to attract the instructor's attention. This method will usually give good results. If the subject assigned is known it is a good idea to write it rapidly and when through to endeavor to be called upon and recite orally. Thus any additional knowledge may be brought out and the mark correspondingly raised. If, however, the subject is a doubtful one, slow speed will sometimes avoid any further questioning before the bell rings. If called on in spite of this, read what is written rapidly and endeavor to show surprise at any questions, as though what you had written fully covered everything.

Action Between Two Slips.—When the method of reciting requires the use of written slips you may make an excellent impression by studying the first and the last part of the lesson and then selecting a slip, one of whose sides is roughly torn and the other smooth, showing that it was either at the top or bottom of the pad. Then if one slip is very wide and the other narrow the first is sure to call for a discussion or definitions, while the second is probably a sketch.

Homogeneous Slips.—If all the slips are of the same width matters are not so easy. If your battalion recites second hour you may gain valuable information from the aspect of the slips. Select one of as smooth and unsoiled appearance as possible, for that indicates that the man who had it the previous hour merely glanced at it and wrote, while a crumpled, damp slip betrays the fact that its holder spent a good fifty minutes chewing chalk over it.

Inauguration Day

SLOWLY the days crawled along that first week in March, 1909, while we waited, with outward dread and inward confidence, for that morning when we were to leave Annapolis for one whole day and march countless miles down Washington's avenues, before the admiring eyes of the nation. The papers were full of the preparations for the coming event, the bunting-hidden streets and the gathering regiments, and we heard delicious rumors of the good things in store for us at Mrs. McLean's.



M'LEAN CUP—OBVERSE

uniform, filled our pockets with chocolate, and stood ready for the bugle. Seven-thirty came, but no assembly. Instead came the word, "No formation until further orders," and the next three hours was a long, long wait for those orders that never came. Groups gathered in the various rooms and smoked, and sang, and rough-housed, and did everything to kill time, but the one topic of conversation was, "Wonder if we'll get to go?" Periodically some one would grow impatient and raid the office for news, so that every rumor quickly spread to every deck in the building. Soon the news came of the stalled trains, the broken telegraph wires, and the generally demoralized state of affairs in the outside world, but few really gave up hope entirely, until word came from the officer in charge: "Shift into service. Recitations this afternoon as usual!" Before the scene that followed, let us draw the curtain.



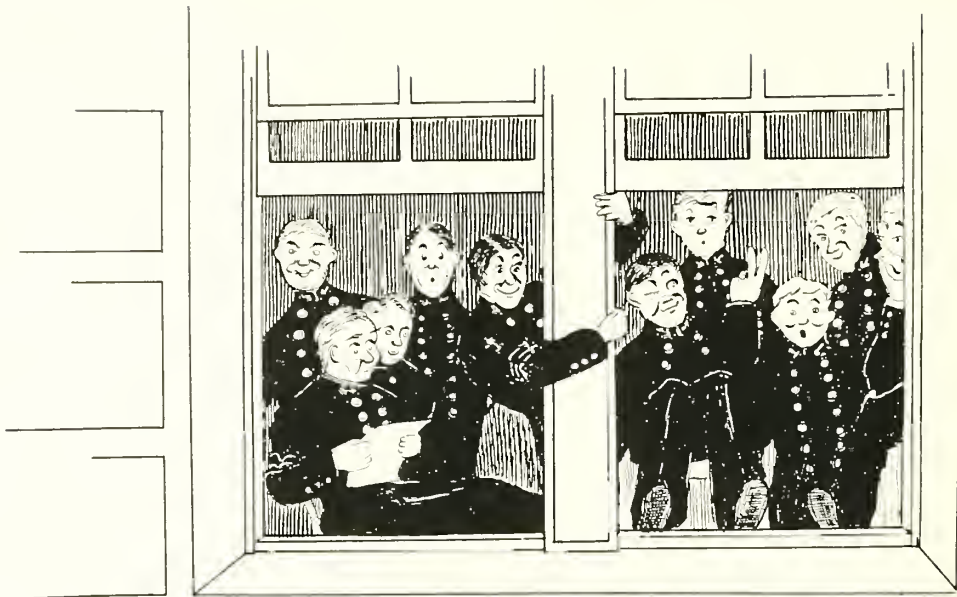
M'LEAN CUP—REVERSE

All was not so bad as it seemed though. Nearly all the instructors were marooned in Washington or stalled in a drift somewhere on the road, so the scheme of reciting fell through, and there was no more work for us until the next day. When the papers arrived, with accounts of the slush-filled streets, the drenched paraders, and the heroic, track-clearing West Pointers, there was not a man but felt that, sometimes, Bancroft Hall was a pretty good place, after all.

Perhaps the part that disappointed us most was our inability to accept the hospitality of Mrs. McLean, whose repasts for hungry midshipmen after parades are well known in Academy tradition. Foreseeing from the condition of weather and streets the shape we would be in after a ten-mile parade, she not only provided her usual repast, but had every possible comfort at hand to relieve us of the effects of our hard, cold and wet march. As the least thing we could do the Brigade voted her a loving eup which was presented later in the spring. And so passed the fourth of March into history.



WHAT WE SAW OF THE PARADE



The Sunday Parade

Scene—Room 87.

Time—12.15 P. M. any Sunday after a hop.

Dramatis Personae:

POICE
SPENCE

AL.
HOOT

FAT
ROUGE

CHINK
SPIKE

Underclassmen, M. C.'s, Jimmy Legs, Corridor Boys, etc., and the Parade.

Costumes furnished by Jacob Reed's Sons.

Properties lent by proprietors of Bancroft Hall.

(Scene opens disclosing the cast in the act of rolling cigarettes and glancing at the Sunday paper. Chairs drawn close to window.)

SPIKE—"Goodness, Crusty, see what is coming!"

AL—"Suffering jingleberries, where did he get that?"

(Small youngster passes by with a large femme of uncertain age and brick-red hair.)

CHINK—"Goodness, look like Mr. Drugstore—green on one side and red on other. Think will give zero."

(Youngster passes hurriedly. A yard-engine comes up in tow of a football man. She passes slowly with an affected unconsciousness, while her athletic escort grins sheepishly.)

ROUGE *(in what he intends for a stage whisper)*—"Well, now, w'at do yu tink of dat! Ho, ho, ho, ho! Hey, fat boy, get wise to de athlute!"

(Yard-engine blushes violently and is hastened off by her escort. A sweet young thing, evidently on her first visit, comes next, accompanied by a First Class man.)

CHORUS—"Well, *what* do you know about *that*!" "A man who sets himself up to be the one and only Red Mike in existence." "Gee, she's a peach, all right." "Give him a cold four." (*All hold up four fingers; the First Class man beams proudly. His femme follows the direction of his eyes unsuspectingly and suddenly becomes engrossed in the Academic Building. A Plebe comes up with his father—a choleric, important-looking, and evidently fussy, gentleman.*)

HOOT (*assuming a blasé air, and allowing his skag to droop in the approved gilded-youth manner*)—"Well, I lost two hundred bueks on a mare at Bennings yesterday." (*In a loud voice.*)

AL—"Hard luck. I won five hundred, myself. Saw you with Tottie, the other day! Sly dog!" (*Old gentleman gives a snort and disappears, evidently reading his son a lecture as he goes.*)

CHINK (*suddenly*)—"Eeee—aw!"

(*A femme appears, escorted by five First Class men and a divisional officer. She is talking and laughing in a kittenish manner, but she is wise to the gang in the window.*)

CHORUS—"Goodness, there she is!" "Sir, the squad is all present." "Same old hat." "What did we give her last Sunday? Three-two? All right, make it a three to-day. If she doesn't leave pretty soon she'll be unsat." (*All hold up three fingers. The girl and her escorts pass by. The crowd is now becoming thicker and the awards are made individually. Spence and Poicy have suddenly vanished and are espied out in the lane, near two enormous hats. Al and Fat, having kept quiet for eight minutes, begin to serap, and as soon as Al has succeeded in putting a hickey on Fat, Spike and Hoot have a free-for-all. When the dust clears away the Bull is upset and all the papers are in frazzles. Every one is satisfied, and the Sunday parade is over for two more weeks.*)

CURTAIN.



THE SUNDAY PARADE



MARY ROESCH was in New York the last Sunday of Second Class Leave and with Killy dropped in to see a "Sacred Concert." Mary bought two tickets for Hammerstein's and they started over after supper. Passing the Lyric they saw a huge crowd outside and deciding that there must be a better show there, they sold their tickets to a speculator at reduced rates and went back to the Lyric. The box office was all sold out, but Fat, nothing daunted, pressed a bill upon the doorkeeper and started in. The doorkeeper, however, was firm, and as a last bluff Fat tapped himself on the chest and said, "I am H. O. Roesch." Instantly the doorkeeper was all smiles, deferentially remarking: "O, pass right in, Mr. O'Roesch." Fat never tumbled until a man went up on the stage and introduced as speaker "that distinguished countryman of ours, Mr. John Redmond, the Pride of Ireland."

AT INFANTRY DRILL the Swede's company was ordered to fire at the telegraph wires, but Nick, oblivious to all surroundings, thinking up a new way to get into Sick Quarters before the next Nav. exam., was allowing his piece to aim at will. Erny spotted him and indignantly called out: "What are you firing at, Mr. Nicholson?" Nick, not to be caught unawares, glanced down quickly at his sight and triumphantly answered, "Two thousand yards, sir!"

PLEBE YEAR Peter Hoffman gained an enviable reputation for agility and euteness by the way in which he evaded the officer-in-charge one afternoon. Peter returned from drill and sneaked into an empty room on the fourth deck to rag a smoke. He had not enjoyed his skag for more than a minute when he heard the clang of the O. C.'s sword. He quickly ducked the butt and skipped behind the door. The officer smelled the smoke, hesitated, stopped, and then entered the room to catch the culprit. Pete waited behind the door until he had crossed the threshold, and then slipped quickly through the crack and sped down the corridor to safety.

Flora and Fauna
of
The United States Naval Academy
and Vicinity

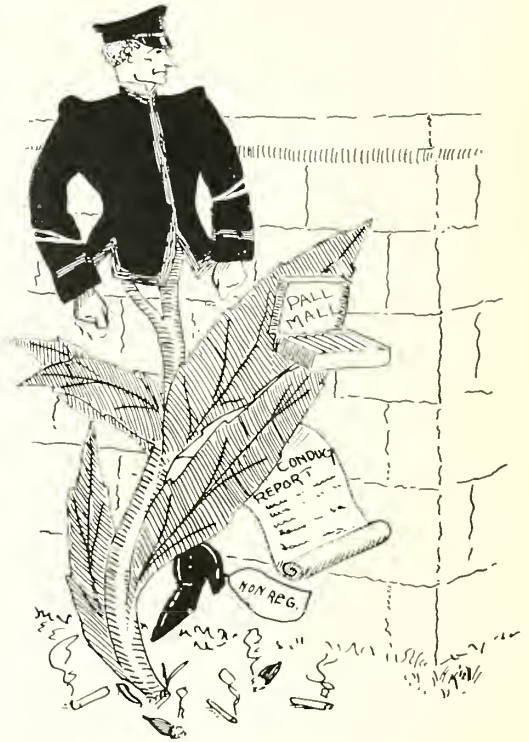


Being a description of some of the more common varieties
of flowers to be found in the yards and gardens of
that place. Compiled with the greatest
care and illustrated with
photographs taken
on the spot



FLOWER: FUSSEROSE.
FAMILIA: COSMETICA.

THIS, the chief branch of the hop family, is to be recognized by the absence of the band or ring peculiar to others of its class. It flourishes in dark corners, but almost always comes out late in the day around Lover's Lane. Very powerful, in spite of its appearances—four or five of these will sometimes drag a whole brick sidewalk along with them. It will sting you if you cultivate it!



FLOWER: TOUGERANUM.
FAMILIA: CARBORUNDUM.

HARDY. Difficult to describe owing to the fact that its growth is much restricted and that it is seldom seen except in the second or third grades. In addition, no set regulations seem to apply to its habits or appearance. A great wall climber. Should not be planted on the banks of a stream owing to its habit of damming everything around it.



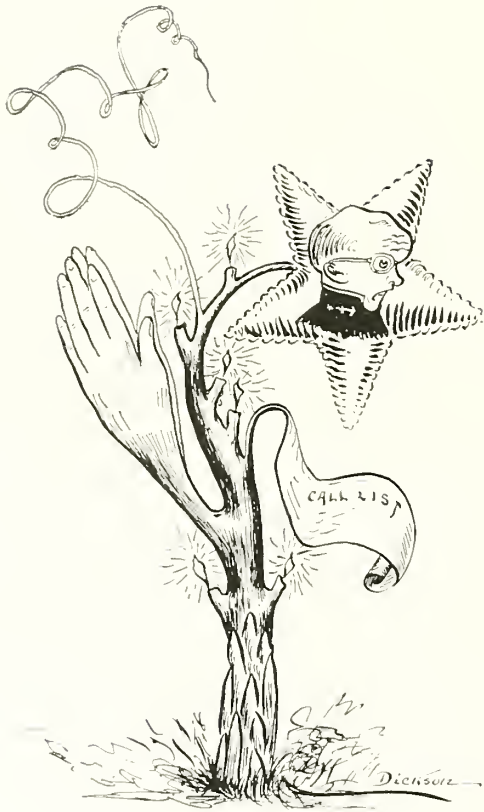
FLOWER: KLENESLEAF.
FAMILIA: ENTHEPO.

AN almost, if not quite, extinct flower which, in its prime, has a rank growth and grafts easily. Does very well in beds, but requires superhuman efforts to bring to bloom on terraces. Always late and frequently does not appear at all. To remedy this soak thoroughly one or twice.



FLOWER: STRIPERTIUM.
FAMILIA: DISCIPLINIA.

A TRULY marvelous plant, greatly in demand for decorating drawing-rooms, hops and other Crabtown social affairs. Attains its magnificence by degrease, yet its chief attraction lies in its unexpectedness—lots of modest flowers blossom into Stripertia in their fourth year. Others don't! It is distinguished by a *marked* greasiness at all times. A few specimens become split upon attaining maturity.



FLOWER: ASTAR.

FAMILIA: SAVOIRANIA.

A BRILLIANT flower which attains, in some cases, magnificent heights. Thrives best on a liberal application of bone. Its color is usually either Brown or Gray, with sometimes a Rosy tint. It frequently grows on steep bluffs.



FLOWER: TECUMSEHWEED.

FAMILIA: ARBOLES.

A PARASITICAL plant abounding on various trees around the Academy. So firmly does it adhere that the only means of removal is a good strong gouge. Its color is usually deep blue, though a section of it will almost always show a light Suede. Its seasons are peculiar—sometimes it leafs in February, and sometimes in June.

The Cruise of the Forty-Four

YOUNGSTER CRUISE the Olympia—to which all 1910 were assigned—being too crowded, forty-four of us were detached and ordered back to the Severn. With a “4N” yell for the “coal heavers” we left behind, and a cheerful response to the “Windjammers,” we sailed from Norfolk and the Fair for Crabtown.

Of what use to dwell on the luxuries of our quarters, the green but willing (?) Plebes and the deep sea feeling instilled by reefing sail in a dead calm while tied up alongside the “Santee”? That were a dry tale: our cruise was at times, I fear, rather wet.

After a week or so the Severn sailed—aided by three steam launches and the “Standish”—for her first port, the anchor buoy in the middle of the Severn River. Then frowns began to disappear, one could not scowl at everything, and in their place smiles at the two good points the cruise promised;

the ship was a madhouse afloat and the Forty-four had a sense of humor. Every day we were ashore, paddling canoes taken promiscuously from the boathouse—and studying fleet maneuvers. Finally the night before sailing came and as yet no cargo was shipped. We met on the fore-castle and chose the daring crew to procure it. As the evening shadows were falling the grim forms of our heroes slipped over the side and set out on a quest that makes Peary’s dash for the Pole look like the morning stroll of Woolsey Johnson. Foiled and chased by watchmen, after wild adventures when lost in the woods, the three found the beach—and a stray canoe. At a signal, two palings came off the fence with a r-r-rip, the canoe slid gently into the water, and the pirate crew were afloat. Pursuit—well, it was unsuccessful.



ROUND THE CAPSTAN



THE FORTY-FOUR

The moon was wending an uncertain path down the Milky Way to its home in the horizon when the three left the “Dutchman’s” home and hospitality—with a cargo. Landing alongside the anchor chain in the dark, windy night with spirit beating high, a raucous voice from the gangway:

“Strange craft ahoy!”

They tarried not to parley but got hence. The voice again:

“Dinghy there, give chase and capture that suspicious craft.”

"The Exec. of the ship was Doctor Dip.
And a clever sailor was he."

—I've forgotten the rhyme, but the pirates were ragged. This escapade is but one of many. What became of the cargo? Oh, it was shipped all right.

One bright July morning we were towed out the home port and cast adrift on the bounding main (Chesapeake Bay). We tacked, boxhauled—did everything a ship is supposed to do. Eventually we arrived at Solomon's Isle by lifting the mud hook for each ebb tide and dropping it at flood.

Shall I tell about our "big lib" in Solomon's—an ice cream festival, a dance (?) and Millstone? No—No. But of the launch parties and whole days spent on the beautiful Patuxent, the Severn hidden behind a dozen points down the river. Those were *days*. The time we took the mail ashore at Chesapeake Beach, and "Pug" made a hit at the skating rink. Those were not liberties in New York—yet who would have wished them otherwise! This cruise was distinctive in that the best part was the ship herself—this a day aboard:

At somewhere about six, the bugler blew reveille, if he remembered it. The mate of the deck, a martyr to duty, turned out a few Plebes. Then a long rest, broken only by cries from below in one familiar voice:

"It's a conspiracy. Who threw that water through the skylight? (Smooock.) There, I got that one. Kill 'em—kill the pesky flies. Orderly! Mate of the Deck! Mate of the Deck! On deck there, turn that hose off me, you can't assassinate me. I'll fool you, Mr. Haralson! You, you, you *Indian*."

A raving, wild Indian? No, 'tis only "Doctor Dippy."

On bunkers fitted in the boats under the bridge, or swung in fantastical arrangement in the rigging one hammock above the other clear up to the top, balanced on the lifeboat strong backs, sprawled over the bridge and on the awning—peacefully slumber the "Crew of the Cuspidor." Seven bells! Those so disposed and the Plebes attend breakfast formation and all the ship is alive save the "Cuspidor."

Some time later "Tubby" rolls from out his hammock in the rigging and falls on the taut awning below with a deafening roar and a boom. (Reveille and morning gun fire on the U. S. S. Cuspidor. Forty decks and no bottom. Palp, palp! I got him that time.



MERIDIAN ATTITUDES



BEACH PARTY

Captain Alec Wilson commanding.) One by one they awakc, stow their hammock in some convenient boat, lend a hand in turning out the valiant "Alec" and go below for detail breakfast.

Then the smoking lamp is lit on the forecastle; someone persuades "Frenchy" O'Brien to strike ten bells; and the Plebes lay forward for their morning exercise. Some choose racing over the rigging; but the favorite sports seem to be hauling at a pudding which mysteriously flies up from over the side, or heaving out a stopper to the gentle music of a youngster boat-swain's pipe.

Toward noon "Doc Dip" appears on deek (eries of "Pahp! Pahp, pahp!" fore and aft) and sings out, "All hands upanehor! Lay aft the bugler! Make sail!" The Youngsters lay below.

After luncheon the captain comes up for his daily constitutional and the Cuspidor's crew, routed from their haunts on the bridge, lay forward to the jibnet to compose songs.

Supper past, the Forty-four gather on the forecastle to sing them—and then for the weekly hunt. Two chosen hares tear aft yelling wildly, down the main hatch, up the companionway, followed by a howling mob of yapping hounds who are "in at the death" on the quarterdeck. Doctor Dippy, chilled to the marrow by this unscemly commotion, desists from killing flies and nabs one of the hounds (usually Pedro) as he trails past his stateroom.

"Ah! So. You are one of these Indians who make strange noises aboard this ship—sound like 'Pahp! Pahp!' It's a conspiracy, but you can't get me—I'll fool you yet."

Just before taps (when the sessions and cold hands are getting into full swing) the nervous souls stroll aft to view the morrow's pap sheet—cdited by Doctor Dippy, as follows:

AINSWORTH—"Refusing absolutely to man the ash-whip when urged to do so."

CLARK—"Unscemly singing and unnecessary."

HARALSON—"Any and everything).

LUCKEL—"Wandering aimlessly about the ship."

UNDERWOOD—"Creating a riot."

WEBSTER—"Mysteriously prowling about the ship at midnight."

WILSON—"Evinceing a desire to sleep during drill."

It was a mad ship—Doc Dip tried our patience sometimes—sail drills were far from amusing—Solomon's Isle and W. H. Files scarce replaced a cruise to New York and up the coast—but we had ('twas *all* we had) a perfect bunch of shipmates, and not one of the Forty-four but looks back to his Youngster Cruise as the best he ever made.

The Muster List of the U. S. S. Prickly Heat (Severn)

PUG	RUSTY P.	SKELETON	BULLY	JUDGE
SQUAREHEAD	JIMMY H.	SHORTY P.	SHORTY R.	WALLIE
TIM	"Hos"	TIKE	MOOSE	TUBBY W.
UNCLE JOE	IKE	FRIF	ALEC R.	BONES
CHEVY	TUBBY M.	JOHNNY	JIMMY R.	HAL
BOB	NICK N.	BRUNO	TED	HUGHEY
JIMMY C.	TUBBY N.	RAGS	GERMANY	ALEC W.
ROBERT	PEDRO	KID REFO	DORSEY	N'EST-CE PAS!
FROSTY	FRENCHY	ROUGE	WEBB	

South Pole Discovered at Last

PARTY OF INTREPID EXPLORERS FINALLY CONQUER ICY WASTES!

COMPLETE STORY PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY IN THE "LUCKY BAG," ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

(N. B.—This work has not been Cooked in the least.)

The Discovery of the South Pole

BY ONE OF THE PARTY

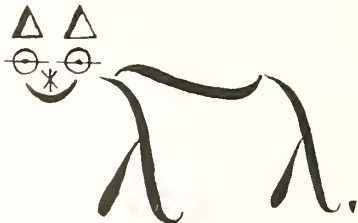
OUR expedition, so successful in its attack on the South Pole, was organized at Scitlife in the summer of 1906. Every one of the crew was picked, and their unswerving loyalty, from the skipper to the last seaman, more than justified their commander's judgment. Our good ship, the Pleab, specially constructed for us, was of 217 tons, wooden throughout, rubber bottom, and propelled by a 2.50 H. P. Brotherhood gas engine, using bone producer. The account of the trip I will take verbatim from the ship's logbook:

September 30, 1906—Our party assembled and we bade good-bye to civilization. After a little trouble with some huge logs, we met our first danger in the breakers around the rocky island Semyan, so called from the ancient Middie, meaning Place of Death, because of the huge piles of bone with which its shores are strewn.

February 15, 1907—Here a wave swept our decks as we threaded the reefs and carried off several of the crew.

March 10, 1907—While struggling through a huge patch of stagnant Genung-weed, a horrible sea serpent sprang into the air and bore down on us, seized two men in its jaws, and, with a roar of "Rubby-tout" disappeared in the depths. Short though the glimpse was, we recognized the dread pi-eyed Deptomath, long regarded as extinct.

May 29, 1907—A new catastrophe occurred to-day when the cylinder head cracked across and was only saved by quick action. (Right here I will say that this cylinder head broke down almost every six months thereafter.)



THE NAVPROF



THE DEPTOMATH

October 20, 1907—Our progress much slower, great difficulty in pushing through the tortuous curves of the channel to the fiord Beta, its limit, was experienced.

May 16, 1908—Spent a few days catching Lemniskates for dog food before starting on the final sledge dash.

October 2, 1908—Left the ship. Sledges soon became worthless and we had to draw everything on boards.

December 17, 1908—All our grease frozen solid, and totally ruined.

January 5, 1909—Ice ends. Vast quantities of Steam show the land to be volcanic in character. Doing much of our traveling at night, and in these forced marches subsist almost entirely on candles. Darkness momentarily illumined by the Aurora Suretipalis, a mirage seen frequently in these parts.

April 3, 1909—Staggering along, hitting trees right and left. Much beset by a Mechyderm called a Gow. Sky covered by huge Unsata clouds, dark and gloomy.

September 30, 1909—Could almost see our destination, and imagined it would be easy going. Wrong. Land heavily wooded, we scarcely sat once in the trip.

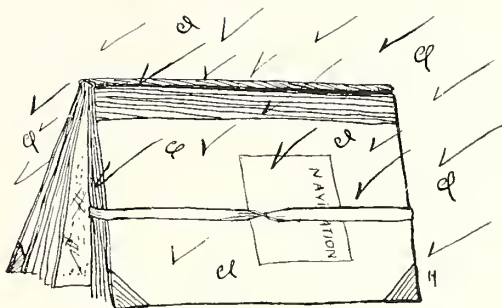
November 21, 1909—Heavy storms, whose red V-shaped flakes rendered our sight and data valueless. Terrific fights with ferocious Navprofs.

January 13, 1910—Crossing the last river carried off several inapt swimmers, and strung us out in far different order from that in which we started.

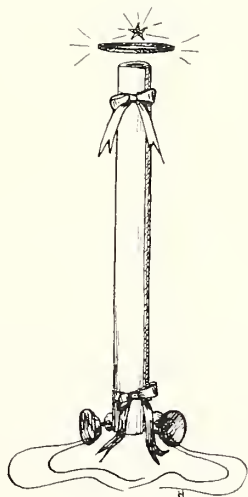
January 29, 1910—Instead of the smiling land we had expected, we found only a blazing desert, over which we traveled without a drop to quench our thirsts.

May 1, 1910—Almost in reach now of our goal.

June 6, 1910—All hands fell exhausted at the foot of a tall white cylinder from the foot of which flowed a sparkling spring. A sip invigorated us and while our leader nailed our banner to the pole we danced about it in an ecstasy of joy singing "The Girl I Left Behind Me."



OUR TENT IN A STORM



THE GOAL



“WELL, old Guardian of the Law,” said the O. D. at the gate to his brother in arms, “the game is over and everybody will be bound out in town. You want to watch that hollow square formation with the grades inside—all the hard boys think they can slip out in the crowd. Who’s this coming?”

“Say,” says Spuds Ellis, sauntering up, “have you seen the Harp go out? The O. C. is wise that he is frenching, and you know Pat, ——” Follows an engrossing discussion. Of course the O. D. hasn’t seen the Mick; Spuds has previously ascertained that he is in Sick Quarters. At last Spuds turns around with a righteous air. “Gee, I wish I could go out in town, but I’m on the grade,” and he saunters away dejectedly.

Then like a flash it comes over the O. D. “Say, old War Horse, how many of Spuds’ gang slipped out while I was talking to him? What, all six? Sure was clever. Give him a free pass if he comes back.”

“Now, here comes a heavy fusser; he goes at it like a business man. Note that get-there, nonchalant, walk? He’s got to sing for seven Crabs this afternoon. Conduct grade? Never, he couldn’t afford it. Why, he has a precedence list of desirable Annapolitans, begins at the top and goes as far down as he can. What’s the use of all these crazy Crabs when there are lots of girls——? Policy, my boy, policy.”

“Ah, Here’s quite a different sort. That lost look, that worth-all-the-rest expression, that steady smile that lightens his face in this world of sorrow, that happy anticipation——gad, he’s in love, that chap. I’d pass him if he were on the ‘nth’, lucky mortal.”

“No, you won’t get Doc, either. He’s on first at last, but don’t ask me how he did it, or how many investigations he dodged. Pug? Where? Jove, that’s a queen. Say, I know her, too.” Raising his voice. “How do you do, Miss ——?” “When you can fuss that kind, old boy, —— third grade, Pug? Well, I guess the queen is on first anyway.”

“Who is this coming with a rag, and a bone, and so forth? Guess he’s on duty, too. And he’s workin’ hard——pass him! Maybe he needs the mark, I’ve been there myself. Who? Just now? Over the wall? Spuds? Well, he’s honest at least. Policy is the best honesty for a healthy midshipman these days. That makes all seven out there——say, watch this gate a while like a good chap, will you? I’ve just got to have a skag.”

Christmas A. D.

Fresh Division

DAILY REPORT OF CONDUCT of Midshipmen attached to the United States Naval Academy.

December 24, 1909

NAME	GRADE	OFFENSE	REPORTING OFFICER	STATEMENT	CLASSIFICATION	REMARKS
Brig Adm Langworthy	C	Attempting to rob Meds.				
		Hall of five stripes				Medn Holmes
Ct Lieut Richardson	C	Not feathering feet				Medn Clarke
Ct Lieut McLaughlin	C	Unladylike conduct				Medn Batten
Ct Lieut Cooke	C	Destroying government property;				
		breaking gymnasium & furniture				Medn Saunders
Ct Lieut James	C	Clean hands, 1 st offense				Medn Woodside
Ct Lieut Brand	C	Traces on backwash				Medn Wright
Ct Jr Lt Dickson	C	Singng Cuddle up a little				
		closer to rooms after taps				Medn Long
Ct Jr Lt Bright	C	Lagging behind				Medn Benson
Ct Jr Lt Weyler	C	Superfluous use of paint				Medn Cassard
Ct Jr Lt Moore	C	Using ladies complexion powder				Medn Haylett
Ct Jr Lt Beary	C	Putting perside on hair				Medn Vainstein
Ct Enr Gillette	C	Very impolite to please				Medn Young
Pt CPO McComb	C	Irrelevant conduct at J. M. C. A				
		meeting				Medn Steiner
Bt CPO Hosiand	C	Trying to find point of Bulletin joke				Medn Webb
CPO Alexander	C	Not using stitching machine				Medn Sandy
CPO Bagg	C	Shaking awkward signal				Medn Doyle
CPO Little	C	Passing examination in Navigator				Medn Hoffman
CPO Bell	C	Have tonic adrift				Medn Kates
CPO Brown	C	Trying to sing in corridor				Medn Keiser
CPO Brown	C	Shaking wet squad uniform				Medn Keigo
CPO Capelhat	C	Spots on face				Medn Swain
CPO Flanagan	C	Talking Irish to Officer in Charge				Medn Doness
CPO Gatewood	C	Running to formation				Medn Saunders
CPO Gillett	C	Wasting time during study hours				
		looking in mirror				Medn Hoar
C. J. O. Hoffman	C	Hotting behind sword at inspection				Medn Beasie
C. J. O. Kidduff	C	Failing to act the fool on Dec 24 th				Medn Kates
C. J. O. La Roche	C	Attempting to impersonate a				
		Russian being				Medn Bundy
C. J. O. Lewis	C	Claiming American descent				Medn Pickens
C. J. O. Logan	C	Wasting valuable time:				
		throwing away an 85¢ alarm clock				Medn Hartley
C. J. O. Luchel	C	Wearing red necktie to formation				Medn Keeke
C. J. O. McIntyre	C	Forming Darwinian theory				Medn Finke
C. J. O. Merrill	C	Shaking special shaving dull				Medn Boyle
C. J. O. Metz	C	Turned out at reveille, 1 st offense				Medn Saunders
C. J. O. Nicholson	C	Prepared for visitation, 1 st offense				Medn Pearson
C. J. O. Palkbap	C	Very slow getting dopes, 2 nd offense				Medn Doyle
C. J. O. Roedel	C	Taking food from mess hall.				
		concealing three rolls under blouse same				
C. J. O. Weillbrock	C	Having valuable cigars in possession				Medn Shum
C. J. O. Williams	C	Evidence of using a nipple				Medn Valente

Date of Statement

December 25, 1909

Very respectfully,

A. Flebe,

Medn-in-Charge, 4th Class,
In Charge Freshmen

Published and Filed at 6 M Postoffice,
December 25, 1909.

Presented by

Postmaster, 4th Class,
Officer in Charge

APPROVED

Respectfully,

Signature

Division of Midshipmen

The New York Party

'T WAS the first night of the last leave and five hilariously happy Mids breezed into the Big Town, anxious to join the wild Irishman and break out the red paint. It might be safe to recount how they arrived at the end of the second act of "The Midnight Sons" and met Paving Bob, his brother, the Jew, and Mort; how At and Spuds stepped out every three minutes for some unknown reason—or was it brand—how Donny, Frank and Pat rescued Spuds, gallantly attired in a gray suit of the finest fabric and a flaming red cravat, wandering up and down the broad White Way inspecting the skyscrapers; but when you begin to tell about the big swing around the circuit from the Martinique to Jack's, then you'll have to be careful for you're treading winding, perilous paths. For At and his lobster—who showed circus training by riding on the taxiwheel—created much excitement, especially when they ordered the doorkeeper at Maxim's to open in the name of the "cousin of Bill Taft, or stand by to get fired." The picture of the dazed and befuddled lobster reclining in the celery dish with a cigarette in either claw, or of the same lobster in lonely state upon the rear seat of a taxi, is not one to be imagined except by one who was "among those present." The squadron tactics with a flotilla of taxicabs, His the remonstrances of the traffic squad, ride on the scenic—but we must stop, of mere description, and besides, this

The panorama the next morning nation of At and Frank when they cap the climax and end the tale—for

Lobstership in the leading, or flag-cab, the race to Coney and Pat's memorable for it all was far, far beyond the power book is intended for young and old. at the Harp's house, and the consternated the lobster croquettes at lunch, those who weren't there!





U.S. Naval Academy,
Annapolis, Md.,
March 19, 1907.

Sir:-

1. I respectfully state that I do not get sufficient milk. I never get more than one glass as when the mess attendant brings in a second serving he always pours it out for the upper-classmen at the end of the table, who need it no more than I do.

Respectfully submitted,
James Bethwell Will,
Midshipman,
4th Class.

The Commandant of Midshipmen.

Seeing Things

A Year or Two Hence

As I pace along the gangway
With a night glass on my arm,
Watching Uncle Sammy's yatchet
For to keep it out of harm,
I am thinking of the days I spent
At Crabtown far away,
Where the Severn slowly ripples
Past the lighthouse to the bay.

Soon I feel my head grow dizzy
And the wheels begin to turn.
As I try my best to savvy
Things I wasn't built to learn—
Seamanship and Navigation,
Juice and Steam and Ordnance, too,
Boiling, seething in my coco
Like a big slumgullion stew.

Such a strain upon my headpiece
Puts it wholly out of gear;
I'm responsible no longer
For the things I see and hear,
Right before my very ojos
Passes all the motley crew—
Everything imaginable,
One by one and two by two.

And my mind fills up with fancies
And I find myself once more
Back in Bancroft Hall a-boning
As I did in days of yore;
Round me lie in heaped confusion
Books my predecessors wrote—
Barton, Bieg, and Muir, and Bullard,
With a lot of lesser note.

Bending moments, volts and amperes,
Ohms and epicyclic trains,
Deviation coefficients
Do a snake dance through my brains.
Gyroscopes and Poisson's Ratio,
Neutrals and belligerents,
Solve it with the omnimetre
(Costs you only sixty cents).

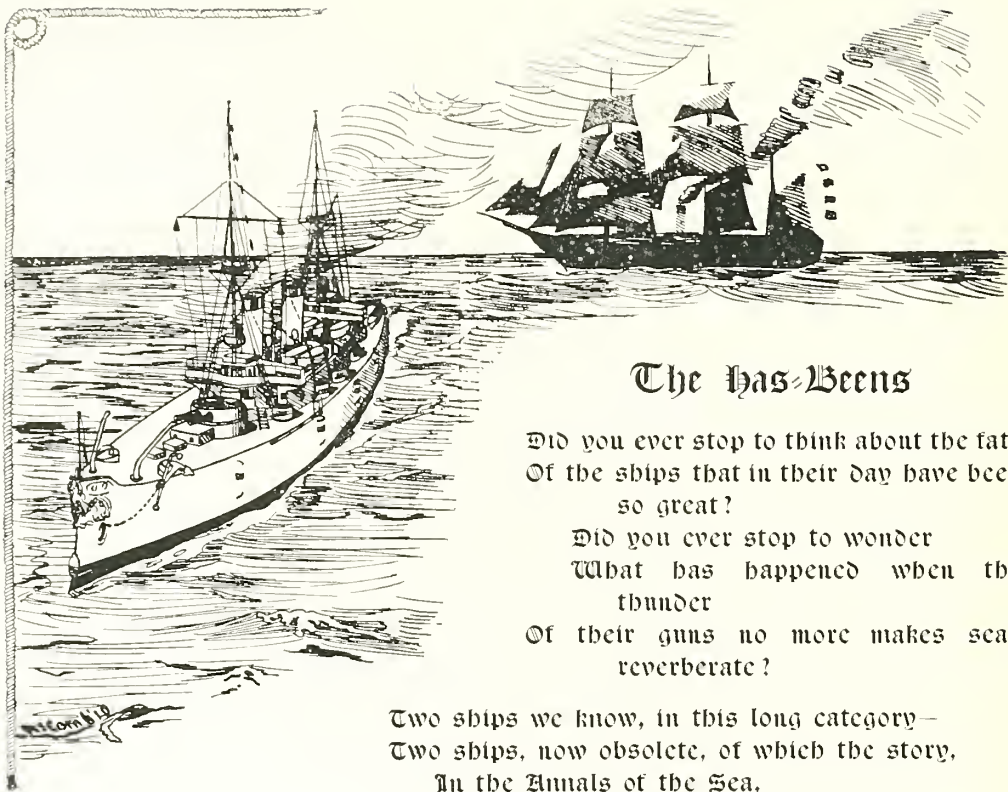
First to cross my line of vision
Is a red hot loxodrome,
Making ninety miles a second,
Measured by the standard ohm.
Next man up is Doctor Zeuner,
He that made the diagram,
Casually glances at me
And inquires who I am.

Then Marcq St. Hilaire and Sumner
Come cavorting into view,
With a radius of gyration
Neatly stowed between the two.
Next, a moment of inertia,
On the rampage, as it were,
Tries to shoot the sun by moonlight
With a dynamometer.

Then an alternating current
Blows in accidentally,
Brandishing the final limits
Of proportionality.
And a dygogram most awful,
That I'm doomed by Fate to meet,
Scares me nigh to death by saying
I am crazy with the heat.

Fearful visions come before me
Of my mind completely wrecked,
And the last faint trace of reason,
Leaves my tortured intellect.
Suddenly, from out the stillness
Of the night, the cry comes "Boat ahoy!"
Ah! the quartermaster hailing,—
I could almost howl for joy.

What a weight is lifted from me
When I find that after all
I am safe aboard and anchored
Many miles from Bancroft Hall!
Yes, thank Heaven, I'm no longer
In the old U. S. N. A.,
Where the Severn slowly ripples
Past the lighthouse to the bay.



The Has-Beens

Did you ever stop to think about the fate
Of the ships that in their day have been
so great?

Did you ever stop to wonder
What has happened when the
thunder
Of their guns no more makes seas
reverberate?

Two ships we know, in this long category—
Two ships, now obsolete, of which the story,
In the *Annals of the Sea*,
Will always seem to me
Pages writ in never ending glory.

So the *Hartford*, gallant, brave old sloop of war,
Flagship, she, of Farragut on Southern shore.

“Damn Torpedoes—go ahead!”

Words undying, that he said,

As steaming on, the battle’s brunt she bore

Olympia, heroine of war with Spain,
The thunder of thy guns across the main
On a glorious first of May;
Dewey, in Manila Bay,
On thy decks took Asia from the Spanish reign.

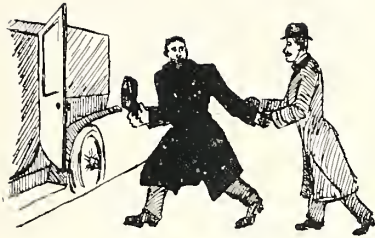
Do you chance to see the moral of my rhyme?

It is simply that, however high you climb,

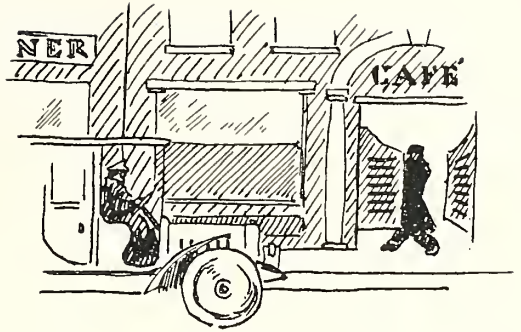
Youth and strength will win from pluck;

You’ll be jostled in the ruck

And remembered as “a great man—in his time.”



ACT I



ACT II

Form No. 501.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY, OF BALTIMORE CITY.
CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.

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NUMBER	SENT BY	RECEIVED BY	CHECK
23	W. J. Spencer	W. J. Spencer	

RECEIVED at 156 MAIN ST., ANNAPOLIS, MD. Nov 29 1908
 TELEPHONE No. 85

Dated Penna depot FX Wayne Ind 29

To Miss Manvell Brown

USNA

Annapolis
Ahead Winfield missed train
Wire Collect Care Pennsylvania
train number 23 Before
three o'clock later Chicago
and W. Spencer

ACT V



ACT III



ACT IV

Goodness, Jake!

CHANK—"Ah, Mr. Vellbrockenberger, gives my-selluf great honors to make hand grasps with your five fingers."

JACK—"Vat iss! Mister Chank! Much delight to see sly oriental countenance. Take chair. Iss free of all charges. Like to have cigar?"

CHANK—"No, tank you very much; don't tink I care for some. Too much iss enough. Have tried once before."

JACK—"Did do?"

CHANK—"Yes, one cigar did do my brains to dreams."

JACK—"Goodness, here is Mr. Petosk. Iss fine man. Would like to make introductions of your-selluf to Mr. Petosk."

CHANK—"I know; have seen before."

JACK—"Sit down, Jake; would like to have cigar?"

PETOSK—"No, don't tink I do."

JACK—"Iss fine branded cigar, you know, got on leave in New York, made direct importations from Porto Rico; cost me many ducats."

PETOSK—"How much cost, Mister Vellbrockenberger?"

JACK—"Make expenses of 19c. for transaction of one full box to my possession."

CHANK—"See you are sport, all right."

JACK—"Yes, am sport, all right. Got for half price at hock shop. Have got dope, Chank?"

CHANK—"Yes, have got; but cannot tell to you."

JACK—"For why?"

CHANK—"Don't tink you will keep under hat."

JACK—"Oh, yes, will do all right."

CHANK—"Tink better tell to he, Mr. Petosk?"

PETOSK—"Yes, guess have seen Mr. Vellbrockenberger make noise like clam before."

CHANK—"Well, will tell. Have heard that all stripes will be changed next term?"

PETOSK AND JACK—"Have heard. Goodness, for why you don't use wily brain to get fresh dope?"

CHANK—"Keep shirt on; have kindness not to make interruptions again; can not get straight if do. Well, you know some of slimy stripers have got red-legged lunch that small bands of gold lace will make departures from sleeves. You know what crusty bums do? Are sly guys, all right. Go out and make Mr. Fuss Fuss, you know where, Jake. Have seen down

to hop making grease spot? Can make deductions when see slimy operations going on. Will not make mentions of names, tink you can guess, all right."

PETOSK—"Yes, tink I can, but better not say some more, tink will lead out Mr. Vellbrockenberger's goat. You know he iss very efficient man."

JACK—"Vat iss? Tink am slimoid?"

CHANK—"No, can see why you do, when are most popular guy in social circles. Tink maybe you will get stripes and would like to see you get. You know, Petosk, he has got big grease because iss caterer."

PETOSK—"Yes, have not seen any of catering yet, but, my! how he do when he do! Wonder what kind of job is caterer?"

JACK—"Don't know? Don't tink would like some of he. Have got great problems to dope out; one iss meat question. You know ham iss cheapest meat, Jake, but good Jews cannot eat he; so don't know what to do. Did sly business maneuvers last week, got nine carloads bananas for 89c. bunch. Tink am too good a business guy to stay in Navy."

PETOSK—"I see now, Jake, guess he iss trying to slip one over on us; every time dessert come, iss old friend, Mister Banana. Half six, no bottom at all. Goodness, what iss crummy smell? Look, Mister Vellbrockenberger, Mister Chank has kicked bucket, I tink. Wonder what iss matter with he, face iss all white."

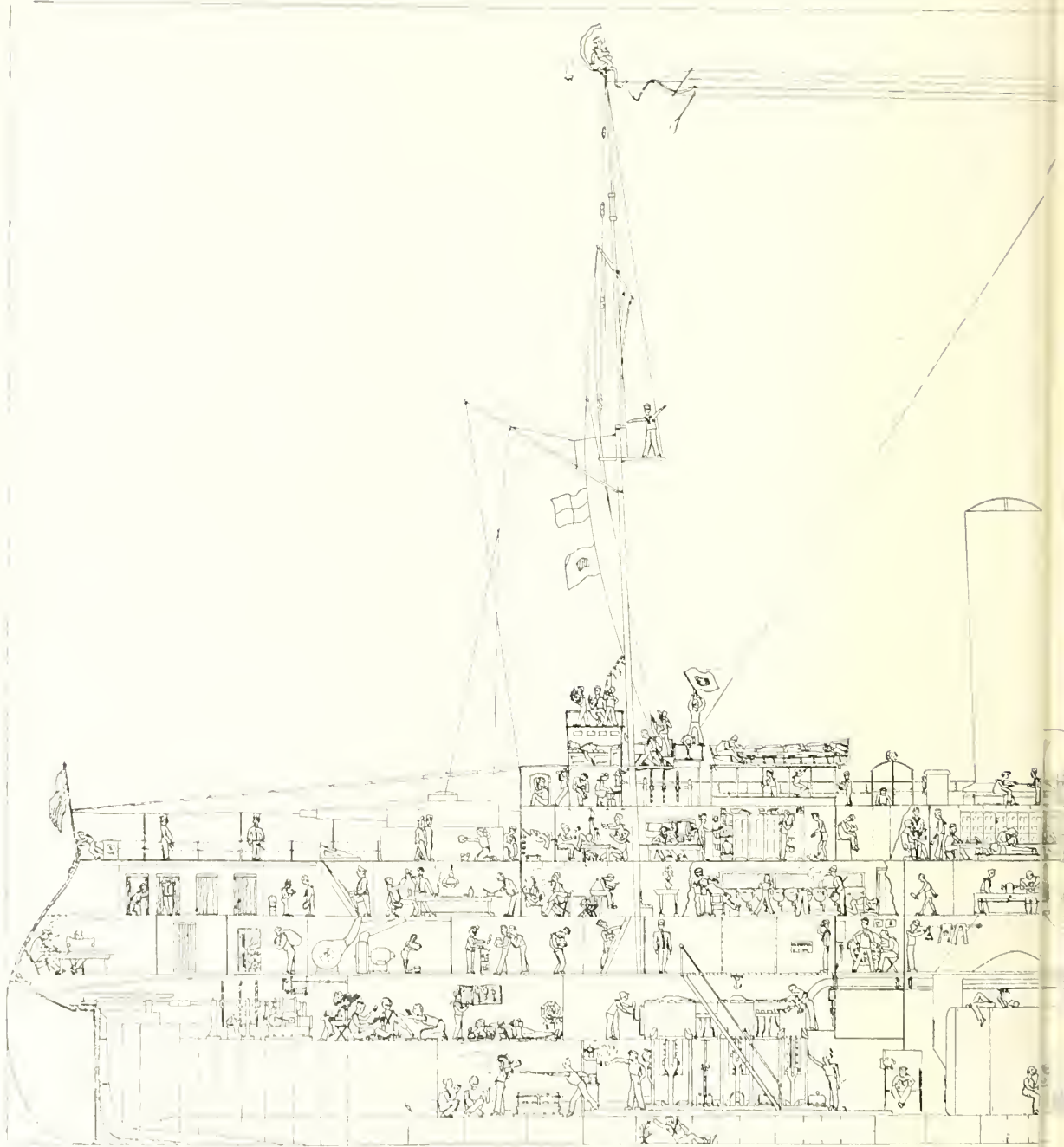
JACK—"Oh, iss all right; tink he smoke too many skags. Cannot stand delightful aromas of good cigars."

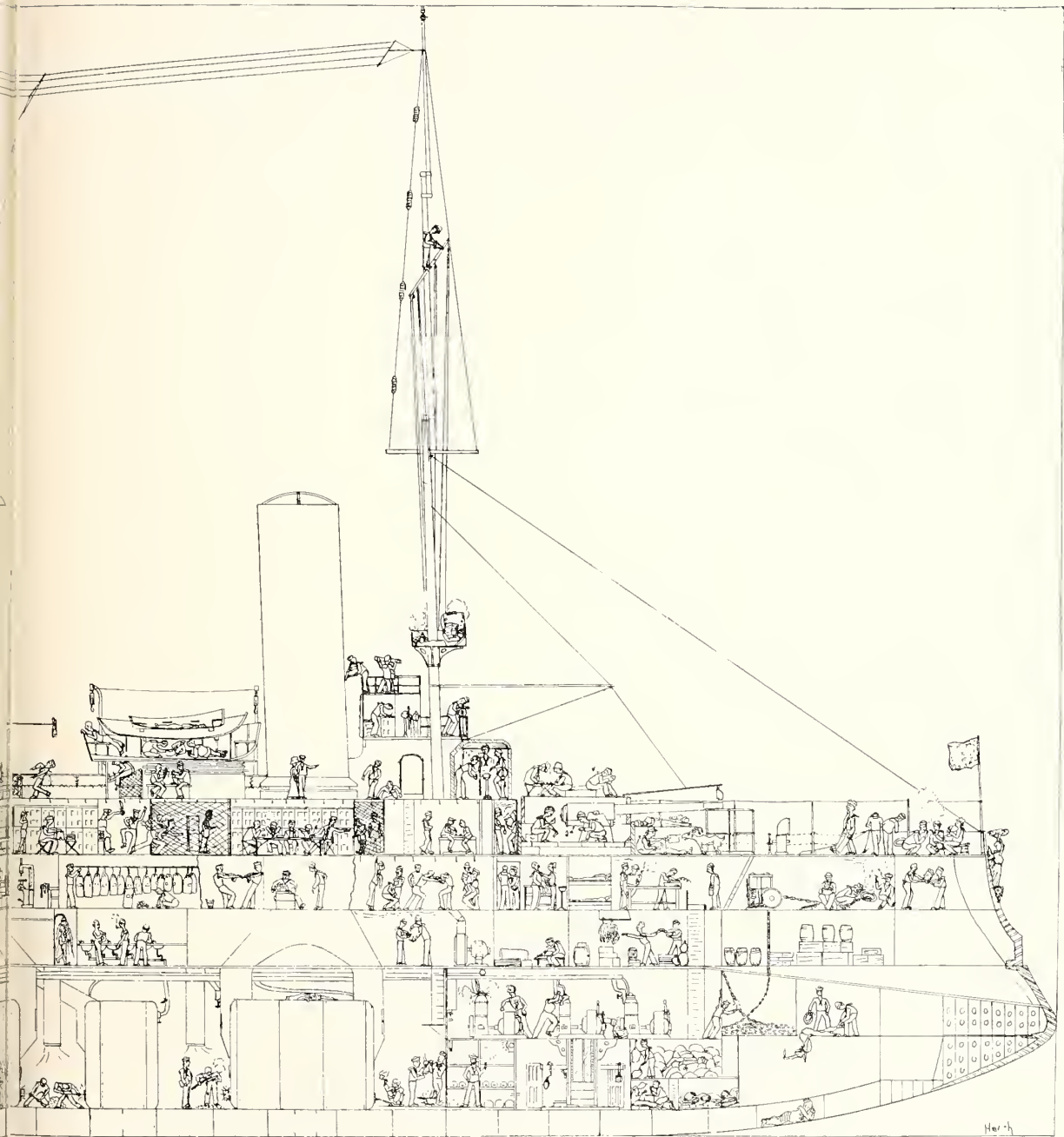
PETOSK—"No, don't tink he can. Have had choking feelings ever since came in room. Don't tink you make good entertainments for guests. Will carry Mister Chank to Mister Hilujan's room; try to make revivals of he. Will make good-night to you, Mister Vellbrockenberger."

JACK—"Oh, don't go."

PETOSK—"Vat? Don't choke? Hope you do!"









SPUDS

There goes that damn bell again. Just think! We have been jumping up and running to formation whenever we hear that bell for four years. Oh! it's awful! I don't care if there are only four more months. Just think! Jump out of bed, rush through meals, three recitations, one drill—and then all over again the next day, and the next, and the next. And four years of it. Oh, that's an outrage!

TUBBY

Thank Heaven there are only four more months in here. I'm going to resign sure. This is no place for a man anyway; you're never home; you never have any money; you can't get married. What's the use of being out of college if you can't get married. I can make enough money to get married on in a year as a cit. Why, I wouldn't join the Mutual Aid, never! Why, life insurance is much better—it's a better investment, and—it means more for your wife.

TIM

You can all talk, but I'm surely going to resign in June. Why, look here, this Navy is the worst place in the world—you never get justice. Anyone who wears a few more stripes than you can do anything he wants and you can't do anything about it. I'm going to write magazine articles showing this place up for what it really is. They lie to you, they're unfair to you, they put you down and then trample on you. So what's the use?

DUTCH

I wouldn't stay in this place for all the money they could offer me. No one but a greaser gets on here. Any officer will spoon on a greaser; a good man who knows something never gets a show. Why, Skip and I were in the engine-room on the "Chi" and we knew everything about it, could have run it and did for days—we got buzzards and a bum grease; another man who doesn't know where the throttle is hands in pretty sketches, takes seventeen star sights in one night—he's an efficient officer and gets three stripes. Not for mine!

7th Div.

U. S. Naval Academy.

Report of Delinquencies. April 1, 1901

DATE	NAME	CLASS	DELINQUENCY	REMARKS
6.30	Squidger, D.	1	Absent a m rob cell	By order of Lt Kitcham

Very respectfully,

J. Stipes,
Head of the Cadet Staff

To the Commandant of Midshipmen.

Midshipman Macbeth, as O. D.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly; if but to swipe the pap
 Could keep me off the report, and make
 With this onc coup first grade; that this purloining
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 And ne'er o'er this the class in conclave meet,
 We'd chance to crook it now. But in these cases
 We still have him who'd have us teach
 Bloody good dope, which being taught returns
 To plague the inventors. This even-handed con game
 Commends itself and us as simple fools,
 To yon O. C. He's here to rag us sure,
 And, doing, does but duty and his pride,
 Strong both against the deed. Then as O. D.,
 I should against the swiper shut the door,
 Not crook the sheet myself. Yet this O. C.
 Hath ragged me so cold i' the act, hath been
 So loath to frap me on, and this report
 So richly well deserved that ne'er a statement
 Could bring about the mercy of its taking off.
 Then from the right-hand drawer the pap must vanish
 That I may fuss the qucen (I have no spur
 To purloin the evil slip, but only
 To keep off th' Second, which may overleap itself
 And frap me on the Third).

POLYCHRONIC PROJECTION



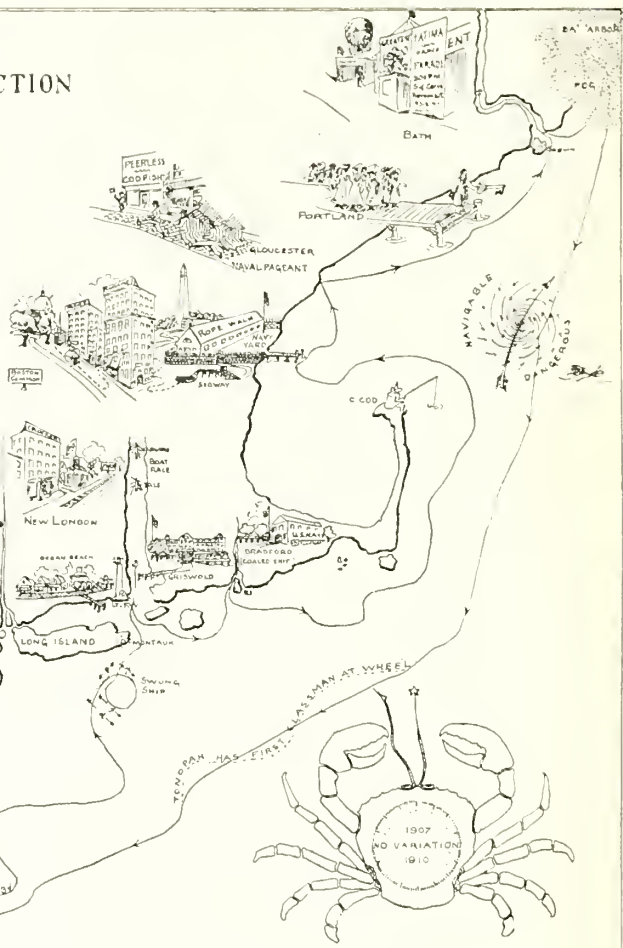
U.S. NA. GRAPHER'S OFFICE

CHART OF SUMMER CRUISE 1909

No. 1. CONSEC. No. 64.



GENERAL STATE OF THE WEATHER—JUNE-JULY-AUG.
 NEW LONDON—GENERALLY FAIR AND COOL—OCCASIONAL SHOWERS, STORMS, HURRICANES FROM N-E-S-W.
 BOSTON AND NEW ENGLAND COAST SULTRY, COOL CLEAR AND CLOUDY FOG AND MIST 2 DAYS PER WEEK WEATHER FINE FOR PARADES AND SANDWICH LANDERS



LIFE-SAVING STATIONS.

CHAMBERLIN, OLDPOINT, VA., CROCKER GRILL, AND GRISWOLD, N. LONDON, CONN., TOURNAI, BOSTON, (SEE NOTE) ELK'S HARBOR, BATH, ME.

NOTE: IN THE TREACHEROUS WATERS OF BOSTON AND VICINITY MINOR STATIONS ARE SITUATED ALONG THE COAST AT INTERVALS OF NOT MORE THAN ONE BLOCK.

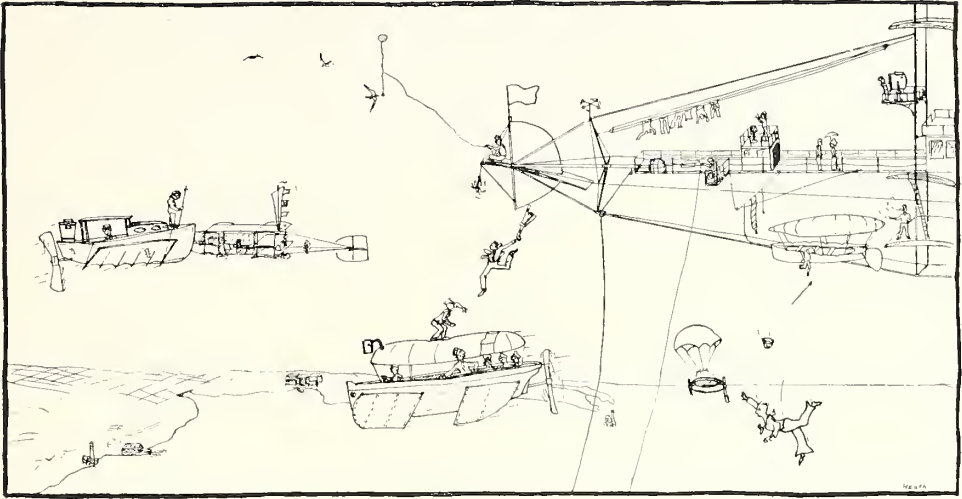
U.S.N.A. DANGER FLAG

U.S. STORM SIGNALS



WARNING!

THESE WATERS UNSAFE DURING SUMMER OWING TO THE PRESENCE OF AN ANCIENT AND UNMANNABLE BANANA BOAT AND HER COMPANION THE DERELICT BLACK MARIA.



U. S. N. A. PRACTICE SQUADRON,

AT ANCHOR OVER NEW LONDON, CT.

July 20, 1947.

Squadron Order No. 13

The following rules will be observed during the stay of the fleet in New London:

Liberty boats shall shove off promptly; no midshipmen shall attempt to jump into them from the lower planes.

Great care shall be exercised not to drop slice-bars, marling-spikes, etc., while over inhabited country.

Returning to the ship by means of the anchor cable is forbidden.

The use of the emergency parachute for going ashore is restricted to the Captain, the Executive Officer and the Mail Orderly.

Sailing parties must be in charge of a competent person, or else be provided with indestructible cards of identification.

No swimming or diving from the ship will be permitted here due to the high winds.

H. I. FLIER,

Commander, U. S. N.,

COMMANDING.

Ultra-modern Fables

The Fable of the Heavy Fusser

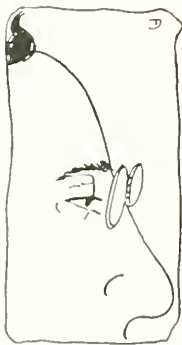
THERE Came to Uncle Sam's nursery One day A gentleman of Hibernian features and a Way of Talking that sounded as Though he used a Macomb Strainer on His voice. In a short While it became Apparent that He was Some bones when it Came to the heavy Fussing Gag, and Could give his nearest competitor Big and little casino and cards And then Beat him to the Finish. In spite Of the fact That his countenance Resembled the cross-Section of a Soft-boiled spud, he Was certainly right There when it Came to Filling Up the hop-card, and though his Name had never Been connected With any desperate Peats on the gridiron Or in a Shell, it was noted That there were Several who gazed on him with Plain symptoms of Hero-worship. Better looking Men than he Worried themselves over it But all he Would tell when Asked for his System Was that it was Probably due to His West Haven savoir faire—and he Hardly Batted an eyelid in Saying it.



One Day There came to Crabtown a femme to Whom the fame of Jack the lady killer Had not penetrated. Owing to the great Rep that preceded her The fusser got a dance on her card. When he sallied Forth to make a hit With his Special brand of Boston the Young lady Told him it made her seasick.

MORAL: This is not West Haven.

The Fable of the Assiduous Bid



WHEN the Clarion call for The youth of the Country finally reached Hiluja back in 1901 there Answered it a Strange being who could probably have Thrown light on the Disappearance of the Lost Ten Tribes. At least That is what The profs. all Thought. After Four years of steady answering it He finally reached First Class year. Having Set his mind on two or Three stripes He lost no time After being Assigned to a historic ship, and Soon had Them all Slimed to a Fare-you-well, and As he Drove the Pie-wagon his Classmates couldn't Kick—much. Sure enough, His personal Plea for More Grease Marks was acted upon and He found himself the Proud Possessor of One large gold stripe. His Room was Near the Mess hall exit and To his great dismay Many Rough-neck friends Insisted on smoking His good Bull at 32c. and Not content with that, Broke his Furniture, And got Him on the Pap generally. Then some Underclass friends—He had Lots of Friends while his Bull lasted—came in and Smoked and then the House was Pinched. The efficient, though Semitic, gentleman exchanged his Stripe for Fifty D's and restriction.

MORAL: Down with the Foreign Element.

The Fable of the Touge Young Man

THOUGH meek and Mild when a Plebe a Certain young man Gradually got over It as he Became older, until by Second Class year he had Gone to the Extent of Wearing a Flannel Shirt instead of a Sweater. When he Got to His room after Study call had Busted he Would don the Relic and Parade around the corridors with it on. Now in Spite of the Fact that this young Man was a savoir, and played Tennis and Sang in his room During study hours, he Was not liked by The four-striper Who roomed next Him. After a few weeks the Latter met our Hero in the corridor and Frapped him on the Pap. As a Result he got Several Demerits and, Worst of all, the Shirt was confiscated. Whenever, in Recounting the affair Later, he gets to This part his Voice breaks and Goes considerably above High C, and the Meeting promptly adjourns.

MORAL: Either Grease up the Four-striper, or Change Your Shirt.



The Fable of the Fourth P. O.



THERE once was a Man who was in the same Company with Several Plebes. The man Occupied a position of High trust, if you let The high-school Paper tell it. In the Vernacular he was a Fourth P. O. This may have been Why the rest of His company called Him Sargent. What the Plebes called Him I won't say Because this book is all censored before going to Press. The man Had an Idea that Plebes' shoulders should meet in the Rear like a Pair of furred Wings, and He was Sure that the Chin should Never precede the Larynx. The few Plebes Who were So poorly designed as to Fail in These specifications waited until Christmas Day and What they Didn't do then was invisible to the Naked eye. The next Term the Man got Two stripes in the Same company. Let Us pull the Curtain.

MORAL: Wait till You get him Outside.



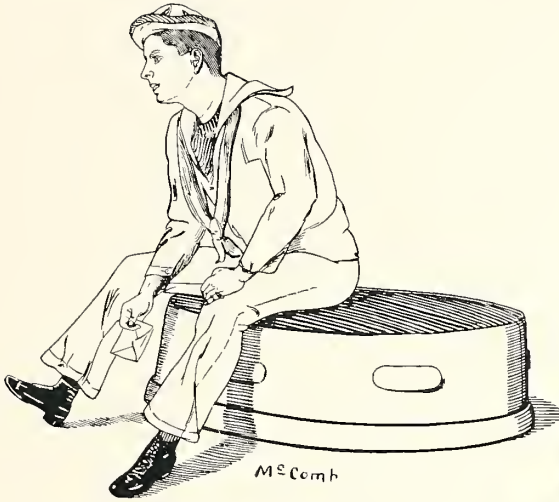
"I'VE WAITED FOUR YEARS FOR THIS"



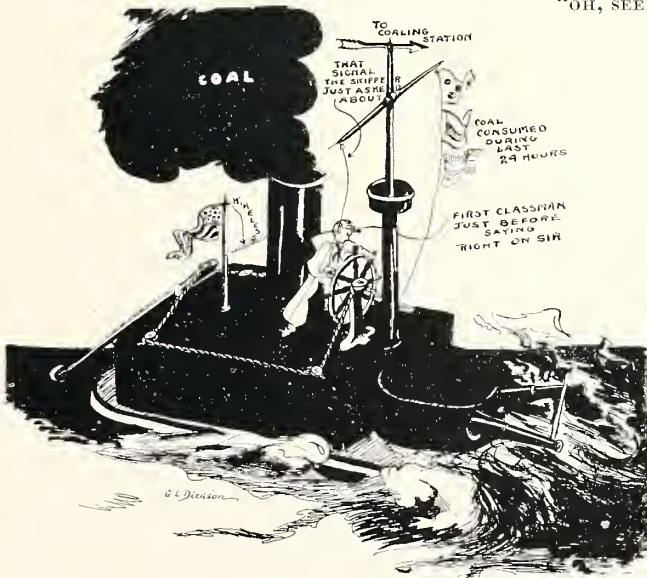
LEAVE



Snap Shots on the Cruise



"OH, SEE CHARLIE, RIGHT OUT IN FRONT!"



U. S. S. FLATIRON



THE LARGE SKATE



September, time of all the year
 When longed-for leabe at last is here,
 And seatt'ring far throughout the land
 Go midshipmen, a joyous band;
 First, Second Class and Youngsters go
 And swear at trains for being slow.

The Youngster goes to show his blues
 And in the social whirl to lose
 Remembrance of his long plebe year,
 Remembrance of his ent'ring fear.
 The cruise has put him in fine trim,
 He goes to let his girl see him.

The Second Class man, tried and true,
 Is troubled not with dress of blue,
 The Supper looms ahead of him,
 Meanwhile he'll play with greatest vim,
 Perchance he'll try the giddy whirl,
 But he goes home to see his girl.

But First Class Leabe, the last of all,
 Extends to us a different call.
 Perhaps, one of the "forty-four,"
 He goes to bone W. E. Smith's lore.
 Though this may be the final leabe,
 Sweetheart, let not the parting grieve.

L'Enboi

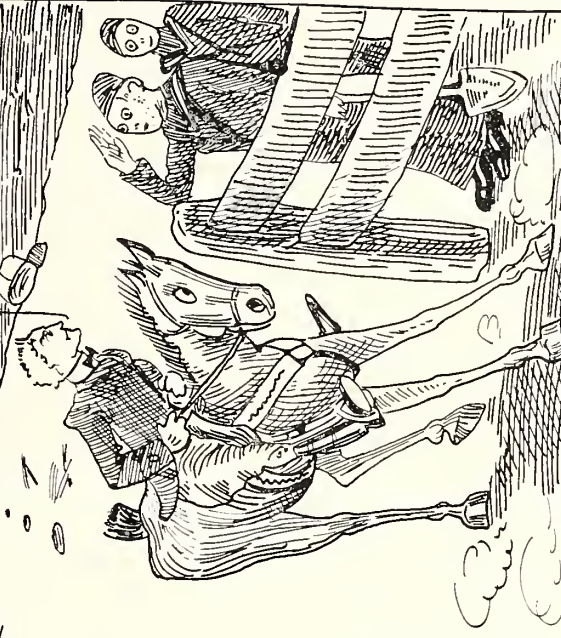
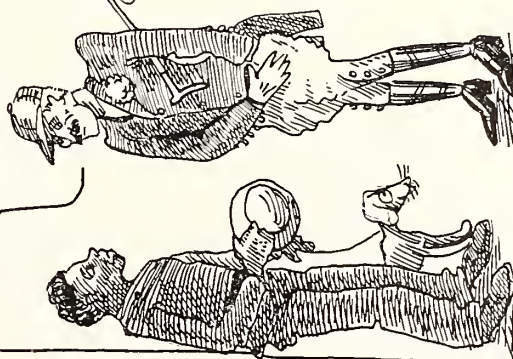
A tale of leabe I've tried to sing
 Whence many stories back we bring.
 If you like not this little verse
 You must admit, leabe's not so worse.

KIEFFER (A.)

YOU'VE GOT TO
GET THESE
FENCES DOWN
BEFORE WE
COME!



WE HAVE
ENOUGH DOGS
NOW'S IT
HOW'S IT
FOR A FOX?



HUNT CLUB



OBSERVATORY



RECITATION HALL



GYMNASIUM



LYCEUM



POWER PLANT

NAVAL ACADEMY IN 1859



NAVAL ACADEMY IN 1885

A NAVAL ROMANCE

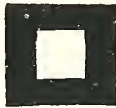
A YOUNG LIEUTENANT CHANGED TO SEE
WHILE STROLLING OUTSIDE TOWN
A DREAM OF BEAUTY WHOSE BIG CAR
HAD SUFFERED A



IT WAS SOON REPAIRED AND BACK SHE DROVE
THE SMITTEEN YOUTH BESIDE
"O QUEEN", HE PLEADED, "LET ME BE
THROUGH A LIFE YOUR



OF COURSE I CAN'T EXACTLY SAY
WHAT ANSWER SHE DID GIVE
BUT BY HIS LOOK 'T WAS PLAIN TO SEE
'T WAS QUITE



SOME TWO WEEKS THENCE I LOOKED FOR HIM
I HAD NOT FAR TO SEARCH
MID DEALING CHIMES AND MENDELSSOHN
THE PAIR WAS LEAVING,



FROM TWO YEARS CRUISE AROUND THE WORLD
LAST MONDAY I GOT BACK
FOUND O'ER MY FRIEND A MARTINET
I HEAR THEY CALL HIM



M.S. BROWN

Foolishness

After coaling ship Frenehy O'Brien was drawing a bucket of water when a bo's'un's mate sung out: "Here's some fresh water, Mr. O'Brien, that salty stuff makes the water stick to you." "Oh," said Frenehy, "I've only got salt water soap."



FAIR MAIDEN (at *Supé's* reception)—"Now, Mr. Roesch, isn't there something I can give you?"

ROESCH (looking around anxiously)—"No, I only want to go home."

BOOZER—"If you passed an officer in civilian clothes how would you salute him?"

CY (thinking somebody must have been telling)—"Why I think I'd go around the other way, sir."

PROF.—“Mr. Edwards, who was Monk?”

AT.—“A Frenehman, sir.”

PROF.—“No, poor guess. It sounds French, but he was an Englishman.”

AT.—“Oh, yes. How could I. I meant an Englishman who had fought the French.”



HYGIENE

PROF.—“Mr. Meelewski, how do they secure the chain?”

POLE.—“Oh, they take the bitter end in and tie it to the wild-eat and put it in the chain locker.”



The Power Board

YOUNGSTER (*in chains, heaves lead and hesitates*).

CAPTAIN—“Well, sing out, Mr. —.”

YOUNGSTER—“And a half seven.”

CAPTAIN—“Did you get bottom?”

YOUNGSTER—“No, sir, *not quite*.”

INSTRUCTOR—“Mr. Langworthy, what does an officer carry when lightly equipped?”

LINGERIE—“Well, sir, he carries a canteen, and leggins and a-er-er-a field piece—er—”

PROF. (*looking savvy*)—“Now, Mr. —, you have a divided circuit of three cells, in series, each cell has two volts, five ohms, and five amperes. Find ‘x.’”

BOB (*with Ordnance slip in Mike's handwriting*).

MIKE—“Well, what have you there, Mr. Clark?”

BOB (*confidently*)—“Why, sir, I have ‘Extended Order, with — diagnosis.’”



RECITING ON “CONFIDENTIAL” PAMPHLETS

Select School for Young Gentlemen

BEAUTIFUL location in quaint Southern town replete with historic memories. Quiet and healthful. School buildings affording fine view of water.

C. This institution combines the high refinements and the gentle care of the home with a certain amount of military training. Rooms are light and airy. Cuisine unsurpassed. Pupils taken on yachting trip during the summer months at the school's expense. Send your boy to this school and he will never go to any other.

C. Read what others have to say about us :

Dear Sir :

I have spent many of the pleasantest years of my life in your school and it is with the greatest reluctance that I am leaving it. In the seven years that I have been in your care I have received an education equal to at least three years in any other school.

Very truly

G. B. GORHAM

Dear Sir :

When I sent my boy, James, to you he was the town bully, given to haunting the streets at night and altogether was such a rowdy as to cause his father and me to despair. Since he has attended your Academy, however, he has completely changed and I attribute his ladylike demeanor entirely to your excellent school.

Very respectfully

MRS. J. B. WILL

C. What could be more convincing?

C. Write for free catalog, addressing

HEAD MASTER

U. S. Naval Academy

Annapolis, Md.



"AND BREAKFAST
FORMATION NOT FOR
TWENTY MINUTES!"



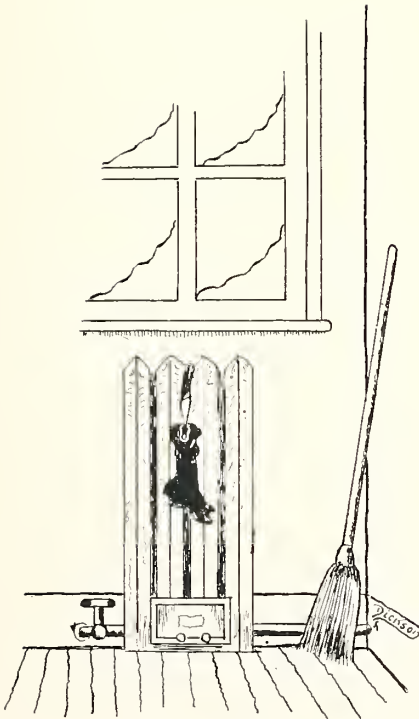
Middy Van Kling

A terrible thing
To Middy Van Kling
Happened one morn. while asleep.
'Twas six one or more
When in through the door
The Wakeful O. C. took a peep.

Ha! Ha! and He! He!
What's this that I see?

A First Class man asleep at 6.01.
I'll teach him to snore
When I come in the door.

Mid'n in charge, put Mr. Van Kling on the
Early Rising Squad!



MERRY XMAS.



THE NEW REGIME

KIEFFER

Lucky Bag Guide to Plays

- "The Fair Co-ed" Cootsie Will, in the title role, impersonates a midshipman at Annapolis and gets away with it.
- "The Dollar Mark" Jack Wellbrock in the great play of the Ghetto. Mr. Wellbrock shows his versatility by appearing as the popular class secretary, the bland politician, the married man, the caterer, and the athlete (class numerals).
- "The Music Master" Touching drama of the artistic temperament. When the Music Master (Metz) plays his violin the audience goes wild.
- "Follies of 1913" Continuous performance. Large company. Altogether a fourth-class production.
- "Dry and I" T. Meyer, assisted by the whole First Class, in his great moral scene never fails to win encomiums from the O. C's.
- "What Every Woman Knows" With Elmer in the title role—in fact, as the whole show—this could not but be a howling farce.
- "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" Bennion in the great home play. A pathetic drama of the Far West.
- "Little Nemo" This has the original funny paper scene beaten a block. Sid Berry, as Little Nemo, has many wonderful experiences, all of which turn out to be dreams. Very laughable.
- "The Midnight Sons" Cy Gilbert, Henrichy Luckel and Eddy Webb in their lightning change acts. Coming to Annapolis every week.



AFTER the 57-0 M. A. C. game of 1908 Squarehead, who had taken Crofty's place at tackle during the last half, was seen starting towards quarters with the ball under his arm. "Where are you going with that ball, Squarehead?" asked some one. "Oh," he replied proudly, "I am going to keep it. It is my first winning game as captain."

AN officer of the Hartford was conducting the tour of the rope-walk in Boston. He came to one machine labelled "Dangerous," a coil of rope covering the "D." He puzzled over it until his eye fell on the sign, and then he said, "Now, gentlemen, this is the Angerous machine and is one of the most important in the plant. Pay particular attention to it."

WALLY was inspecting one night and heard an unusual noise in Ellis's room. He entered and found Spuds on the table, fanned out like a Plebe, while Marsh and Lee were madly chasing themselves around it. "What is the meaning of this, gentlemen?" "Well, sir," answered Spuds, "you see I'm a resultant and Marsh and Lee are components."

FAT ROESCH did not attend the class meeting when the hop committee men were chosen, as he had little interest in such matters. After the meeting was over a crowd poured into his room and congratulated him on being elected. Mary became very much excited and with a bashful but proud smile he thanked the boys for their appreciation, adding that he hardly thought he was the man. "Nevertheless——"

BOOKS under his arm and head up in the air, he was marching proudly down Maryland Avenue when Spuds passed him without deigning to notice his presence. "Halt!" he cried. Spuds halted in his tracks. "Why did not you salute me?" "Are you an instructor?" asked Spuds, innocently. "Yes, I'm an instructor." "Oh, you kiddo!" said Spuds, tapping him on the chest and walking on.

L' Endoi

WITH NO APOLOGIES

When the "Lucky Bag" is finished and our pens are laid aside,
When we have finished striving more copy to provide,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need to, no "late lights," nor
work to do,
And the skipper of all we workmen shall not set us to work anew.

And we that worked shall be happy, we shall sit in an easy chair;
We shall spend our time in loafing, walk out in the open air;
No "three pages by the first, now, that's work for one and all";
We shall smoke our pipes in freedom, and fuss at Carvel Hall.

And maybe the Class will praise us, and maybe the Class will blame,
Yet each one worked for nineteen-ten and no one worked for fame,
And few for the joy of working, but each with the aim in view
Of collecting our happiest moments and bringing them back to you.

The Class of 1910 is indebted to individual members of the under classes for the use of many of the photographs appearing in this volume; to Messrs. Fithian and Lepeudecker for the two oil paintings; to Mrs. C. K. Miller for some of her excellent action pictures; to Professor Terry, and to Assistant Librarian Spencer for the pictures of the old Academy; to Collier's Weekly for the use of two extracts; and to Mr. Charles H. Clarke, of The John C. Winston Co., for his assistance in the preparation of this number. In the name of the Class the "Lucky Bag" Staff extends deep and sincere thanks to all of the above.



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WATER TUBE MARINE BOILERS AND SUPERHEATERS

HIGH PRESSURE

OPEN HEARTH STEEL—THE BEST WORKMANSHIP

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ACCESSIBILITY

EFFICIENCY



U.S.S. Delaware, Water-tube Boiler, Newport News, Va.

U. S. S. DELAWARE

Fourteen Babcock & Wilcox Boilers and Superheaters—29,512 I. H. P. Speed 21.56 knots.

BABCOCK & WILCOX BOILERS ORDERED FOR ALL OF THE AMERICAN "DREADNOUGHTS"

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U.S.S. DELAWARE

U.S.S. SOUTH CAROLINA

900,000 I. H. P. INSTALLED IN U. S. NAVY

ADOPTED IN THE LATEST BRITISH "SUPER-DREADNOUGHTS"

H.M.S. ORION, CONQUEROR and THUNDERER, the INDOMITABLE and INDEFATIGABLE

ALSO

The two "ARGENTINE DREADNOUGHTS" now building in the United States.

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The Pre-eminent Cuvées of Champagne



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WHITE SEAL
"VERY DRY"

*Their
fine quality will
at once
commend them
to the
most critical*



MOËT & CHANDON
IMPERIAL CROWN
BRUT
"CUVEE A. A."

Geo. A. Kessler & Co.

Sole Importers

New York and San Francisco

The Red, Red Hike Attends the Hop

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

Annapolis, Md., Jan. 30, 1909

Say, how's to interduce me to de goil in de pink dress, eh?—Gee, I'm tickled to deat' to meet yer. You're Chevvy's goil, ain't yer? Sure, he tells me all about yer. Say, how's it for de next dance? Got it, eh? Well, can I have it if I chase de gang away and start de mus-h? Who's de guy? Aw, I don't care how big he is. De bigger dey is, de easier dey falls. Come on, dere's de noise now. Don't mind if I crawl all over yer feet. * * * Dat's thru. Tanks, werry, werry much. I'm goin' now. Good night!

Memorandum for the Commandant of Midshipmen
While the 2d. Class was occupying one of the officers this morning, awaiting examination, one waste paper basket was entirely destroyed and the pieces strewn all about the room; another waste paper basket was broken; and the tobacco of one of the Inspectors was taken out of a drawer of his desk, and poured into his hat and gloves.
It will be remembered that, Capt. Vetter had one or more of this same class assembled in two study halls, and had a pair of gloves.

Very respectfully,
H. T. Bigan, Instructor, U.S.N.,
Head of Department of
Modern Languages



ROUGE MAKES A HIT ASHORE



The moving finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on, nor all thy piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy prayers erase one word of it.

An hygienic condition of the mouth can best be attained by the systematic use of

LISTERINE

A brief treatise upon the care of the teeth, together with a booklet descriptive of Listerine, may be had upon application to the manufacturers, Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., but the best advertisement of Listerine is—Listerine. Be assured of the genuine by purchasing an original package.

Listerine Tooth Powder

A fourth of a century of continued, satisfactory employment of Listerine has demonstrated to many who have used it during this entire period, that Listerine is the best antiseptic for daily employment in the care and preservation of the teeth. Listerine Tooth Powder, then, is not intended to supplant Listerine in the daily toilet of the teeth, but is offered as a frictionary dentifrice to be used in conjunction with this well-known and time-tried antiseptic.

Listerine Tooth Powder, like Listerine, will advertise itself by its intrinsic merit.

Listerine Talcum Powder

An excellent absorbent and deodorant, particularly adapted for use after shaving, and indispensable in the nursery to prevent soreness and chafing. As an antiseptic dusting powder for the relief of pruritus, prickly heat, and other conditions of dermal irritation, it is unequalled. The antiseptic qualities of Listerine contained in this powder are of sufficient strength to prove beneficial without causing irritation to the most delicate skin.

Listerine Talcum Powder well answers every requirement of a toilet powder.

Listerine Dermatic Soap

A bland, unirritating and remarkably efficient soap designed to meet the most exacting requirements of a saponaceous detergent. It is composed of vegetable oils, chief among which is olive oil; before it is "milled" and pressed into cakes it is "super-fatted" by the addition of an emollient oil, after which there are added the antiseptic oils (thyme, eucalyptus, menthol and gaultheria) which have contributed to make Listerine the most successful formula of modern pharmacy.

Listerine Dermatic Soap is of especial value in preventing cutaneous affections.

Wm. H. Bellis & Co.

NAVAL
UNIFORMS

and

CIVILIAN
DRESS

ANNAPOLIS ::: MARYLAND

“**L**OUIS XV. of France caused an electric shock from a battery of Leyden jars to be administered to seven hundred Carthusian monks—joined hand in hand—with prodigious effect.”—*Thompson's Electricity.*

King Louis sat in his royal tower—
Enthroned in majesty, glory and power—
Holding a council of wise men there,
To ponder the news from Leyden, where
A wondrous jar a seer had made,
A jar which made all men afraid,
To touch it made a thund'rous bolt
Jump and give one a horrible jolt.
King Louis wondered more and more
And deeply pondered the matter o'er.

“Send for Cunaus,” a royal command
Given by Louis' seal and hand,
Fetch the seer from Leyden town,
Bringing his bottle of great renown
To show the King how he could scare
Anybody—anywhere.
Louis XV. was very bold
And firmly on the jar laid hold
When something came out of the empty air,
Jolting his kingship everywhere.

(Continued on page 171)

THE
STETSON
SHOE

For the Martial Tread

Whether on Parade Ground or in study rooms, for service or for social duties, The Stetson Shoe serves Annapolis well.

No greater shoe comfort is possible than that given by the Stetson. A better looking, more practical marching shoe is not made.

And for full dress occasions the Stetson meets every requirement—lends dignity and grace to the uniform and its wearer.

THE STETSON SHOE

is made to fit—all over. It is made to wear, and not lose shape in the process. And it passes an examination, academic in severity, before leaving the factory. This is known as the Stetson Test which insures *Stetson Quality*.

It will pay you to know more about this Stetson *Quality*. Send today for booklet, "The Cobblers Story."

The Stetson Shoe Company, South Weymouth, Mass.

M. T. DAVIDSON COMPANY

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STEAM PUMPS
CONDENSERS
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ETC. ETC.

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NEW YORK SALES OFFICE BOSTON SALES OFFICE
154 NASSAU STREET 30 OLIVER STREET

He Who Cares



for what is best, but not
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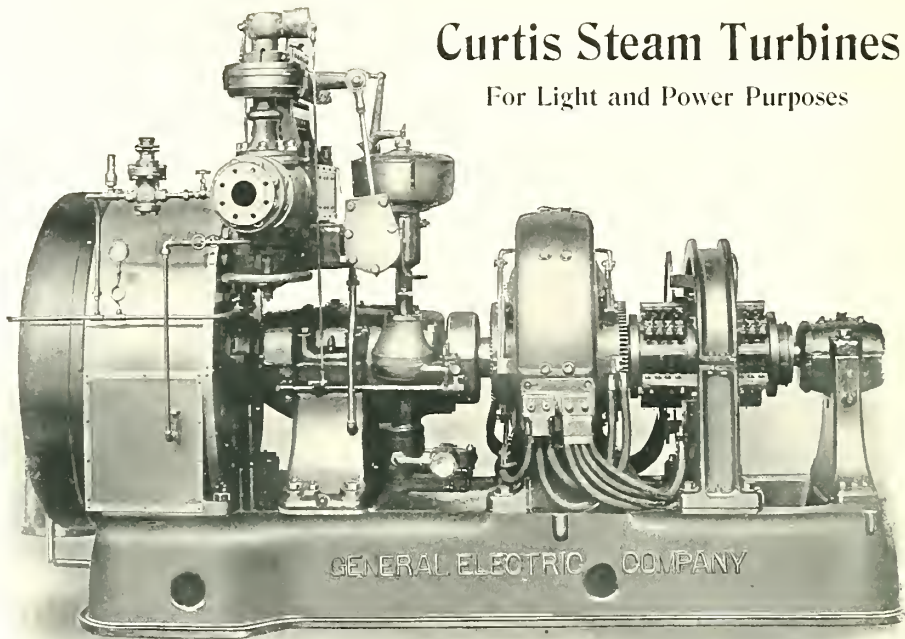
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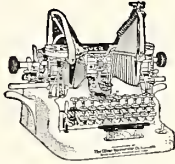
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"A hundred slightly larger jars
Would make a thousand men see stars."
The royal brain thought in rapid chunks—
"I'll have revenge on those caunting monks."

(Continued on base 10)



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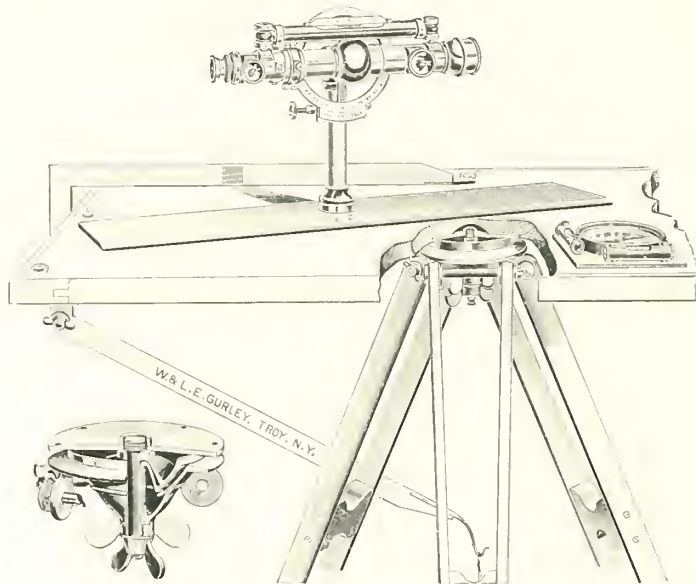
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Cunæus, be here two weeks from to-day.
I’ll have you run that glorious fray.
Herald! Away! From all the land
Bring me together that rascally band.
Singing and drinking the whole day long—
I’ll make them sing to a different song:
I’ll make them drink of a different cup,
From a jug of sparks each monk shall sup.”

Seven hundred monks before the King
His glory and praises start to sing;
Abbot and monk and friar grey,
Many a bishop in vestment gay,
And those in the Order higher still
Have gathered to know the royal will.
King Louis turns to the ancient seer—
“Bring on your jugs—the monks are here.”
Cunæus marshals the priestly band
And joins the Order, hand in hand.

To the monk on the end he gives a bar
Connected to the endmost jar.
The noblest bishop in the band
Touches the other end with his hand,
When leap from the bottles streaks of fire,
Horrible shocks and confusion dire,
Knocking the monks to left and right,
Leaping and crying aloud in their fright --
Gaping and tapping and stamping and slapping
The end of the world is surely happening.

(Concluded on page xx)



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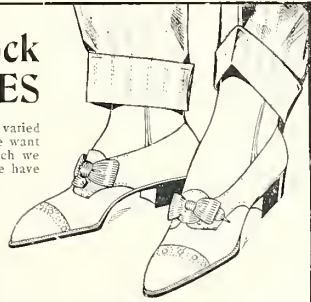
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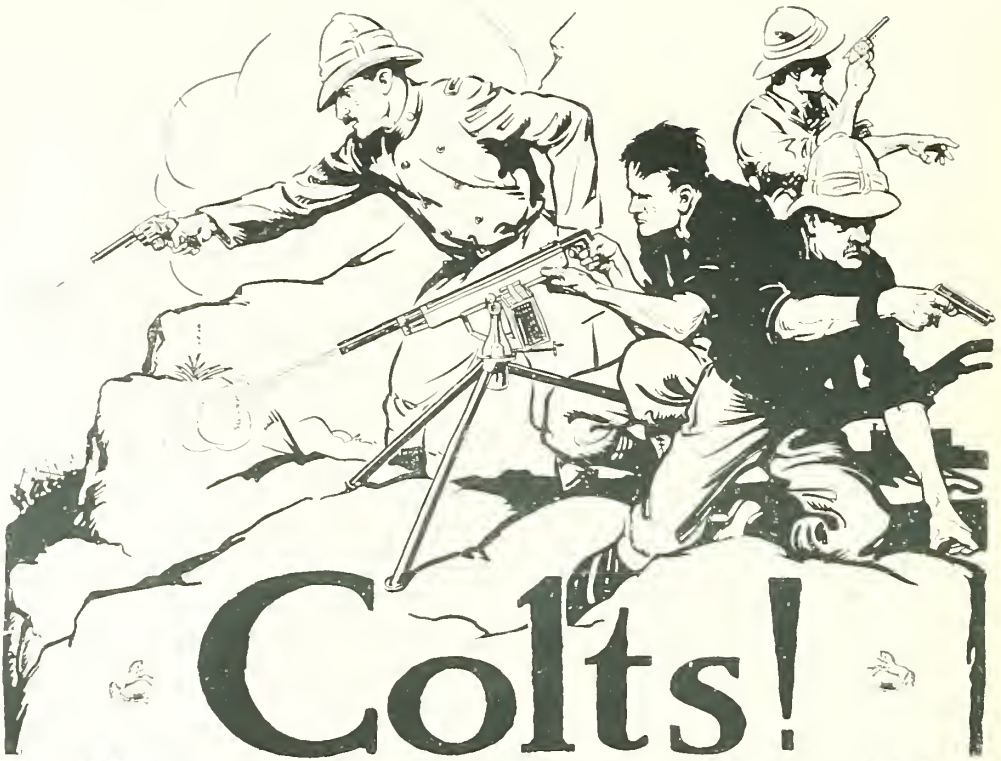
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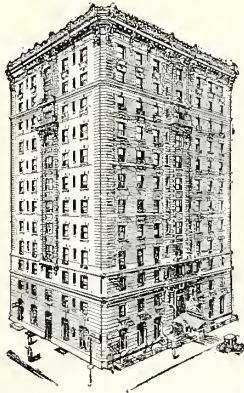
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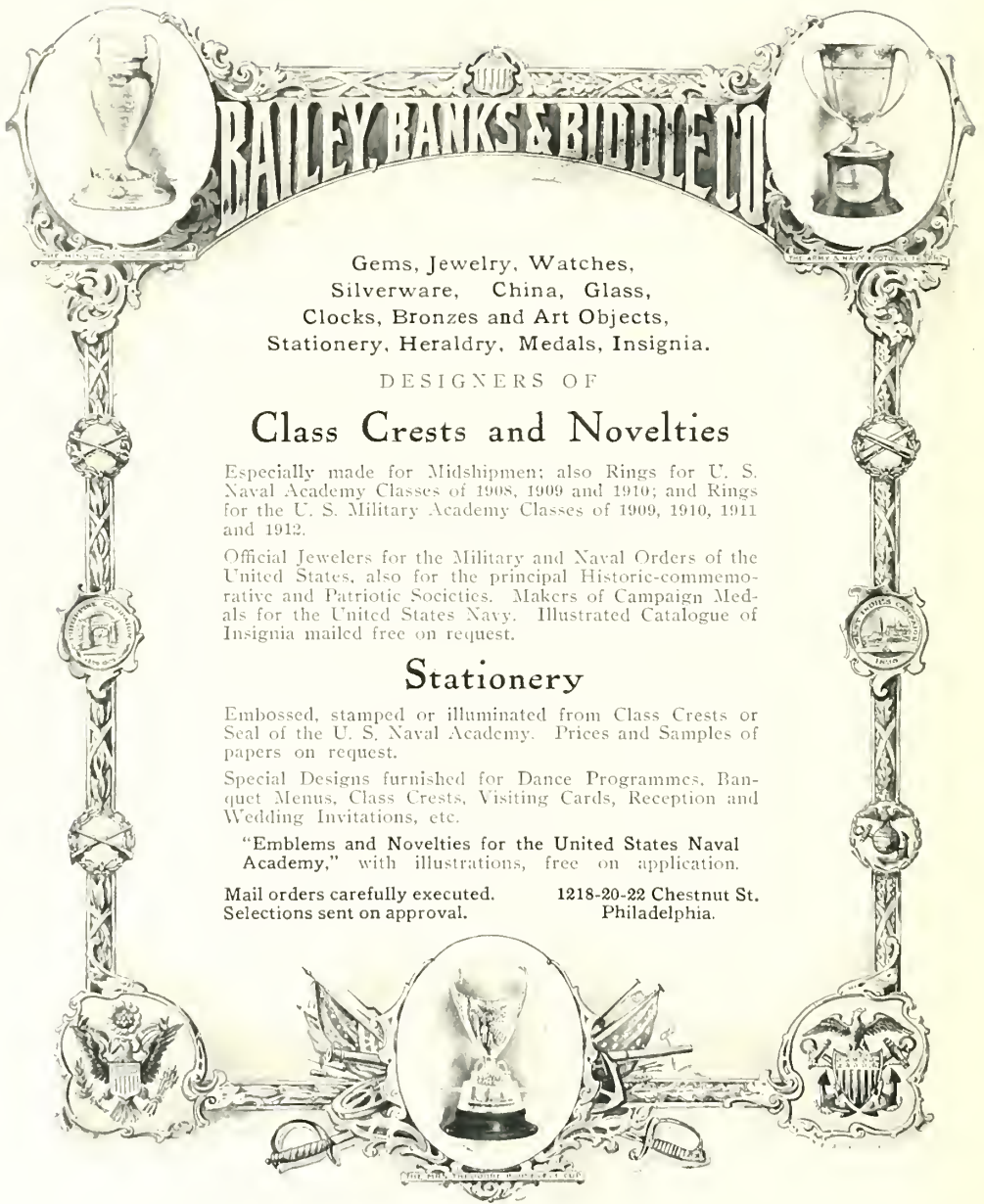
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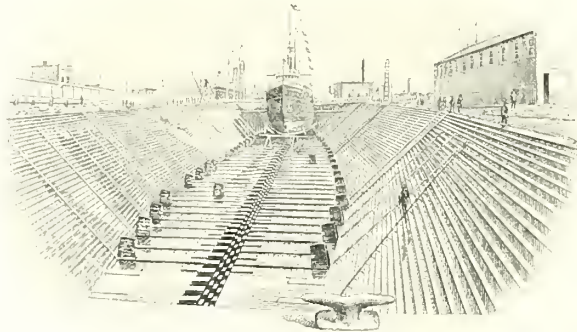
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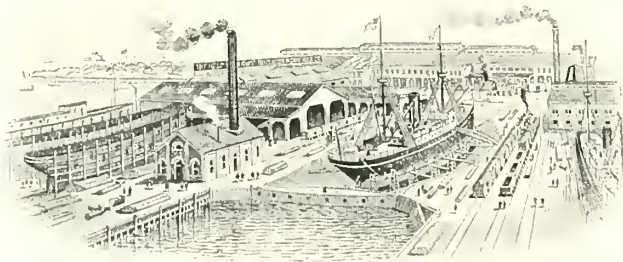
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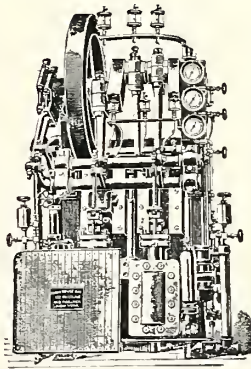
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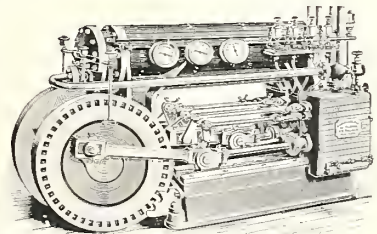
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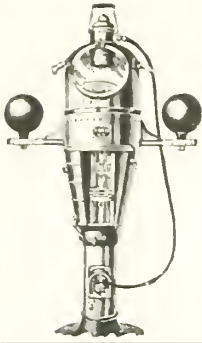


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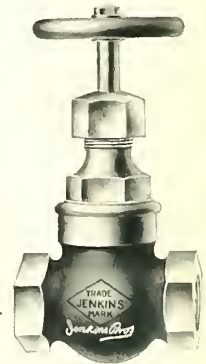
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